LITTRAIT
SOUVENIR

Painted by C.R.Leslie. R.A. Engraved by Charles Rolls.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS READING DON QUIXOTE.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green.

Printed by H.Trigg.

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, & GREEN.

Painted by J. Wood. *Engraved by W. Greatbatch & J. Lewis.*

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR;

OR,

CABINET OF POETRY AND ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.
Sir Walter Scott.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, & GREEN.

1828.

LONDON:
Printed by Bradbury & Co., Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF EGREMONT,

ONE OF THE MOST LIBERAL PATRONS OF BRITISH ART,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

In introducing to the public the fourth volume of the *Literary Souvenir*, I trust I shall be pardoned for referring to the state of annual publications, on its first appearance, as well as for vindicating to myself whatever merit may be my due, as the principal cause of the manifest improvement they now exhibit, both as regards their literary and graphic contents. At that time, the embellishments and literature of its rivals were avowedly of an order adapted rather for the meridian of the nursery, than for "children of a larger growth." The *Literary Souvenir* (however imperfectly my views may hitherto have been realised), has aimed at interesting a different order of readers; and the best proof of its success that can be adduced, will be found in the very large yearly increase of its sale, and the emulous efforts

of the proprietors of other annual publications, to rival it in the interest of its literary contents and the beauty of its embellishments—efforts as honorable to the parties, as beneficial to the public. If, therefore, to Mr. Ackermann be due (as undoubtedly it is), the praise of having introduced books of this class into this country, I may fairly lay claim to the secondary merit of having contributed to render them what they now are.

The increased demand which has thus been created by this laudable and friendly competition, has encouraged other candidates to enter the arena, if in a less generous spirit of rivalry, with a degree of pretension and self-esteem worthy of very exalted capabilities.

One of the competitors here referred to, promises "more finished engravings than any that have hitherto appeared in annual volumes." This is a species of quackery unworthy of fair and honorable rivalry. It is well known that many of the embellishments of the *Literary Souvenir* are among the most splendid specimens of the art of engraving ever produced in

this country; and that the public sympathises with me in this opinion, will be inferred from the fact, that tolerable single impressions of several of its plates are now selling for more than twice the price of the original volumes containing the entire sets. Beside, nearly all the engravers of eminence of the day have been employed for the work on their own terms, and I know of no more certain mode of ensuring its graphic excellence than this. To assume that after having pledged themselves to do their best for one employer, they would execute more "highly finished engravings" for another, would be to libel both their candour and fair dealing.

Another of these modest aspirants, after expressing his "surprise that the field of English Annuals has not been better occupied;" and that "although the graphic embellishments *may have been* superior to (those of) similar productions in Germany and France, the printed matter has been (without an exception), the production of inferior writers, or, if by names of superior merit, forgotten as soon as published,"

offers his own commodity as the *ne plus ultra* of Annuals.

It is not with a view of disturbing the self-complacency of this very disinterested "arbiter elegantiarum," that I have extracted the above paragraph from his prospectus*; but simply as an excuse for offering a few remarks on the comparative merits of a class of publications which I have before seen exalted at the expense of their English rivals.

It is the disingenuous subterfuge of persons who wish to undervalue the productions of British art or literature, to refer to publications out of the reach of the ordinary reader, and to eulogise them at the expense of the works it may be their interest to decry. A critic may expatiate with considerable security on the overwhelming merits of foreign pocket books, because the

* Any comment, indeed, will be deemed superfluous, when I mention, that the respectable gentleman who projected the work here alluded to, and procured for it whatever is of value in its pages, has expressed to me his unqualified disgust at the arrogance and invidiousness of his literary associate.

probability is that nine out of ten, or even a still larger proportion of the readers of English Annuals have never had an opportunity of weighing the correctness of his assertion; and people will, for the most part, rather assent to a proposition, however absurd, than incur the imputation of ignorance by candidly acknowledging that they know nothing at all about it. Those, however, who may have been at the pains of turning over the leaves of the principal foreign Annuals, will have discovered that their embellishments are, without an exception, every way inferior to the least successful specimens of engraving that have appeared in any publication of the same kind in England, during the last three years; and, that although they have occasionally contained articles of great ability (of a length, nevertheless, wholly unsuited to the limits of such periodicals), from the pens of foreign litterateurs of eminence, they have in most instances been occupied with compositions as bombastic in style, as lax or lack-a-daisical in sentiment.

In a work consisting of from fifty to a hun-

dred articles from different pens, there must of necessity be various degrees of merit. But where shall we look for a periodical that is not more or less liable to the same objection? Oh! but say the disinterested eulogists of foreign Almanacks, the articles in English Annuals, are of too light and frivolous a character to be as acceptable to the public as those which are to be met with in periodical craft of larger burthen. So thought the Proprietors and Editors of an annual literary volume, published at Edinburgh two years ago under the title of the Janus. This work, notwithstanding it was formed confessedly on the plan of the best German almanacks; was edited by gentlemen of the highest rank in the republic of letters; numbered among its contributors several of the ablest writers of the day; and was moreover, published by booksellers of considerable spirit and enterprize; met with little or no encouragement: and for why? The literary pabulum of which it was composed, was, for the most part, too solid for the digestions of the great mass of the readers to

whose patronage such works are principally addressed. Instead of being a miscellany of light (and if the critic will have it so, of frivolous) literature, it consisted of little more than a bundle of very clever, but in some instances, rather tedious essays, on Universities—the Rise and Decline of Nations—Beauty—Antiquity—Action—Thought—Religion—and a variety of other questions of no less permanent interest. These indubitably able papers, which might have been perused with interest in a Quarterly Review, were, however, the means, in spite of the many graceful and sprightly compositions interspersed throughout the volume, of hurrying it to that bourne from which no book, whatever may be its hidden merits, was ever known to return.

It is an indisputable fact, that some of the most valuable and elaborate productions of eminent German writers, have been published in foreign pocket books. Schiller, if I mistake not, printed his 'History of the thirty years' War,' piece-meal, in a German Almanack; and several of the Plays of the best

German Dramatists have, I am told, been published under similar circumstances. Do the eulogists of the French and German Almanacks wish to convert English Annuals into vehicles for the publication of History —Philosophy—Metaphysics—and the Drama? If they do, I for one, shall decline to avail myself of their suggestions, even at the risk of incurring their displeasure.

Having digressed somewhat unpardonably from the subject of the present volume, I shall now proceed to explain the grounds on which I presume to anticipate a continuance of the favour which has been so lavishly bestowed on its predecessors. I trust it will be found to present in all respects an obvious improvement on former years. Certain it is, that a large increase of expense has been incurred to render it so; with what success I must leave it to others to determine.

The Plates are twelve in number; the whole of them line engravings, executed in the most finished style of the art; for the most part, from paintings of acknowledged beauty and

celebrity, lent for the purposes of the work by various distinguished artists and collectors; to whom I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of tendering my acknowledgments.

For the use of the beautiful picture of Juliet after the Masquerade, I am indebted to Henry Thomson, Esq., R.A. through whose obliging intercession it was obtained.

The loan of the much admired picture of Lord Byron's Medora, by H. W. Pickersgill, Esq., R.A., I owe to the kindness of the artist.

The gorgeous and well-known picture of The Return of a Victorious Armament to a Greek City, by W. Linton, Esq., was also obligingly lent me by the artist.

The Stolen Kiss, by W. Allan, Esq., A., was borrowed at the suggestion of the painter, from James Wadmore, Jun., Esq., to whose politeness I am also indebted for a Fête Champetre, after F. Danby, Esq., A.

The Ruby of the Philippine Isles, by A. E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., is from the collection of Francis Freeling, Esq.

For the admirable and popular picture of the

Thief Discovered, also by Mr. Chalon, I have to acknowledge my obligation to Captain Digby Murray, himself a painter (although an amateur) of no mean pretensions.

The Declaration by R. Farrier, Esq., was obtained with the artist's consent, from Pattison Ellames, Esq., of Allerton Hall, near Liverpool.

The remaining subjects have been engraved from highly finished pictures in my own possession.

I think it due to myself to mention, that I have, in no single instance, availed myself of the permission of the proprietor of a picture, to introduce it in my work, without having in the first instance obtained the consent and approbation of the artist. Had I been less scrupulous in this respect, I, too, might have adorned the pages of the *Literary Souvenir*, with engravings after Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Mr. Wilkie. I consider it a mark of courtesy due to the painter, to consult his wishes before I cause any production of his pencil to be engraved, even though I shall have obtained the full permission of the individual, who (in the

absence of an express stipulation to the contrary) has the best right to dictate the use that shall be made of his own property. I shall not, however, disguise my conviction, that something is due from the well-wishers of modern art to the *Literary Souvenir;* since if it be admitted (and it cannot surely be doubted), that the class of works to which it belongs, have been of considerable service in promoting a taste for the fine arts in every part of the kingdom, it will scarcely be denied that the *Literary Souvenir* was the first to set the example of engraving modern pictures in a style worthy of their excellence, and at a price which has placed them within the reach of nearly all classes of persons.

The literary contributors to the present volume include a great number of the most deservedly distinguished writers of the age. In several instances, the names of the parties are withheld; but the merit of the articles will at once point at the high sources from which they have been obtained.

The signal success of the *Literary Souvenir*

in this country, induced me to enter into arrangements, in the early part of the present year, for the publication of an annual volume, under a similar title, in France; consisting, not of a translation of the English work; but of original articles from the pens of popular foreign writers, edited by a gentleman of distinguished reputation in the sister country. Some circumstances, to which it is not necessary for me to allude in this place, have compelled me to relinquish my intention for the present; but I hope to be enabled to publish the *French* and *English Souvenirs*, simultaneously, on the 1st of November, 1828 *.

A. A. W.

LONDON,
58, *Torrington Square*,
Oct. 15, 1827.

* I have just learned (too late, however, to notice the circumstance in the entire impression of this volume), that "Youth and Age," by Mr. Coleridge, is about to be published in another annual work. I can only say, that I received it from the author, as a contribution to the Literary Souvenir.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Preface	v
Youth and Age. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.	1
The Dilemma of Phadrig. By the Author of "Holland Tide"	3
The Lost Star. By L. E. L.	20
Madeline. By Mrs. Hemans	22
Make Way for Liberty. By James Montgomery, Esq.	26
A Spring Dirge. By Bernard Barton, Esq.	30
On finding a Carrier Pigeon Dead on the Sea Shore, July, 1827	32
The Voice of Memory. By the Rev. Thomas Dale.	34
The Mountain Rill. By Thomas Doubleday, Esq.	36
A Day at Venice Forty Years ago	37
The Giant's Causeway	56
Juliet after the Masquerade. From a Picture, by Henry Thomson, Esq., R.A. By L. E. L.	57
Windermere	61
The Wings of the Dove. By Mrs. Hemans	62
The Shadow. By John Malcolm, Esq.	65
Ballad	67
On a Headland in the Bay of Panama. By Barry Cornwall	69

On an Eclipse of the Moon at Midnight. By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles 71
The City of the Demons. By William Maginn, Esq. . 73
For ever Thine. By Alaric A. Watts . . 85
The Wall-Flower. By Delta 87
Psyche borne by the Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure 90
The Curtius and the Russell. By Bernard Barton, Esq. 93
Love. By John Malcolm, Esq. 96
The Voice of Home. By Mrs. Hemans . . 99
The Whisperer. A Legend of the South of Ireland . 102
Stanzas. Written on seeing Flags hanging in a Country Church. By Alaric A. Watts . . . 110
Snowdon 112
Lines on the Death of a Young Lady. By the Author of "Solitary Hours" 113
Song. From Beranger 115
Scenes of my Childhood 117
The Court at Tunbridge in 1664 . . . 118
The Vesper Bell. By John Malcolm, Esq. . 133
Ballad. By L. E. L. 136
Canzonet. By Delta 138
Midsummer Musings. By William Howitt . . 139
Bolton Strid 141
Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau. By M. J. J. . 142
Llangollen 144
Ancient Song of Victory. By Mrs. Hemans . . 145
Sonnet to a Mountain Rivulet. By the Author of "Tales of Ardennes" 147
The Last of the Barbers. By Miss Mitford . . 148
On the Death of Inez. By Delta . . . 161
Stanzas to Tom Woodgate, of Hastings. By Thomas Hood, Esq. 165
The British Sailor's Song. By Allan Cunningham, Esq. 171
Medora 174

Epitaph. By Robert Southey, Esq., Poet Laureate . 177
Song. By Mrs. Charles Gore . . . 178
On a beautiful Portrait, painted by Miss Hayter . 180
The Brothers of Aubonne. By the Author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter" . . . 181
Stonehenge 193
The Sleeping Figure of Modena. By Barry Cornwall . 194
Crowland Abbey. By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant 196
The Scarf of Gold and Blue. A Ballad . . 197
Sonnet 203
On revisiting a Ruin 204
Capel Curic 206
Mademoiselle Therese, by Miss Mitford . . 207
Song of Sterghios. From the Modern Greek. By James Emerson, Esq. 214
The First Land. By John Malcolm, Esq. . . 215
The Declaration 217
The Horologe. By Thomas Doubleday, Esq. . . 219
A Roland for an Oliver 220
The Thief Discovered. By the Author of "Daniel O'Rourke" 247
The Memory of the Dead. By Mrs. Hemans. . 251
La Fiancee; *ou*, Les Grandes Eaux. By the Author of "Tales of Ardennes" 253
Lament of a Blind Musician for his Son . . 259
The Stauntons. A Fact 262
Gil Blas 280
Stanzas. Written among the Ruins of Tynemouth Priory. By Thomas Doubleday, Esq. . . 284
Song. By Mrs. Charles Gore . . . 288
The Little Brook and the Star. By the Author of "Solitary Hours" 289
Temptation. By the Rev. Thomas Dale . . 305

The Dream of Peticius. By Mary Howitt . . 307
The Forsaken Nest 311
The Bee and the Fly. A Fable. Dedicated to the Countess of Spencer. By Lord John Russell . 314
The Stolen Kiss. A Dramatic Scene. By Miss Mitford 317
The Pneumatologist. By Delta . . . 325
To Ocean 335
Sonnet at Midnight. By Delta . . . 337
Lines on a Portrait of Sir Walter Scott. Painted by C. R. Leslie, Esq. R.A. By Delta . . 338
A Picture 342
Gordale 343
Song 344
Dovedale 345
The Adieu. By L. E. L. 346
Cathedral Service. Written after attending St. George's Chapel, Windsor 348
The Private Governess 349
Sonnet. By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant 364
Undine's Bridal 365
You ask me for a Pledge, Love . . . 384
The Death of Saint Louis 385
To a Lady Singing 396
The Conversation. Suggested by a Picture, by T. Stothard, Esq., R.A. 397
Early Dawn 398
Musings on the Valley of the Avon. By C. A. Elton, Esq. 399
A Fete Champetre. By F. Danby, Esq., A. . . 401
Love Tormenting the Soul. By L. E. L. . . 402

LIST OF THE PLATES.

Page

I.—Frontispiece. The Duke and Duchess reading Don Quixote. Engraved by Charles Rolls; from a Painting by C. R. Leslie, Esq., R.A.

II.—Title to face Frontispiece: Love tormenting the Soul. Engraved by William Greatbatch and John Lewis; from a Painting by John Wood

III.—Juliet after the Masquerade. Engraved by Charles Rolls; from a Painting by Henry Thomson, Esq., R.A., in the possession of W. Chamberlayne, Esq., M.P. 57

IV.—Psyche borne by the Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure. Engraved by F. Engleheart; from a Painting by John Wood . . . 90

V.—Return of a Victorious Armament to a Greek City. Engraved by Edward Goodall; from a Painting by William Linton, Esq., in the possession of the Artist 145

VI.—Medora. Engraved by Charles Rolls; from a Painting by H. W. Pickersgill, Esq., R.A., in the possession of the Artist . . . 174

VII.—The Declaration. Engraved by John Romney; from a Painting by R. Farrier, Esq., in the collection of P. Ellames, Esq. . . . 217

VIII.---The Thief Discovered. Engraved by William Humphrys, from a Painting by A. E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., in the collection of Captain Digby Murray 247

IX.---The Ruby of the Philippine Isles. Engraved by William Greatbatch, from a Painting by A. E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., in the collection of Francis Freeling, Esq. 280

X.—The Stolen Kiss. Engraved by John Romney, from a Painting by William Allan, Esq., A., in the collection of James Wadmore, jun., Esq. 322

XI.---The Conversation. Engraved by William Ensom, from a drawing by Thomas Stothard, Esq., R.A., ... 397

XII.---A Fete Champetre. Engraved by Robert Wallis, from an original Painting by F. Danby, Esq. . 403

XIII.---The Head-Piece. The Evening Hymn, engraved on wood by James Thompson, from a Model by John Wood, in the possession of the Artist. 1

XIV.---Tail-Piece. The Guardian Angels. Engraved on wood by James Thompson, from a Model by John Wood, in the possession of the Artist . 406

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young! ah, woeful *when!*
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along!

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide;
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together!
Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree,—
O the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? ah, mournful *ere*,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one—
I'll think it but a fond conceit;
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled;
And thou wert aye a masker bold—
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought! so think I will,
That Youth and I are house-mates still!

THE DILEMMA OF PHADRIG.

A Tale of the Shannon Side.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOLLAND TIDE.'

"THERE's no use in talken about it, Phadrig. I know an I feel that all's over wit me. My pains are all gone, to be sure—but in place o' that, there's a weight like a quern stone down upon my heart, an I feel it blackenen within me. All I have to say is—think o' your own Mauria when she's gone, an be kind to poor Patcy."

"Ah, darlen, don't talk that way—there's hopes yet —what'll I do—what'll the child do witout you?—"

"Phadrig, there's noan. I'm goen fast, an if you have any regard for me, you wont say anythin that'll bring the thoughts o' you an him between me an the thoughts o' heaven, for that's what I must think of now. An if you marry again———"

"Oh, Mauria, honey, will you kill me entirely? Is it *I'll* marry again?"

——"If it be a thing you should marry again," Mauria resumed, without taking any notice of her hus-

band's interruption, "you'll bear in mind, that the best mother that ever walked the ground, will love her own above another's. It stands with raisin an natur. The gander abroad will pull a strange goslen out of his own flock; and you know yourself, we could never get the bracket hen to sit upon Nelly O'Leary's chickens, do what we could. Every thing loves its own. Then, Phadrig, if you see the flowery potaties—an the top o' the milk—an the warm seat be the hob—an the biggest bit o' meat on a Sunday goen away from Patcy—you'll think o' your poor Mauria, an do her part by him; just quietly, an softly, an without blamen the woman—for it is only what's nait'rel, an what many a stepmother does without thinking o' themselves. An above all things, Phadrig, take care to make him mind his books and his religion, to keep out o' bad company, an study his readin-made-aisy, and that's the way he'll be a blessing an a comfort to you in your old days, as I once thought he would be to me, in mine."

Here her husband renewed his promises, in a tone of deep affliction.

"An now for yourself, Phadrig. Remember the charge that's upon you, and don't be goen out venturen your life in a little canvas canoe, on the bad autumn days, at Ballybunion; nor wit foolish boys at the Glin and Tarbert fairs;—an don't be so wake-minded, as to be trusten to card-drawers, an fairy doctors, an the like; for its the last word the priest said to me was, that you

were too superstitious, and that's a great shame an a heavy sin. But tee you*! Phadrig, dear, there's that rogue of a pig at the potaties over———"

Phadrig turned out the grunting intruder, bolted the hurdle-door, and returned to the bedside of his expiring helpmate. That tidy housekeeper, however, exhausted by the exertion which she had made to preserve, from the mastication of the swinish tusk, the fair produce of her husband's conacre of white-eyes, had fallen back on the pillow and breathed her last.

Great was the grief of the widowed Phadrig for her loss—great were the lamentations of her female friends at the evening wake—and great was the jug of whiskey-punch which the mourners imbibed at the mouth, in order to supply the loss of fluid which was expended from the eyes. According to the usual cottage etiquette, the mother of the deceased, who acted as mistress of the ceremonies, occupied a capacious hay-bottomed chair near the fire-place—from which she only rose, when courtesy called on her to join each of her female acquaintances as they arrived, in the death-wail which (as in politeness bound) they poured forth over the pale piece of earth that lay coffined in the centre of the room. This mark of attention, however, the old lady was observed to omit with regard to one of the fair guests—a round faced, middle-aged woman, called Milly Rue—or Red Milly, probably because her head might have

*To you! Beware!

furnished a solution of the popular conundrum, "Why is a red-haired lady like a sentinel on his post?"

The fair Milly, however, did not appear to resent this slight, which was occasioned (so the whisper went among the guests) by the fact, that she had been an old and neglected love of the new widower. All the fiery ingredients in Milly's constitution appeared to be comprehended in her glowing ringlets—and those, report says, were as ardent in hue, as their owner was calm and regulated in her temper. It would be a cold morning indeed, that a sight of Milly's head would not warm you—and a hot fit of anger, which a few tones of her kind and wrath-disarming voice would not cool. She dropped, after she had concluded her 'cry,' a conciliating courtesy to the sullen old lady, took an unobtrusive seat at the foot of the bed, talked of the 'notable' qualities of the deceased, and was particularly attentive to the flaxen-headed little Patcy, whom she held in her lap during the whole night, cross-examining him in his reading and multiplication, and presenting him, at parting, in token of her satisfaction at his proficiency, with a copy of 'The Seven Champions of Christendom,' with a fine marble cover and pictures. Milly acted in this instance, under the advice of a prudent mother, who exhorted her, "whenever she thought o' maken presents, that way, not to be layen her money out in cakes or gingerbread, or things that would be ett off at wanst, an no more about them or the giver—but

to give a strong toy, or a book, or somethen that would last, and bring her to mind now and then, so as that when a person 'ud ask where they got that, or who gev it, they'd say, 'from Milly Rue,' or 'Milly gev it, we're obleest to her,' an be talken an thinken of her when she'd be away."

To curb in my tale, which may otherwise become restive and unmanageable—Milly's deep affliction and generous sympathy, made a serious impression on the mind of the widower, who more than all, was touched by that singularly accidental attachment which she seemed to have conceived for little Patcy. Nothing could be farther from his own wishes, than any design of, a second time, changing his condition; but he felt that it would be doing a grievous wrong to the memory of his first wife, if he neglected this opportunity of providing her favourite Patcy with a protector, so well calculated to supply her place. He demurred a little on the score of true love, and the violence which he was about to do his own constant heart—but like the bluff King Henry, his conscience, 'aye—his conscience,'—touched him, and the issue was, that a roaring wedding shook the walls which had echoed to the wail of death within the few preceding months.

Milly Rue not only supplied the place of a mother to young Patcy, but presented him in the course of a few years, with two merry playfellows, a brother and a sister. To do her handsome justice, too, poor Mauria's antici-

pations were completely disproved by her conduct, and it would have been impossible for a stranger to have detected the step-son of the house from any shade of undue partiality in the mother. The harmony in which they dwelt, was unbroken by any accident for many years.

The first shock which burst in with a sudden violence upon their happiness, was one of a direful nature. Disease, that pale and hungry fiend, who haunts alike the abodes of wealth and of penury; who brushes away with his baleful wing the bloom from beauty's cheek, and the balm of slumber from the pillow of age; who troubles the hope of the young mother with dreams of ghastliness and gloom, and fears that come suddenly, she knows not why nor whence; who sheds his poisonous dews alike on the heart that is buoyant, and the heart that is broken; this stern and conquering demon scorned not to knock, one summer morning, at the door of Phadrig's cow-house, and to lay his iron fingers upon a fine milch-cow, a sheeted stripper, which constituted (to use his own emphatic phrase) the poor farmer's 'substance,' and to which he might have applied the well known lines which run nearly as follows:—

> "She's straight in her back, and thin in her tail;
> She's fine in her horn, and good at the pail;
> She's calm in her eyes, and soft in her skin;
> She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within."

All the 'cures' in the pharmacopeia of the village

apothecary were expended on the poor animal, without any beneficial effect; and Phadrig, after many conscientious qualms about the dying words of his first wife, resolved to have recourse to that infallible refuge in such cases—a fairy doctor.

He said nothing to the afflicted Milly about his intention, but slipped out of the cottage in the afternoon, hurried to the Shannon side near Money-point, unmoored his light, canvas-built canoe, seated himself in the frail vessel, and fixing his paddles on the *towl-pin*, sped away over the calm face of the waters towards the isle of Scattery, where the renowned Crohoore-na-Oona, or Connor-of-the-Sheep, the Mohammed of the cottages, at this time took up his residence. This mysterious personage, whose prophecies are still commented on among the cottage circles with looks of deep awe and wonder, was much revered by his contemporaries, as a man 'who had seen a dale;' of what nature those sights or visions were, was intimated by a mysterious look, and a solemn nod of the head.

In a little time Phadrig ran his little canoe aground on the sandy beach of Scattery, and, drawing her above high-water mark, proceeded to the humble dwelling of the gifted Sheep-shearer, with feelings of profound fear and anxiety. He passed the lofty round tower—the ruined grave of St. Senanus, in the centre of the little isle—the mouldering church, on which the eye of the poring antiquary may still discern the sculptured image of the two-

headed monster, with which cottage tradition says the Saint sustained so fierce a conflict on landing in the islet—and which the translator of Odranus has vividly described as "a dragon, with his fore part covered with huge bristles, standing on end, like those of a boar; his mouth gaping wide open, with a double row of crooked, sharp tusks, and with such openings that his entrails might be seen; his back like a round island, full of scales and shells; his legs short and hairy, with such steely talons, that the pebble-stones, as he ran along them, sparkled—parching the way wherever he went, and making the sea boil about him where he dived—such was his excessive fiery heat." Phadrig's knees shook beneath him when he remembered this awful description—and thought of the legends of Lough Dhoola, on the summit of Mount Callon, to which the hideous animal was banished by the Saint, to fast on a trout and a half per diem to the end of time; and where, to this day, the neighbouring fishermen declare that, in dragging the lake with their nets, they find the half trout as regularly divided in the centre, as if it were done with a knife and scale.

While Phadrig remained, with mouth and eyes almost as wide open as those of the sculptured image of the monster which had fascinated him to the spot, a sudden crash among the stones and dock-weed, in an opposite corner of the ruin, made him start and yell as if the original were about to quit Lough Dhoola on parole of honour, and use him as a relish after the trout and a

half. The noise was occasioned by a little rotund personage, who had sprung from the mouldering wall, and now stood gazing fixedly on the terrified Phadrig, who continued returning that steady glance with a half frightened, half crying face—one hand fast clenched upon his breast, and the other extended, with an action of avoidance and deprecation. The person of the stranger was stout and short, rendered still more so by a stoop, which might almost have been taken for a hump—his arms hung forward from his shoulders, like those of a long-armed ape—his hair was grey and bushy, like that of a wanderoo—and his sullen grey eye seemed to be inflamed with ill-humour—his feet were bare, and as broad as a camel's—and a leathern girdle buckling round his waist, secured a tattered grey frieze riding-coat, and held an enormous pair of shears, which might have clipt off a man's head as readily, perhaps, as a lock of wool. This last article of costume afforded a sufficient indication to Phadrig that he stood in the presence of the awful object of his search.

"Well! an who are *you*?" growled the Sheep-shearer, after surveying Phadrig attentively for some moments.

The first gruff sound of his voice made the latter renew his start and roar for fright; after which, composing his terrors as well as he might, he replied, in the words of Autolycus—"I am only a poor fellow, Sir."

"Well! an what's your business with me?"

"A cure, Sir, I wanted for her. A cow o' mine,

that's very bad inwardly, an we can do nothen for her; an I thought may be you'd know what is it ail'ded her—an prevail on THEM" [this word was pronounced with an emphasis of deep meaning] " to leave her to uz."

" Huth!" the Sheep-shearer thundered out, in a tone that made poor Phadrig jump six feet backwards, with a fresh yell, " do you daare to spake of *them* before me. Go along! you villyan o' the airth, an wait for me outside the church, an I'll tell you all about it there; but, first—do you think I can get the *gentlemen* to do any thing for me *gratish*—without offeren 'em a trate or a haip'orth?"

" If their honours would'nt think two tinpennies and a fi'penny bit too little.—It's all I'm worth in the wide world."

" Well! we'll see what they'll say to it. Give it here to me. Go now—be off with yourself—if you don't want to have 'em all a-top o'you in a minnit."

This last hint made our hero scamper over the stones like a startled fawn; nor did he think himself safe, until he reached the spot where he had left his canoe, and where he expected the coming of the Sheep-shearer; conscience-struck by the breach of his promise to his dying Mauria, and in a state of agonising anxiety with respect to the lowing patient in the cow-house.

He was soon after rejoined by Connor of the Sheep.

" There is one way," said he, " of saving your cow—but you must lose one of your childer if you wish to save it."

"O, heaven presarve uz, Sir, how is that, if you plase?"

"You must go home," said the Sheep-shearer, "and say nothen to any body, but fix in your mind which o' your three childer you'll give for the cow; an when you do that, look in his eyes, an he'll sneeze, and don't you bless him, for the world. Then look in his eyes again, an he'll sneeze again, an still don't think o' blessen him, be any mains. The third time you'll look in his eyes, he'll sneeze a third time—an if you don't bless him the third time, he'll die—but your cow will live."

"An this is the only cure you have to gi' me?" exclaimed Phadrig, his indignation at the moment overcoming his natural timidity.

"The only cure.—It was by a dale to do, I could prevail on them to let you make the choice itself."

Phadrig declared stoutly against this decree, and even threw out some hints, that he would try whether or no Shaun Lauther, or Strong John, a young rival of the sheep-shearing fairy Doctor, might be able to make a better bargain for him with the "gentlemen."

"Shaun Lauther!" exclaimed Connor of the Sheep, in high anger—"Do you compare me to a man that never seen any more than yourself?—that never saw so much as the skirt of a dead man's shroud in the moonlight—or heard as much as the moanen of a sowlth * in an old grave-yard? Do you know me?—Ask them that

* Bodiless spirit.

do—an they'll tell you how often I'm called up in the night, and kep posten over bog an mountain, till I'm ready to drop down with the sleep,—while feow voices are heard, I'll be bail, at Shaun Lauther's windey—an little knollidge given him in his drames. It is then that I get mine. Didn't I say before the King o' France was beheaded, that a blow would be struck wit an axe in that place, that the sound of it would be heard all over Europe?—An wasn't it true? Didn't I hear the shots that were fired at Gibaralthur, an tell it over in Dooly's forge, that the place was relieved that day?—an didn't the news come afterwards in a month's time, that I toult noten but the truth?"

Phadrig had nothing to say in answer to this overwhelming list of interrogatories—but to apologise for his want of credulity, and to express himself perfectly satisfied.

With a heavy heart he put forth in his canoe upon the water, and prepared to return. It was already twilight, and as he glided along the peaceful shores, he ruminated mournfully within his mind, on the course which he should pursue. The loss of the cow would be, he considered, almost equivalent to total ruin—and the loss of any one of his lovely children, was a probability which he could hardly bear to dwell on for a moment. Still, it behoved him to weigh the matter well. Which of them, now—supposing it possible that he could think of sacrificing any—which of them would he select for the

purpose? The choice was a hard one. There was little Mauria, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl—but he could not, for an instant, think of losing her, as she happened to be named after his first wife; her brother, little Shamus, was the least useful of the three, but he was the youngest!—"the child of his old age—a little one!" his heart bled at the idea; he would lose the cow and the pig along with it, before he would harm a hair of the darling infant's head. He thought of Patcy—and he shuddered—and leaned heavier on his oars, as if to flee away from the horrible doubt which stole into his heart with that name. It must be one of the three, or the cow was lost for ever. The two first mentioned, he certainly would not lose—and Patcy——Again he bade the fiend begone, and trembling in every limb, made the canoe speed rapidly over the tide in the direction of his home.

He drew the little vessel ashore, and proceeded towards his cabin. They had been waiting supper for him, and he learned with renewed anxiety, that the object of his solicitude, the milch cow, had rather fallen away than improved in her condition during his absence. He sat down in sorrowful silence with his wife and children, to their humble supper of potatoes and thick milk.

He gazed intently on the features of each of the young innocents, as they took their places on the suggan chairs that flanked the board. Little Mauria and her

brother Shamus, looked fresh, mirthful, and blooming, from their noisy play in the adjoining paddock, while their elder brother, who had spent the day at school, wore—or seemed, to the distempered mind of his father, to wear a look of sullenness and chagrin. He was thinner too than most boys of his age—a circumstance which Phadrig had never remarked before. It might be the first indications of his poor mother's disease, consumption, that were beginning to declare themselves in his constitution, and if so—his doom was already sealed—and whether the cow died or not, Patcy was certain to be lost. Still the father could not bring his mind to resolve on any settled course, and their meal proceeded in silence.

Suddenly, the latch of the door was lifted by some person outside, and a neighbour entered to inform Phadrig, that the agent to his landlord had arrived in the adjacent village, for the purpose of driving matters to extremity against all those tenants who remained in arrear. At the same moment, too, a low moan of anguish from the cow outside, announced the access of a fresh paroxysm of her distemper, which it was very evident the poor animal could never come through in safety.

In an agony of distress and horror, the distracted father laid his clenched fingers on the table, and looked fixedly in the eyes of the unsuspecting Patcy. The child sneezed, and Phadrig closed his lips hard, for fear

a blessing might escape them. The child, at the same time, he observed, looked paler than before.

Fearful lest the remorse which began to awake within his heart might oversway his resolution, and prevent the accomplishment of his unnatural design, he looked hurriedly, a second time, into the eyes of the little victim. Again, the latter sneezed—and again the father, using a violent effort, restrained the blessing which was struggling at his heart. The poor child drooped his head upon his bosom, and letting the untasted food fall from his hand, looked so pale and mournful, as to remind his murderer of the look which his mother wore in dying.

It was long—very long—before the heart-struck parent could prevail on himself to complete the sacrifice. The visitor departed; and the first beams of a full moon began to supplant the faint and lingering twilight which was fast fading in the west. The dead of the night drew on before the family rose from their silent and comfortless meal. The agonies of the devoted animal now drew rapidly to a close, and Phadrig still remained tortured by remorse on the one hand, and by selfish anxiety on the other.

A sudden sound of anguish from the cow-house made him start from his seat. A third time he fixed his eyes on those of his child—a third time the boy sneezed—but here the charm was broken.

Milly Rue, looking with surprise and tenderness on the fainting boy, said—"Why, then, heaven bless you,

child!—it must be a cold you caught, you're sneezen so often."

Immediately, the cow sent forth a bellow of deep agony, and expired; and, at the same moment, a low and plaintive voice outside the door was heard, exclaiming—"And heaven bless you, Milly! and the Almighty bless you, and spare you a long time over your children!"

Phadrig staggered back against the wall—his blood froze in his veins—his face grew white as death—his teeth chattered—his eyes stared—his hair moved upon his brow, and the chilling damp of terror exuded over all his frame. He recognised the voice of his first wife; and her pale, cold eye met his at that moment, as her shade flitted by the window in the thin moonlight, and darted on him a glance of mournful reproach. He covered his eyes with his hands, and sunk, senseless, into a chair;—while the affrighted Milly, and Patcy, who at once assumed his glowing health and vigour, hastened to his assistance. They had all heard the voice, but no one saw the shade, nor recognised the tone, excepting the conscience-smitten Phadrig.

Seeing that so great a man as Giraldus Cambrensis did not esteem it beneath him to enshrine in several pages of hard Latin, the popular superstitions of the people, to whose real character he is said to have done

so little justice, *we* cannot claim credit for much humility in devoting some good and bad English to the same purpose. They are foibles which the assaults of modern intelligence have ‘ dashed to air like dew-drops from the lion's mane,’—but while we rejoice in the progress of that information, which is clipping the wings of those light and fanciful follies, it can be of no injury to lay hold on a few of the most interesting legends to which they have given rise, and preserve them, as voyagers do their knotted cords of measurement, if only for the purpose of shewing what way that magnificent vessel, the human mind, has made in the mighty ocean of knowledge. What might not be made of the people, whose very weaknesses evince a depth of feeling, and a reach of imagination, which are denied to many a cultivated intellect ?

THE LOST STAR.

I.

A LIGHT is gone from yonder sky,
A star has left its sphere ;
The beautiful—and do they die
In yon bright world as here ?
Will that star leave a lonely place,
A darkness on the night ?—
No ; few will miss its lovely face,
And none think heaven less bright !

II.

What wert thou star of ?—vanished one !
What mystery was thine ?
Thy beauty from the east is gone :
What was thy sway and sign ?
Wert thou the star of opening youth ?—
And is it then for thee,
Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,
So early cease to be ?

III.

Of Hope?—and was it to express
How soon hope sinks in shade;
Or else of human loveliness,
In sign how it will fade?
How was thy dying like the song,
In music to the last,
An echo flung the winds among,
And then for ever past?

IV.

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light
The fair moon renders vain?—
The rest shine forth the next dark night,
Thou didst not shine again.
Didst thou fade gradual from the time
The first great curse was hurled,
Till lost in sorrow and in crime,
Star of our early world!

V.

Forgotten and departed star!
A thousand glories shine
Round the blue midnight's regal car,
Who then remembers thine?
Save when some mournful bard like me
Dreams over beauty gone,
And in the fate that waited thee,
Reads what will be his own.

L. E. L.

MADELINE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

" My child, my child, thou leav'st me!—I shall hear
The gentle voice no more that blessed mine ear
With its first utterance :—I shall miss the sound
Of thy light footstep, midst the flowers around,
And thy soft-breathing hymn at evening's close,
And thy 'Good-night,' at parting for repose.
Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Among their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child!—and thou, along the moonlight sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France
Fading to air! Yet blessings with thee go—
Love guard thee, gentlest! and the exile's woe
From thy young heart be far!—And sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter, in my lonely lot
God will be with me! Now farewell, farewell,
Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
When thou wert pillowed there; and wont to raise

In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye,
That still sought mine. Those moments are gone by—
Thou too must go, my flower! yet round thee dwell
The peace of God! One, one more gaze—farewell!"

This was a mother's parting with her child—
A young, meek bride, on whom fair Fortune smiled,
And wooed her, with a voice of Love, away
From Childhood's home. Yet there, with fond delay,
She lingered on the threshold: heard the note
Of her caged bird through trellised rose-trees float;
And fell upon her mother's neck, and wept,
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
Streamed o'er her soul; and many a vanished day,
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said; and on the deep,
When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,
With a stilled heart, young Madeline, ere long,
Poured forth her own low solemn vesper-song
To chiming waves. Through stillness heard afar,
And duly rising with the first pale star,
That voice was on the waters; till at last
The sounding ocean-solitudes were passed,
And the bright land was reached; the youthful world
That glows along the West: the sails were furled
In its clear sunshine; and the gentle bride
Looked on the home, which promised hearts untried

A bower of bliss to be. Alas! we trace
The map of our own paths; and long ere years
With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,
Comes the swift storm, and blots them out in tears.
That home was darkened soon: the summer's breeze
Welcomed with death the wanderers from the seas!
Death unto one! and anguish, how forlorn
To her that, widowed in her marriage-morn,
Sat in the lonely dwelling, whence with him,
Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,
Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,
As from the sun shut out on every side,
By the close veil of misery. Oh! but ill,
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
Bears its first blow! It knows not yet the part
Which life will teach—to suffer and be still!
And with submissive love, to count the flowers
Which yet are spared; and through the future hours
To send no busy dream! She had not learned
Of sorrow till that blight, and therefore turned
In weariness from life. Then came the' unrest,
The vague sad yearnings of the exile's breast;
The haunting sounds of voices far away,
And household steps: until at last she lay
On her lone couch of sickness—lost in dreams
Of the gay vineyards and blue glancing streams,
Of her own sunny land—and murmuring oft
Familiar names in accents wild, yet soft,

To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
To strangers?—oh! could strangers raise the head,
Gently as her's was raised?—did strangers shed
The kindly tears which bathed that pale young brow,
And feverish cheek, with half unconscious flow?—
Something was there, that through the heavy night
Outwatches patiently the taper's light;
Something that bows not to the day's distress,
That knows not change, that fears not weariness:
Love, true and perfect love!—Whence came that power,
Upbearing through the storm the fragile flower?
Whence?—who can ask?—the long delirium passed,
And from her eyes the spirit looked at last
Into her mother's face!—and, wakening, knew
The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue—
The kind, sweet smile of old!——And had she come,
Thus in life's evening from her distant home,
To save her child? Even so. Nor yet in vain—
In that young heart a light sprung up again!
And lovely still, with so much love to give,
Seemed this fair world, though faded; still to live
Was not to pine forsaken! On the breast
That rocked her childhood, falling in soft rest—
"Sweet mother! gentlest mother!—can it be?"
The lorn one cried—"And do I gaze on thee?
Take home thy wanderer from this fatal shore—
Peace shall be our's, amidst our vines once more!"

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!"

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

On the exploit of Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss, fighting for their independence, totally defeated the Austrians, in the fourteenth century.

"MAKE way for Liberty!"— he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred-thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood, like that enchanted grove*,
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:

* See Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, Canto xviii.

So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable, their front appears
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendours run
Along the billows, to the sun.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead, or living Tell!
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.
And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;

The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was no where found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;—
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes, the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?
  It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.
  It did depend on *one* indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,

Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But, 'twas no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won:—
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

A SPRING DIRGE.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

I.

The songster on the bough;
Spring's early greenness, and its opening flower,
Were joyous once:—but now
Faintly my spirit seems to feel their power.

II.

My heart, with answering glee,
Was wont to hail 'the merry month of May;'
And, like the sapling tree,
To bud and blossom in its genial ray.

III.

Now it seems cold and drear,
While birds are singing round, and flowerets blow;
As—rugged, mossed and sere,
Stands the scathed trunk whose sap forgets to flow.

IV.

Round such Time does but fling
Its ivy-wreath of sorrow and of care ;
Closer its tendrils cling,
As less and less of life within they bear.

V.

All is not dead beneath,
For life still lingers in the root below ;
But the dark ivy-wreath
Lends them the only greenness they can show.

VI.

And 'tis a mournful thought,
To think the verdure of life's lingering day
Is but with ruin fraught,
The pledge and prelude of its sure decay !

ON FINDING A CARRIER PIGEON DEAD ON THE SEA SHORE, JULY, 1827.

I.

How soft is sun-set on this desert strand!
The winds have sought their breezy caves afar,
And emerald mirrors on the silver sand,
Make sparkling thousands of *one* evening star!

II.

Is yon some relic of a tempest spent,
A foam-formed wreath from some less tranquil shore;
Like slumbering passion's stern memento, sent
To chasten hearts where passion stirs no more?

III.

No! as the wave round yonder object curled,
Methought soft plumage shivered in the breeze.
Child of the deep! thy weary pinions furled,
Hast thou sought refuge in thy native seas?

IV.

No child of ocean is yon form so still,
That pierced the fields of air with arrowy wing;
Her wild waves never kissed yon rosy bill,
That found soft nurture at a kindlier spring.

V.

A Carrier Pigeon! Love's ethereal post,
Hope's minister—bright herald of the sky!
Since *thou* wert slumbering on this lonely coast,
What waking hearts have throbbed in agony!

VI.

Ah! with what trembling haste had hands unbound
(As mine do now) thy fast decaying scroll;
How would the simple talisman they found
Have stilled the tumults of an aching soul!

VII.

"All's well!" thus wrote some lover, husband, friend;
'Twas well with him, and thou, sweet bird, wert free;
What woes may now that faithful bosom rend,
What joys have perished, in their flight—like thee!

THE VOICE OF MEMORY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

How canst thou move my fixed regret,
Or how allure me to forget,
When there is nought in earth, sea, sky,
But hath a Voice to Memory?
What speaks the sinking orb of day?—
Of hope, as quick to pass away!
What speaks the pale and drooping flower?—
Of joy, that withers in an hour!
What speaks the balmy breath of eve?—
Of sighs as sweet, that could deceive!
What speaks the music of the bird?—
Of strains more soft, no longer heard!
What speaks still ocean's glassy breast?—
Of peace as brief, as false a rest!
What speaks each wave that leaves the shore?—
Of days that pass, to come no more!
What speaks the far receding sail?—
Of faithless fortune's changing gale!

What speaks the pure and pendent dew?—
Of tears as fresh, as silent too!
What speaks the deepening gloom of night?—
Of woe, succeeding to delight!
What speaks each brightly-twinkling star?—
Of eyes more soft—more radiant far!
What speaks the blue expanse of Heaven?—
Of plighted vows in sunder riven,
Recorded *there*—though *here* forgiven!
Thus is there nought in earth, sea, sky,
But hath a Voice to Memory!—
A voice that *will* be heard, as now,
Till o'er this eye and aching brow,
His welcome shadow Death shall cast,
And this fond heart has throbbed its last!

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

Come, track with me, this little vagrant Rill,
Wand'ring its wild course from the Mountain's breast;
Now, with a brink fantastic, heather-drest,
And playing with the stooping flowers at will;
Now, moving scarce, with noiseless step and still.
Anon, it seems to weary of its rest,
And hurries on, leaping with sparkling zest,
Adown the ledges of the Broken Hill,
—So, let us live. Is not the Life well-spent,
Which loves the lot that kindly Nature weaves
For all, inheriting, or adorning Earth?
Which throws light pleasure over true Content,
Blossoms, with Fruitage—Flowers, as well as Leaves—
And sweetens Wisdom with a taste of Mirth.

A DAY AT VENICE FORTY YEARS AGO.

It sometimes happens, that a circumstance which is little better than trivial in itself, derives an interest from the simple or earnest manner of the speaker. I have heard the present Sir A—— C——— narrate a fact, of no great moment, with such dramatic effect, as to excite and maintain a thrilling interest in the mind of every person present. He reinvigorates an old, dead, unprofitable anecdote in a way that is really marvellous; throwing himself, as it were, into the story and giving it life, as the Arabian magician revived the stricken fawn to give pleasure to the queen whom he loved.

With something of the same talent, but with less effect, the following account of a visit (actually made) to Venice was related to me. The manner of telling it excited in me at the time, no inconsiderable interest. I may fail probably in communicating much of this; but I shall at all events establish the position which I have taken at the outset, without occupying any serious

portion of the reader's patience. And now, as Mark Antony says, 'lend me your ear.'

—It must be upwards of forty years ago, since a lady, then rich and graceful, was travelling with her husband to Venice. She was very young, and had been but lately wedded; and she went abroad to gather happiness in whatever place it might be found. Circumstances led her to the South; and it was with a light and bounding spirit that she first trod upon Italian ground. She descended the Southern Alps, and traversed the Milanese,—by Brescia, Vicenza, Verona, Padua, and at last arrived at the famous city, Venice!

But it will be better, perhaps, to tell the lady's story, as nearly as may be in her own words. Although many years have passed by since last she looked at a Venetian sky, and although time may have written some marks upon a forehead which once was as fair as marble, yet the brightness of her eye and the powers of her memory still remain unimpaired; and her narrative derives no little interest from the grace which has survived the common and more perishable beauties of youth. And, indeed, there is a matronly as well as a maiden beauty, equally delightful, though in a different fashion. If the reader can admit a distinction between two words usually confounded, I would say that the one is a *charm*, and the other a *spell*: the one attracts, while the other commands our worship.—But he should *see* the lady of whom I speak. He should

hear the soft and distinct tones in which she recounts her little story. He should see * her white hand wave up and down, as she tells of the light boats 'dancing' on the blue waves of the Adriatic,—and hear her voice droop into sad solemnity, while she describes the hush of the watery streets, and the evening chaunt of the monks and sisters, sailing under her balcony. He should—but, as he cannot by any possibility do all this, I will endeavour to recollect her words. It is thus (or nearly thus), that I have heard her speak:—

Towards the afternoon of a bright day, we left Padua, 'learned Padua,' and embarked on the Brenta for Venice. The sun was riding towards the West; but he had not yet reached the point where he illuminates the sky like an iris; he had not begun 'to die like the dolphin,' but blazed out clear and glorious, and threw his dazzling lights on the vineyards and orange-groves and Palladian structures which crown the banks of the Brenta. Time passed, as we glided on, and on—meeting first a carriage-boat,—then a gondola,—by fields, and villas,—by orange and laurel trees,--and at last found ourselves on the open waters, sailing direct for Saint Mark's. The evening was now coming on, and it was not until we had approached somewhat near the city, that we saw, enveloped in a haze, and like a mirage of the desert, the towers and turrets, the domes and churches and palaces

* She died very lately (since the above was written), at an advanced age.

of the queenly Venice. She rose before us, more like a Moorish enchantment, than a real, positive Christian city. I thought first of the Fata Morgana, and believed that I beheld an illusion,—and then of Gulnare's city of the sea, and half expected to meet, amongst pillars of green and gold and fret-work of crystal, the fantastical shapes of the ocean.

Well,—we arrived at the outskirts of Venice; gliding up the road which was marked out by stakes, while, at every stroke of the oar, the city seemed to *swell* and come forth and stand more palpably before us. To me, it looked like one huge palace, with ranges and avenues of buildings belonging to it, all cramped and crowded together upon a rock. Independently of this, there is something exceedingly imposing (as I found afterwards), in the aspect of several parts of this famous city. Its strange and mingled architecture, which is neither Arabian, nor Greek, nor Gothic; the aspect and manners of its people (so different from the chattering and noise that we had left at Paris); its black gondolas, and silent canals, whose sides are walled by palaces, fit for the habitation of kings, but half deserted, fill one with solemn and even melancholy thoughts. We feel oppressed, as we are oppressed by the power of antiquity or misfortune, and worship these apparitions of vanished glory the more entirely, because they are neither existing nor substantial.

As we came to the first houses (but before we entered

into the deep shadow which they cast across the water), we looked once more upon the mountains of Friuli, and saw them lifting up their huge shoulders in the crimson light of the setting sun: another dash of the oar, and we were in—*Venice!*

The first few days shewed us nothing remarkable; for Mr. ——— fell suddenly ill, owing to travelling under a hot sun, and I was too anxious to perform the duties of a nurse towards my husband, to waste a thought upon the wonders around us. Time and abstinence however, soon quelled the fever which had kept my patient at home, and we then prepared to go through the weary duties of the traveller, in inspecting every thing that strangers usually see. In the meantime, a great change had taken place in the ducal city. The transition was like that from night to morning. We came into a place over which silence and melancholy brooded, and we awoke in a world of rejoicing and song:—It was the Carnival!

I do not mean to fatigue you with a regular detail of the ceremonies which were observed, when the Doge of Venice used to celebrate his marriage with the ocean. You may read of them in books of travels, told in a manner that I cannot aspire to rival. I must be content with speaking of the general effect, as it related to myself.

I remember waking early in the morning; and from my window, which looked over the Adriatic sea, I saw

the sun come floating onwards in a sea of vapour. His track appeared nearly in the point of Trieste. The waters of the gulf lay silent, stretching away South and North, a melancholy plain without life or motion. I began to augur ill of the Venetian festival;—but I was agreeably disappointed. For in about an hour, the god of day threw off his cloudy bondage, and looked out upon us (while the vapours shrank away on all sides), like what he really is in southern climates—the living wonder and paragon of the heavens. The wind began to stir and freshen, and the waves curled and broke along the shore. The distant mountains, which had before looked cold and mournful, awoke to a new life, and put on their richest colours. The people opened their windows; there was a hum of voices, and laughing, and splashings of water in the canals below. One after one the little boats and gondolas shot out from creeks and corners, and shook their tiny streamers in the breeze: men and women, in new gay dresses were seen; rowers and gondolieri, and holiday-making girls from the neighbouring continent; while the servants seemed to go about blythely on their morning errands. It was clear that the day would be in our favour, and accordingly we prepared to do it honour, by displaying before the curious Venetian ladies, some of the elegancies of our English apparel. We had ordered a gondola to be ready early, and after we had taken our coffee, we descended to where it lay waiting our arrival.

The time appointed for the procession not having arrived, we bade the gondolieri row us through some of the different streets of the city, to witness the preparations that were making in all quarters, from the Doge to the beggar. The English traveller who has not visited this corner of Italy, cannot have any idea of the delight of gliding along from street to street, by churches and palaces and marble houses, without an effort of one's own. It is more like the motion which we enjoy (or seem to enjoy), in a dream, than any thing else. I lay on the soft cushions of the gondola, and from underneath the pleasant shadow which the curtains made, I looked up at the splendours of Palladio—at windows filled with eastern looking women, some gazing on the boats below, some glancing at the sky (to see if the day were likely to be overcast), some arranging their hair, and others listening to the cavaliers who hung over them, telling tales probably, as sweet and as welcome as those which were listened to in former days, in the romantic gardens of Boccaccio.

After some time spent in this manner, we arrived near the quay of Saint Mark's, and found that the procession had commenced. The Doge, and senators, and people of rank, were already in the vessel appropriated for their reception. Thousands of persons were on the water—thousands on the quays and steps—at the corners of streets, and in the windows. Every spot of ground was absolutely alive with human creatures; when the signal

was given, and then—(but we must borrow the poetry of a friend to help us here):—

And then
Flamed forth the Bucentaur, whose amorous sails
Kissed the low whispering winds, which made reply
Softer than echo, whilst the vessel rode
Triumphant past the watery palaces:
Proud of its ducal load it swam, and shook
Its streamers flaunting, whilst crowds of Venetians
Swarmed in the azure air, and ladies bright
Showered their rare glances which outflashed the sun;
And music, like a fountain of sweet sound,
Rose up and fell, and when it died there came
A noise of footsteps near or dashing waves,
Or voices which the time made musical.
The Prince of Venice now went forth to wed
The Ocean—a rich bride, whose dowry filled
His insular kingdom, and made proud his name.
And in his train went thousands, following fast
In floating shells, galleys, and gondolas,
While the fair Ocean her voluptuous breast
Laid bare in transport, and in waves all warm
Received her tribute, that fast-fettering-ring
Which bound her bride of Venice!——

To my thinking (notwithstanding my friend's verses), the marriage of the Doge was but a foolish ceremony. It had not the common solemnity of a conjuror's spell. But the world of bright eyes and happy faces, the cheerful jubilee, the recreations of song, which haunted us on every side, were delightful. I was glad to turn from the gorgeous Bucentaur, and the grave-looking senators (who soon returned from their watery wedding),

to the dance, the musicians, and masquers of the carnival. There was Pulcinello in all his glory, mimics, tragedians, venders of all fruits and luxuries, idlers, and visitors from every nation. There was the Frenchman in his formal silken dress—the Armenian in his flowing robes—the Spaniard in his cloak of gravity—the Jew—the Turk—the German—the Englishman—and samples from every province and state of Italy. In truth, there was a good deal that was spirit-stirring and delightful; but unluckily there was nothing to recount. Our only adventure—if adventure it may be called—took place at night, and to that I must now hasten. I should state, that after several hours of amusement (and fatigue), we quitted for a time the out-of-door gaiety of the city, and took refuge in our apartments. There we dined, as people who frequent carnivals *should* dine,—took our coffee—and spent the early part of the evening quietly.

We had been told, however, that the festivities of the time, which declined with the day, were resumed with vigour at night. In consequence of this intimation, we emerged once more from our habitation (it was now late in the evening), and went, accompanied by an Italian gentleman, with whom my husband was acquainted, to a casino near Saint Mark's. We found the company about to retire; and in fact they soon after disappeared, one after another, until we alone were left there. This was a disappointment to us who had come

so far to see the humours of Venice; but we were speedily compensated, by the arrival of some itinerant musicians, who stopped before the door of the place, and began an air, in which a female voice of rare quality and compass, and a masterly hand on the violin, were conspicuous. The voice was the richest I had ever heard, although I was used to Italian singing; and we all (even our Italian friend), listened with breathless pleasure, while the unseen musician warbled out one or two Venetian ballads, and an air of (I think) Marcello's.

Some words, that dropped from our friend, induced us to think that the singers might be amateurs, who had come out to do honour to the carnival. But on going to the door, a single glance convinced us of the unfeigned poverty of the party. They accepted, moreover, a few small pieces of coin with great readiness, and thanked us in the name of the Signor Pazzi, the master and violinist of the company. This man had the marks of having had a fine person formerly; but he was now squalid in his appearance, and his look was dissipated and ferocious. The other men were wrapped in coarse ragged cloaks, and the women in wretched clothes, with the exception only of the young musician whom we had heard (the 'prima donna' of this forlorn band), who wore some faded finery about her, and looked like a strolling player girl. To do her justice, she had a picturesque air, and I must confess, the very handsomest face I ever saw. It was somewhat of the gypsey cast, but less dark; and

without the expression of fierceness which belongs to that wandering tribe. She came forward with a bewitching smile, and a courtesy that was not inelegant, to petition for reward; when I had an opportunity of observing her. And, certainly, she was a most attractive person;—so rich in colour (like one of Titian's pictures), so full and flowing in shape—her dress so singular—her manners so—what is the word?—alluring. Yet she was evidently a woman of inferior education; and when (upon my husband paying her some compliments, which she returned with a profusion of smiles and thanks), the Signor Pazzi called her back in a rough sullen voice, she ran to him, laughing and chattering, with an air that betrayed the peasant.

The musicians now left us, and we prepared to return homewards. In our way thither, we had to cross an angle of the square of Saint Mark's; and we there overtook our singers. They had made a halt, probably to divide the amount of the day's earnings; and were all huddled together,—the singing girl hanging upon the arm of the violin player. As we approached, the party separated—the two I have mentioned going one way, and the remainder of the band in an opposite direction. They seemed to part with great glee, reminding each other of the to-morrow, and wishing their good nights very clamorously. When they were about fifty yards distant, one of the larger group called out once more 'Buona notte!' upon which the girl sang out in return,—

Buona notte, Idolo mio!
Buona notte, va a dormir!

in a voice of such superlative richness and sweetness, that the very air seemed thrilled with her notes, and rang like a piece of silver.

It so happened that our course lay in the same line as that of the itinerant pair; and we followed them accordingly towards the spot where our gondola was waiting. Silence and tranquillity were now resuming their rule. The windows and jalousies were heard to shut one after the other; a distant noise, or the voice of a single gondolier, was only (and those rarely) heard; till at last nothing was audible but our own footsteps on the marble ground. We had by this time arrived very near to our boat, and were thinking of the merriment that we had witnessed, when we heard a low, sad sound coming up one of the canals, and a boat, carrying a light at its head, was seen approaching the place of our destination.

"It is a funeral," said our Italian friend; and we stopped accordingly, nearly opposite the G———i palace, where the coming sounds or the light seemed to have attracted attention. In a few minutes, the voices were heard distinctly, singing some dirge or melancholy song. We were observing upon its beauty, when, on a sudden, a great number of lights appeared in and about the G———i palace, which before had been wrapped in silence, and, amidst all the madness of the day of jubilee, had alone looked dark and unrejoicing.

"Good God!" exclaimed our friend aloud, "It is the funeral of Olympia G———i!" The musician who stood near us seemed to start at this intelligence, and uttered a strange cry. We could only, however, hear the word 'dead!' although he muttered something more.

"Holy mother!" said the girl, "*Is* she dead, indeed?"

"Peace!" returned the fellow, in a rough tone; and the girl was instantly silent. The funeral procession was now close to us, and every word of the chaunt was audible.

How divine is such sweet, sad music, heard at night! The day is fit only for bustling noises—for war, and traffic, and action,—for quarrels and complaints: all these should be finished with the day. But at night, let us look at the sailing moon, or stand by the hushing water: let us hear words of love—or melancholy songs: let us dream of pleasures that we have lost—or of friends that have gone far away for ever!—

I cannot repeat the very words of the dirge which was sung on that carnival evening; but it was something very like what I am about to repeat: at all events, its tenor was the same. You must imagine, however, the place—the time—the stillness—the solitude—and the solemn feelings that had crept over our hearts, in order to understand the effect which the music produced upon us: and you must make some allowance for my translation, also, which is almost an extempore matter.

I.

We bear her home! we bear her home!
Over the murmuring salt-sea foam;
One who has fled from the war of life,
From sorrow pains, and the fever strife!

II.

Noble, and young, and fair was she,
Who saileth with us on the moonlight sea.
How gentle she looked! how softly spoke!
And loved *so* well—but her heart was broke!

III.

So we bear her along to her marble halls,
(Where *now* no delicate footstep falls),
To the bier where a thousand torches shine,—
The last of a proud and ducal line!

IV.

The city is gay, and the laugh is loud;
But the moon has put on her silver shroud!
And the revel is mad,—but we—*but we*
Are alone with the dead on the lonely sea!

The concluding verse, however (although originally true) was by this time contradicted by the silence around; notwithstanding that, in some houses, the gaiety of the revel, no doubt, still went on. As the procession stopped at the palace, in order that the boat should unload its freight, the Signor Pazzi seemed once more much disturbed; and after one or two attempts to stand his ground, finally retreated in disorder with his pretty companion.

"I think I recollect our violinist and his friend," said our Italian associate, as we rowed along; "and the

poor lady who is dead I knew intimately. There is a little (not much, to be sure) of a story respecting her"—he hesitated.

"Pray let us hear it," said I.

"I will endeavour to tell it to you to-morrow," replied he: "and I will call on you about noon. In the mean time I may glean some more particulars about her:"—and with these words we parted for the night.

—The next day our friend was punctual to his appointment, and gave us the following account of the deceased lady:

"You have heard, of course, of the G——i family?" he began. "It has reckoned amongst its members—Doges, illustrious warriors, senators without number; besides many artists and learned men. The first who made the name famous, was Jacomo G——i, who sank the fleet of the Ottomans in—I forget the year—but centuries ago: the *last* was—Olympia G——i, whom you saw taken to her grave last night. She was the sole descendant of her house. One after another, her family and relations had all disappeared. They left *her* the survivor of them all; and now—not one remains!

"She was very beautiful—this poor Olympia G——i. She possessed great dignity, much grace, and a serious sweetness that I have never seen equalled in any face. With enough of pride—(as much as her rank and talent seemed to justify)—she possessed something which might be called genius. It was more than the ability that

results from industry; and would, if it had been called much into action, have made her undoubtedly celebrated as a poetess or painter. But, unfortunately, she had enormous riches; and so she remained simply a Venetian lady. When she was a child, her father and mother died, and left her to the care of a maternal relation, one of the Mancini family. He was an honourable, but very poor man; and the allowance for life, which the will of Olympia's father gave him (in requital for the guardianship of his child) formed almost his only support.

"You may imagine that the rank and wealth and beauty of Olympia were not long without worshippers. Her hand was, in fact, sought by many; by nobles, and even by princes. But, early in life (before she well knew what love was), she had given away her heart to the son of her guardian, a young man with whom she had been brought up, and who professed to return it with his own. Camillo Mancini, however, was not a person to be intrusted with hearts. He would have broken a hundred. He was a youth of some promise, originally, but with strong passions and a wilful temper; and he was utterly destitute both of principle and prudence. Being caught by the glitter of arms, he suddenly resolved to become a soldier, and entered the Austrian (or some foreign) service; and there, amidst the bustle and license of a military life, very speedily forgot Olympia and his love engagements. She, however, with the fine fidelity of a woman, never wavered. She

received accounts of his ill conduct (for he himself soon gave over writing)—she grieved for his excesses; relieved him more than once from poverty and ruin; went to him when he was sick or wounded; tried unweariedly to restore him to respectability and comfort; and was, in all respects, his better angel. She got tired indeed, at last, of striving in vain to serve a thankless vagabond; and, ceasing her efforts, she immediately acquired—a foe.

"Camillo Mancini was one of those careless spendthrifts of reputation, upon whom it is idle to waste a particle of charity. He lived solely for his own pleasure; but it was the pleasure always of *to-day*. No admonition of prudence, no prospect of advantage, could wean him from present enjoyment. He wished; and if the wish was within the scope of possibility, he gratified it at every risk. In a mad moment, and to please the mere whim of the instant, he at length actually married a young adventuress, who had previously declined his offer of a 'philosophical intimacy.' She had, as was supposed, led a free life enough before; but a fit of prudence (as sudden as that of her lover's folly), possessed her then; and the consequence was, that she became the wife of Camillo. This news travelled speedily to Venice. It was whispered about, and *justified* by falsehoods, which went so far as to defame the reputation of Olympia; and these falsehoods were traced, without much difficulty, to Camillo himself. Olympia heard all that was said. But she suffered

calmly and silently; until the slander, together with the benefits which she had conferred, became the laugh of the day (partly by the treachery of an agent, and partly by Camillo's drunken boasting), and then the 'pity' of her enemies and the 'advice' of her friends, roused her from her apparent apathy to a state of perilous excitement. It was this struggle in her mind that tended to destroy her.

You must not suppose, however, that our young Venetian was a pining, sickly girl, who sank into the grave without an effort. On the contrary, she stood up bravely against disappointment, and looked proudly on the extinction of her brightest hopes. There is no knowing but that she might at last have conquered (for she had good sense as well as pride), had not sickness come in to the aid of sorrow, and completed the ruin which the other had but began. The miasma—the mal'aria—(whatever is its name) is a fatal complaint, when it attacks those who are already weak; and Olympia, when it attacked her, was as feverish and weak as her worst foe could desire. The consequence was—of what use is it protracting the story or going into minute details — the consequence was, that the malady was victorious; and Death, to the long list of his illustrious and lovely victims, has now added the heiress and last descendant of the once famous house of G——i!

I could tell you how she faded—and faded away: how, first, she lost her strength, and then her beauty; how she travelled from place to place; how she consulted

infallible physicians; and tried one after the other 'amusement,'—'occupation,'—'change,'—and the fifty things which are recommended in hopeless cases; and how, at last, she retired to the house of a friend near Verona, and there died uncomplaining. But I do not desire to make my story more pathetic than it is. I state little more than what the kind-hearted monk, who attended her in her last moments, detailed to me this morning. Poor old fellow! he wiped his eyes so often with the sleeve of his rough dress, that I was enticed into bearing him company, and cried also."

"Was he that solemn voice," inquired I; "which rose above the rest in the requiem?"

"Yes, truly," replied our friend; "that was he. He sang, if you remember, those deep tones which thrilled you, you said, at the conclusion of the dirge—

'But we---*but we*
Are alone with the dead on the lonely sea!'

"I remember," said I, "both the voice and the words. They were both well entitled to make an impression.—And now, sir," added I; "I must thank you for your story, although you have forgotten the two persons who stood beside us when the funeral procession passed.—You promised to give us some account of them; did you not?"

"True," answered our friend; "I had forgotten. The female was the wife of the musician, her companion; and her companion was—Camillo Mancini!"

—Such was the lady's account of her 'Day in Venice,' and such the narrative related to her.

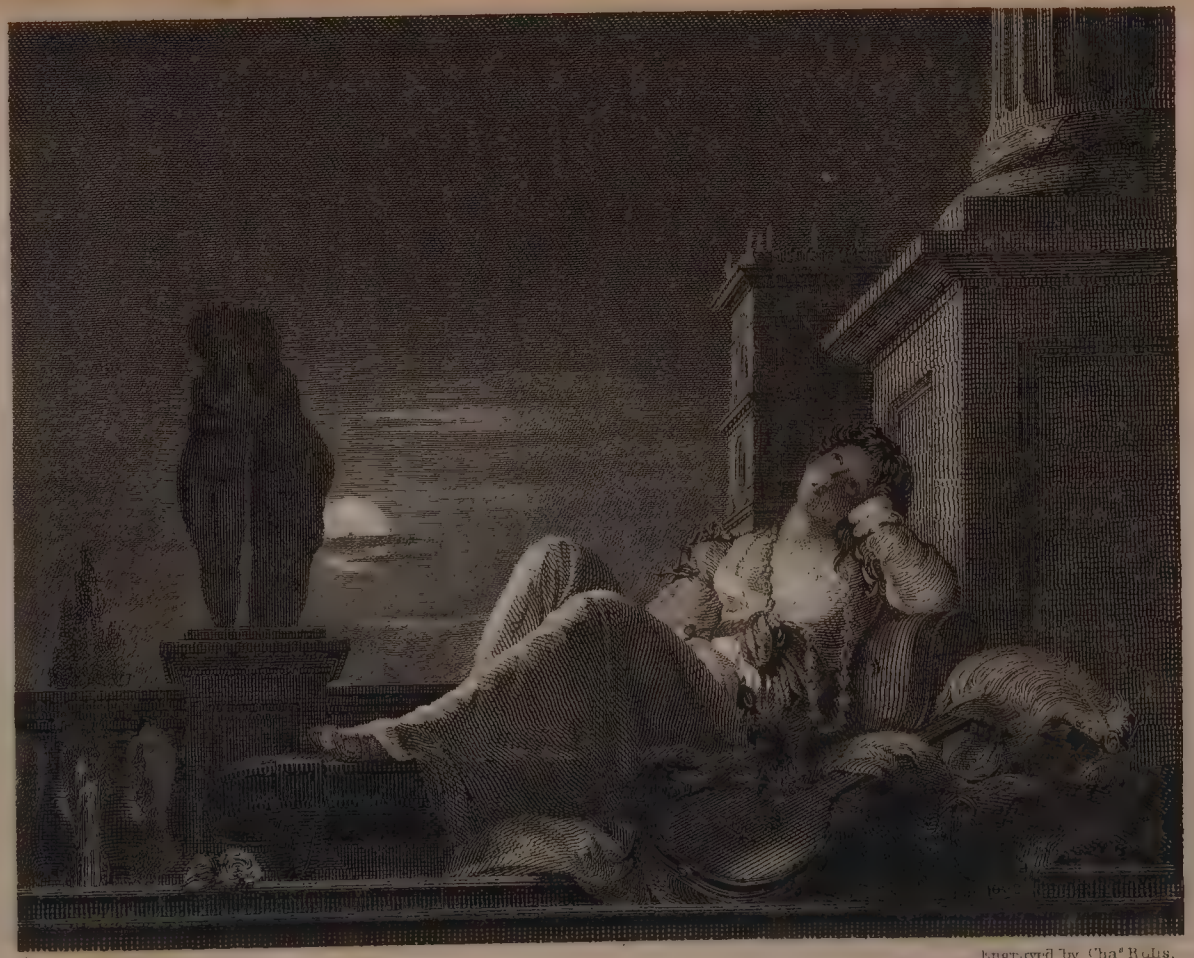
"It is all I remember," said she, in conclusion; "not much, you will say: yet it was sufficient to interest me at the time, although there are not materials enough in it to constitute a story."

C.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Look round in awe, Sesostris! and behold,
Shade of Nabuchodonosor! the sweep
Of pillared promontory breasting bold
The surge, and to the seasons and the deep
Frowning defiance! Look around, and weep
For Babylon and Memphis, where of old
Ye wasted nations in the toil to heap
The pyramid, or rear aloft in gold
Your giant gods. A legend and a name,
Are all that now survive to mark aright
What once was fane or palace, wall or tower;
While here, and without hands, is reared a frame
That shall record the sovereign builder's might,
Till conflagration the great globe devour!

H.



Painted by J Thomson R.A.

Engraved by Chas Rolls.

JULIET AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

JULIET AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

From a Picture, by Henry Thomson, Esq., R.A.

Those fond, vague dreams, that make love's happiness;
Its first—and oh, its last!

I.

She has left the lighted hall,
She has flung down cap and plume,
Her eye wears softer light,
And her cheek a tenderer bloom:

II.

And her hair in sunny showers
Falls o'er her marble brow,
From its midnight bonds of pearl,
Free as her thoughts are now.—

III.

She has left the yet glad dance,
O'er those gentle thoughts to brood,
That haunt a girl's first hour
Of love-touched solitude.

IV.

Music's sweet and distant sound
Comes floating on the air,
From the banquet-room it tells
The dancers still are there:

V.

But she, their loveliest one,
Has left the festal scene,
To dream on what may be,
To muse o'er what has been;

VI.

To think on low, soft words,
Her ear had drunk that night,
While her heart beat echo-like,
And her cheek burnt ruby bright.

VII.

How beautiful she looks
Beneath that moonlit sky,
With her lip of living rose,
Her blue and drooping eye!

VIII.

Spell-like, the festal scene
Rises on heart and brain;
Not a word, and not a look,
But she lives them o'er again.

IX.

Well, dream thy dream, fair girl!
Tho' ne'er did morning close,
With its cold and waking light,
Dreams fair and false as those:

X.

They are like the mists that rise
At day-break to the sky,
There, touched by all bright hues,
On its breast awhile they lie;

XI.

But the darker hour draws on,
The rose-tint disappears,
And the falling cloud returns
To its native earth in tears.—

XII.

Yet dream thy dream, fair girl!
Tho' away it will be driven,
'Tis something to have past
A single hour in heaven.

XIII.

Tho' thine eye has April light,
Tho' thy cheek has April bloom,
There is that upon them both
Which marks an early tomb.

XIV.

So young, so fair, to die—
And can those words be true?
Ah! better far 'to die,'
Than live as some must do;

XV.

With a heart that will not break,
Though every nerve be strained,
Whether won to be betrayed,
Or discovered and disdained:—

XVI.

For Love to watch Hope's grave,
And yet itself breathe on,
Like the blighted flower which lives,
Tho' scent and bloom be gone.

XVII.

But this watching each last leaf,
Green on the fading tree,
The while we see it wither,
Is maiden not for thee.

XVIII.

One hour of passionate joy,
And one of passionate grief—
A morning and a midnight—
Fill up thy life's short leaf!

XIX.

Short, sad, but still how much
Of death's bitterness is past,
Thy last sigh breathed upon the heart,
Beating thine unto the last!

L. E. L.

WINDERMERE.

Launch, and row northward to yon gulf profound
Of mountain piled on mountain: evening grey
Is glooming on the majesty around,
Lake, meadow, rock, and woodland; while the ray
Of latest crimson lingers where on high
Peak after peak unfold their long display,
In hues still darkening, till we scarce espy
Amid the silence and the deep serene,
Their huge tempestuous outline on the sky.
What then?—and hast thou nothing heard nor seen
But the dun twilight o'er the landscape spread?
Are there not voices in each valley green?
Peal not Hosannas from each mountain head?—
Awake!—or thou art not asleep, but dead!

H.

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Oh! that I had the wings of a Dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!"

I.

Oh! for thy wings, thou dove!
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast;
That borne like thee above,
I too might flee away, and be at rest!

II.

Where wilt thou fold those plumes,
Bird of the forest-shadows, holiest bird?
In what rich leafy glooms,
By the sweet voice of hidden water stirred?

III.

Over what blessed home,
What roof with dark, deep summer-foliage crowned,
O fair as Ocean's foam!
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam around?

IV.

Or seek'st thou some old shrine
Of nymph or saint, no more by Votary wooed,
Tho' still, as if divine,
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude?

V.

Yet wherefore ask thy way?
Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim, thou art!
Unto the greenwood spray
Bearing no dark remembrance at thy heart!

VI.

No echoes that will blend
A sadness with the rustlings of the grove;
No memory of a friend
Far off, or dead, or chang'd to thee, thou Dove!

VII.

Oh! to some cool recess
Take, take me with thee on the summer-wind!
Leaving the weariness,
And all the fever of this life behind:

VIII.

The aching and the void
Within the heart whereunto none reply,
The early hopes destroyed—
Bird! bear me with thee thro' the sunny sky.

IX.

—Wild wish, and longing vain,
And brief upspringing to be glad and free!
Go to thy woodland reign!
My soul is bound and held—I may not flee.

X.

For even by all the fears
And thoughts that haunt my dreams—untold, unknown,
And by the woman's tears
Poured from mine eyes in silence and alone;

XI.

Had I thy wings, thou Dove!
High 'midst the gorgeous isles of cloud to soar,
Soon the strong cords of love
Would draw me earthwards—homewards—yet once more!

THE SHADOW.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

Upon yon dial-stone
  Behold the shade of Time,
For ever circling on and on,
  In silence more sublime
Than if the thunders of the spheres
Pealed forth its march to mortal ears.

II.

It metes us hour by hour,
  Doles out our little span,
Reveals a Presence and a Power
  Felt and confessed by man;—
The drop of moments, day by day,
That rocks of ages wear away.

III.

Wov'n by a hand unseen,
Upon that stone survey
A robe of dark sepulchral green,
The mantle of decay,—
The fold of chill Oblivion's pall,
That falleth with yon shadow's fall.

IV.

Day is the time for toil;
Night balms the weary breast;
Stars have their vigils, seas awhile
Will sink to peaceful rest:
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not—nor sleeps!

V.

Effacing all that's fair,—
Hushing the voice of mirth
Into the silence of despair
Around the lonesome hearth,—
And training ivy garlands green
O'er the once gay and social scene.

VI.

In beauty fading fast,
Its silent trace appears,—

And—where, a phantom of the past
Dim in the mists of years,—
Gleams Tadmor o'er Oblivion's waves,
Like wrecks above their ocean graves—

VII.

Before the ceaseless shade
That round the world doth sail—
Its towers and temples bow the head—
The pyramids look pale:
The festal halls grow hushed and cold,
The everlasting hills wax old.

VIII.

Coeval with the sun
Its silent course began—
And still its phantom race shall run,
Till worlds with age grow wan;—
Till Darkness spread her funeral pall,
And one vast shadow circle all.

BALLAD.

I.

She is singing like a bird
In its leafy bower,
For her inmost heart is stirred
By affection's power.

II.

By that passion-worded scroll
From beyond the sea;
Gladness on her glowing soul
Pours tumultuously.

III.

Oh the sorrow!—for the heart
Which inspired that strain,
Never more may bear a part
In her joy or pain.

IV.

Other melodies are sung
By her lover's bed,
Strange words in the stranger's tongue,
Chaunting for the dead.

W. H.

ON A HEADLAND IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

We ran up a small creek, near which was a headland, famous for a sanguinary battle, at some very remote period, far beyond the memory of man. We were told of fragments of huge bones that had once whitened all the ground there. We ourselves saw none, however; but turned up various fossils, which, for aught we knew to the contrary, might have belonged to some antediluvian giant or hero, who was cotemporary with the mammoth and leviathan.

Voyage of Discovery, by Juan Pablos Gomez. p. 63.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I.

VAGUE mystery hangs on all these desert places!
The Fear which hath no name, hath wrought a spell!
Strength, courage, wrath—have been, and left no traces!
They came,—and fled;—but whither?—who can tell!

II.

We know but that they *were*,—that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man),
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and bays,
And perished where these river-waters ran.

III.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,
White winter, and the sharp night winds, that boom
Like spirits in their purgatorial pain.

IV.

They left, 'tis *said*, their proud unburied bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore:
Yet nought besides the rocks and worn sea stones
Now answer to the great Pacific's roar!

V.

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died:
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride;
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

VI.

But *these*,—they vanished as the lightnings die
(Their mischiefs over) in the surging deep;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky,
What heroes perished here, nor where they sleep!

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON AT MIDNIGHT.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

Up—up—into the vast expanded space,
Thou art ascending in thy majesty,
Beautiful Moon, the queen of the pale sky!
But what is that, which gathers on thy face,
A dark, mysterious shade, eclipsing—slow—
The splendour of thy calm and steadfast light?
It is the shadow of this world of woe,
Of this vast moving world: portentous sight,
As if we almost stood and saw more near
Its very action—almost heard it roll
On, in the swiftness of its dread career,
As it hath rolled for ages! Hush, my soul!—
Listen!—there is no sound:—but could we hear
The murmur of its multitudes, who toil
Through their brief hour—the heart might well recoil.

But this is ever sounding in his ear
Who made it, and who said 'let there be light'—
And we, the creatures of a mortal hour,
'Mid hosts of worlds, are ever in his sight,
Catching, as now, dim glimpses of his power.

The time shall come when all this mighty scene
Darkness shall wrap, as it had never been.
Oh! Father of all worlds, be thou our guide,
And lead us gently on, from youth to age,
Thro' the dark valley of our pilgrimage!
Enough, if thus—bending to thy high will—
We hold our Christian course, through good or ill,
And to the end, with FAITH and HOPE, abide.

THE CITY OF THE DEMONS.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, ESQ.

In days of yore, there lived in the flourishing city of Cairo a Hebrew Rabbi, by name Jochonan, who was the most learned of his nation. His fame went over the East, and the most distant people sent their young men to imbibe wisdom from his lips. He was deeply skilled in the traditions of the fathers, and his word on a disputed point was decisive. He was pious, just, temperate and strict; but he had one vice,—a love of gold had seized upon his heart, and he opened not his hand to the poor. Yet he was wealthy above most, his wisdom being to him the source of riches. The Hebrews of the city were grieved at this blemish on the wisest of their people; but though the elders of the tribes continued to reverence him for his fame, the women and children of Cairo called him by no other name than that of Rabbi Jochonan the miser.

None knew, so well as he, the ceremonies necessary for initiation into the religion of Moses; and consequently, the exercise of those solemn offices was to him

another source of gain. One day, as he walked in the fields about Cairo, conversing with a youth on the interpretation of the law, it so happened that the angel of death smote the young man suddenly, and he fell dead before the feet of the Rabbi, even while he was yet speaking. When the Rabbi found that the youth was dead, he rent his garments, and glorified the Lord. But his heart was touched, and the thoughts of death troubled him in the visions of the night. He felt uneasy when he reflected on his hardness to the poor, and he said "Blessed be the name of the Lord! The first good thing that I am asked to do, in that holy name, will I perform,"—but he sighed, for he feared that some one might ask of him a portion of his gold.

While yet he thought upon these things, there came a loud cry at his gate.

"Awake, thou sleeper!" said the voice, "awake! A child is in danger of death, and the mother hath sent me for thee, that thou may'st do thine office."

"The night is dark and gloomy," said the Rabbi, coming to his casement, "and mine age is great; are there not younger men than I in Cairo?"

"For thee only, Rabbi Jochonan, whom some call the wise, but whom others call Rabbi Jochonan the miser, was I sent. Here is gold," said he, taking out a purse of sequins,—"I want not thy labour for nothing. I adjure thee to come, in the name of the living God."

So the Rabbi thought upon the vow he had just made, and he groaned in spirit, for the purse sounded heavy.

"As thou hast adjured me by that name, I go with thee," said he to the man, "but I hope the distance is not far. Put up thy gold."

"The place is at hand," said the stranger, who was a gallant youth, in magnificent attire. "Be speedy, for time presses."

Jochonan arose, dressed himself, and accompanied the stranger, after having carefully locked up all the doors of his house, and deposited his keys in a secret place—at which the stranger smiled.

"I never remember," said the Rabbi, "so dark a night. Be thou to me as a guide, for I can hardly see the way."

"I know it well," replied the stranger with a sigh, "it is a way much frequented, and travelled hourly by many; lean upon mine arm, and fear not."

They journeyed on; and though the darkness was great, yet the Rabbi could see when it occasionally brightened that he was in a place strange to him. "I thought," said he, "I knew all the country for leagues about Cairo, yet I know not where I am. I hope, young man," said he to his companion, "that thou hast not missed the way;" and his heart misgave him.

"Fear not," returned the stranger. "Your journey is even now done," and, as he spoke, the feet of the Rabbi slipped from under him, and he rolled down a great height. When he recovered, he found that his companion had fallen also, and stood by his side.

"Nay, young man," said the Rabbi, "if thus thou

sportest with the grey hairs of age, thy days are numbered. Woe unto him who insults the hoary head!"

The stranger made an excuse, and they journeyed on some little further in silence. The darkness grew less, and the astonished Rabbi, lifting up his eyes, found that they had come to the gates of a city which he had never before seen. Yet he knew all the cities of the land of Egypt, and he had walked but half an hour from his dwelling in Cairo. So he knew not what to think, but followed the man with trembling.

They soon entered the gates of the city, which was lighted up as if there were a festival in every house. The streets were full of revellers, and nothing but a sound of joy could be heard. But when Jochonan looked upon their faces—they were the faces of men pained within; and he saw, by the marks they bore, that they were Mazikin *. He was terrified in his soul; and, by the light of the torches, he looked also upon the face of his companion, and, behold! he saw upon him too, the mark that shewed him to be a Demon. The Rabbi feared excessively—almost to fainting; but he thought it better to be silent, and sadly he followed his guide, who brought him to a splendid house, in the most magnificent quarter of the city.

"Enter here," said the Demon to Jochonan, "for this house is mine. The lady and the child are in the upper chamber;" and, accordingly, the sorrowful Rabbi ascended the stair to find them.

* Demons.

The lady, whose dazzling beauty was shrouded by melancholy beyond hope, lay in bed; the child, in rich raiment, slumbered on the lap of the nurse, by her side.

"I have brought to thee, light of my eyes!" said the Demon, "Rebecca, beloved of my soul! I have brought thee Rabbi Jochonan the wise, for whom thou didst desire. Let him, then, speedily begin his office; I shall fetch all things necessary, for he is in haste to depart."

He smiled bitterly as he said these words, looking at the Rabbi; and left the room, followed by the nurse.

When Jochonan and the lady were alone, she turned in the bed towards him, and said:—

"Unhappy man that thou art! knowest thou where thou hast been brought?"

"I do," said he, with a heavy groan; "I know that I am in a city of the Mazikin.

"Know then, further," said she, and the tears gushed from eyes brighter than the diamond, "know then, further, that no one is ever brought here, unless he hath sinned before the Lord. What my sin hath been imports not to thee—and I seek not to know thine. But here thou remainest for ever—lost, even as I am lost." And she wept again.

The Rabbi dashed his turban on the ground, and tearing his hair, exclaimed, "Woe is me! Who art thou, woman, that speakest to me thus?"

"I am a Hebrew woman," said she, "the daughter of

a Doctor of the Laws, in the city of Bagdad; and being brought hither, it matters not how, I am married to a prince among the Mazikin, even him who was sent for thee. And that child, whom thou sawest, is our first-born, and I could not bear the thought that the soul of our innocent babe should perish. I therefore besought my husband to try to bring hither a priest, that the law of Moses (blessed be his memory!) should be done; and thy fame, which has spread to Bagdad, and lands further towards the rising of the sun, made me think of thee. Now my husband, though great among the Mazikin, is more just than the other Demons; and he loves me, whom he hath ruined, with a love of despair. So he said, that the name of Jochonan the wise was familiar unto him, and that he knew thou wouldst not be able to refuse. What thou hast done, to give him power over thee, is known to thyself."

"I swear, before Heaven," said the Rabbi, "that I have ever diligently kept the law, and walked steadfastly according to the traditions of our fathers, from the day of my youth upward. I have wronged no man in word or deed, and I have daily worshipped the Lord; minutely performing all the ceremonies thereto needful."

"Nay," said the lady, "all this thou mightest have done, and more, and yet be in the power of the Demons. But time passes, for I hear the foot of my husband mounting the stair. There is one chance of thine escape."

"What is that? O lady of beauty!" said the agonized Rabbi.

"Eat not, drink not, nor take fee or reward while here; and as long as thou canst do thus, the Mazikin have no power over thee, dead or alive. Have courage, and persevere."

As she ceased from speaking, her husband entered the room, followed by the nurse, who bore all things requisite for the ministration of the Rabbi. With a heavy heart he performed his duty, and the child was numbered among the faithful. But when, as usual, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wine was handed round to be tasted by the child, the mother; and the Rabbi, he refused it, when it came to him, saying:—

"Spare me, my lord, for I have made a vow that I fast this day; and I will eat not, neither will I drink."

"Be it as thou pleasest," said the Demon, "I will not that thou shouldst break thy vow:" and he laughed aloud.

So the poor Rabbi was taken into a chamber, looking into a garden, where he passed the remainder of the night and the day, weeping, and praying to the Lord that he would deliver him from the city of Demons. But when the twelfth hour came, and the sun was set, the Prince of the Mazikin came again unto him, and said:—

"Eat now, I pray thee, for the day of thy vow is past;" and he set meat before him.

"Pardon again thy servant, my lord," said Jochonan, "in this thing. I have another vow for this day also. I pray thee be not angry with thy servant."

"I am not angry," said the Demon, "be it as thou pleasest, I respect thy vow:" and he laughed louder than before.

So the Rabbi sat another day in his chamber by the garden, weeping and praying. And when the sun had gone behind the hills, the Prince of the Mazikin again stood before him, and said:—

"Eat now, for thou must be an hungered. It was a sore vow of thine;" and he offered him daintier meats.

And Jochonan felt a strong desire to eat, but he prayed inwardly to the Lord, and the temptation passed, and he answered:—

"Excuse thy servant yet a third time, my lord, that I eat not. I have renewed my vow."

"Be it so then," said the other; "arise, and follow me."

The Demon took a torch in his hand, and led the Rabbi through winding passages of his palace, to the door of a lofty chamber, which he opened with a key that he took from a niche in the wall. On entering the room, Jochonan saw that it was of solid silver, floor, ceiling, walls, even to the threshold and the door-posts. And the curiously carved roof and borders of the ceiling shone in the torch-light, as if they were the fanciful work of

frost. In the midst were heaps of silver money, piled up in immense urns of the same metal, even over the brim.

"Thou hast done me a serviceable act, Rabbi," said the Demon—"take of these what thou pleasest; aye, were it the whole."

"I cannot, my lord," said Jochonan. "I was adjured by thee to come hither in the name of God; and in that name I came, not for fee or for reward."

"Follow me," said the Prince of the Mazikin; and Jochonan did so, into an inner chamber.

It was of gold, as the other was of silver. Its golden roof was supported by pillars and pilasters of gold, resting upon a golden floor. The treasures of the kings of the earth would not purchase one of the four-and-twenty vessels of golden coins, which were disposed in six rows along the room. No wonder! for they were filled by the constant labours of the Demons of the mine. The heart of Jochonan was moved by avarice, when he saw them shining in yellow light, like the autumnal sun, as they reflected the beams of the torch. But God enabled him to persevere.

"These are thine," said the Demon; "one of the vessels which thou beholdest, would make thee richest of the sons of men—and I give thee them all."

But Jochonan refused again; and the Prince of the Mazikin opened the door of a third chamber, which was called the Hall of Diamonds. When the Rabbi

entered, he screamed aloud, and put his hands over his eyes, for the lustre of the jewels dazzled him, as if he had looked upon the noonday sun. In vases of agate were heaped diamonds beyond numeration, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg. On alabaster tables lay amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, and all other precious stones, wrought by the hands of skilful artists, beyond power of computation. The room was lighted by a carbuncle, which, from the end of the hall, poured its ever living light, brighter than the rays of noontide, but cooler than the gentle radiance of the dewy moon. This was a sore trial on the Rabbi; but he was strengthened from above, and he refused again.

"Thou knowest me then I perceive, O Jochonan, son of Ben-David," said the Prince of the Mazikin; "I am a Demon who would tempt thee to destruction. As thou hast withstood so far, I tempt thee no more. Thou hast done a service which, though I value it not, is acceptable in the sight of her whose love is dearer to me than the light of life. Sad has been that love to thee, my Rebecca! Why should I do that which would make thy cureless grief more grievous?—You have yet another chamber to see," said he to Jochonan, who had closed his eyes, and was praying fervently to the Lord, beating his breast.

Far different from the other chambers, the one into which the Rabbi was next introduced, was a mean and paltry apartment without furniture. On its filthy walls hung innumerable bunches of rusty keys of all sizes,

disposed without order. Among them, to the astonishment of Jochonan, hung the keys of his own house, those which he had put to hide when he came on this miserable journey, and he gazed upon them intently.

"What dost thou see," said the Demon, "that makes thee look so eagerly? Can he who has refused silver and gold, and diamonds, be moved by a paltry bunch of rusty iron?"

"They are mine own, my lord," said the Rabbi, "them will I take, if they be offered me."

"Take them, then," said the Demon, putting them into his hand;—"thou may'st depart. But Rabbi, open not thy house only, when thou returnest to Cairo, but thy heart also. That thou didst not open it before, was that which gave me power over thee. It was well that thou didst one act of charity in coming with me without reward, for it has been thy salvation. Be no more Rabbi Jochonan the miser."

The Rabbi bowed to the ground, and blessed the Lord for his escape. "But how," said he "am I to return, for I know not the way?"

"Close thine eyes," said the Demon. He did so, and, in the space of a moment, heard the voice of the Prince of the Mazikin ordering him to open them again. And behold, when he opened them, he stood in the centre of his own chamber, in his house at Cairo, with the keys in his hand.

When he recovered from his surprise, and had offered

thanksgivings to God, he opened his house, and his heart also. He gave alms to the poor, he cheered the heart of the widow, and lightened the destitution of the orphan. His hospitable board was open to the stranger, and his purse was at the service of all who needed to share it. His life was a perpetual act of benevolence, and the blessings showered upon him by all, were returned bountifully upon him by the hand of God.

But people wondered, and said; "Is not this the man who was called Rabbi Jochonan the miser? What hath made the change?"—And it became a saying in Cairo. When it came to the ears of the Rabbi, he called his friends together, and he avowed his former love of gold, and the danger to which it had exposed him, relating all which has been above told, in the hall of the new palace that he built by the side of the river, on the left hand, as thou goest down the course of the great stream. And wise men, who were scribes, wrote it down from his mouth, for the memory of mankind, that they might profit thereby. And a venerable man, with a beard of snow, who had read it in these books, and at whose feet I sat, that I might learn the wisdom of the old time, told it to me. And I write it in the tongue of England, the merry and the free, on the tenth day of the month Nisan, in the year according to the lesser supputation, five hundred, ninety and seven, that thou may'st learn good thereof. If not, the fault be upon thee.

FOR EVER THINE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide;
For ever mine, where'er our lot be cast;
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love—till life itself be past.

II.

The world may wrong us, we will brave its hate;
False friends may change, and falser hopes decline;
Though bowed by cankering cares, we'll smile at Fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

III.

For ever thine, when circling years have spread
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow;
When youth's rich glow, its "purple light," is fled,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now;—

IV.

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?—
No,—come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age—thine own, for ever thine!

V.

For ever thine, at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline;
When balmiest odours from each closing flower
Are breathing round me,—thine, for ever thine!

VI.

For ever thine! 'mid Fashion's heartless throng;
In courtly bowers; at Folly's gilded shrine;—
Smiles on my cheek, light words upon my tongue,
My deep heart still is thine,—for ever thine!

VII.

For ever thine, amid the boisterous crowd,
Where the jest sparkles, with the sparkling wine;
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee, in thought,—for ever thine!

VIII.

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound,—
The depths of love could such rude hearts divine?
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine,—for ever thine!

IX.

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide;
For ever mine, where'er our lot be cast;
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love,—till life itself be past!

THE WALL-FLOWER.

BY DELTA.

I.

The wall-flower—the wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of Time:
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wall-flower is sublime.

II.

Flower of the solitary place!
Grey Ruin's golden crown,
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decayed;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

III.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
Where, in war's stormy day,
The Douglases stood forth of yore,
In battle's grim array:
The clangour of the field is fled,
The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red,
But thou art blooming still!

IV.

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower! dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

V.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze;
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

VI.

Sweet wall-flower—sweet wall-flower!
Thou conjurest up to me,
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee;
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue,
Than since they e'er have been.

VII.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the Queen of Flowers!
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze,
Such scents, as thou to him.

VIII.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay,
Of flowers—first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree,
But wall-flower—loved wall-flower!
Thou art the flower for me.

PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE.

I.

Fearfully and mournfully
Thou bid'st the earth farewell,
And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one!
In a brighter land to dwell.

II.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing!
The sunshine of that shore
Around thee, as a glorious robe,
Shall stream for evermore.

III.

The breezy music wandering
There through the' Elysian sky,
Hath no deep tone that seems to float
From a happier time gone by:

Painted by J. Wood.

Engraved by F Engleheart

PSYCHE

BORNE BY THE ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE.

Published by Longman, Rees Orme, Brown, & Green

IV.

And there the day's last crimson
Gives no sad memories birth;
No thought of dead or distant friends,
Or partings—as on earth.

V.

Yet fearfully and mournfully
Thou bid'st that earth farewell,
Altho' thou 'rt passing, loveliest one!
In a brighter land to dwell.

VI.

A land where all is deathless—
The sunny wave's repose,
The wood, with its rich melodies,
The summer and its rose.

VII.

A land that sees no parting,
That hears no sound of sighs,
That waits thee with immortal air—
Lift, lift those anxious eyes!

VIII.

Oh! how like *thee*, thou trembler!
Man's spirit fondly clings,
With timid love, to this, its world
Of old familiar things!

IX.

We pant, we thirst for fountains
That gush not here below;
On, on we toil, allured by dreams
Of the living water's flow:

X.

We pine for kindred natures,
To mingle with our own;
For communings more full and high
Than aught by mortal known:

XI.

We strive with brief aspirings
Against our bounds in vain;
Yet summoned to be free at last,
We shrink—and clasp our chain!

XII.

And fearfully and mournfully
We bid the earth farewell,
Tho' passing from its mists, like thee,
In a brighter world to dwell.

THE CURTIUS AND THE RUSSELL.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

I.

In the proud Forum's central space
  Earth yawned,—a gulf profound!
And there, with awe on every face,
  Rome's bravest gathered round;
Each seeming, yet, with startled ear,
The Oracle's dread voice to hear.

II.

Young Curtius on his war-horse sprung,
  'Mid plaudits deep—not loud,
For admiration checked each tongue
  In all the circling crowd:—
He gave his noble steed the rein!
Earth's closing gulf entombed the twain!

III.

Grant that the deed, if ever done,
Was chivalrous, and bold;
A loftier, and a nobler one
Our history can unfold:
Nor shall our Heroine, meekly calm,
To Rome's proud Hero yield the palm.

IV.

The Russell stood beside her lord
When evil tongues were rife;
And perjury, with voice abhorred,
Assailed his fame and life:—
She stood there in the darkest hour
Of Tyranny's, and Faction's power.

V.

No stern oracular behest
Her gentle courage gave;
No plaudits—uttered, or suppressed,
Could she expect or crave;
Duty, alone, her Delphic shrine,
The only praise she sought divine!

VI.

She sate at Guilt's tribunal bar
In Virtue's noblest guise;
Like a sweet, brightly shining star
In night's o'erclouded skies:

Still, in that scene of hopeless strife,
Southampton's daughter, Russell's wife!

VII.

Fearless in love, in goodness great,
She rose—her lord to aid;
And well might he entrust his fate
To one so undismayed,
Asking, with fond and grateful pride,
No help but that her love supplied.

VIII.

Her's was no briefly-daring mood,
Spent on one fearful deed!
The gentle courage of the good
More lasting worth can plead;
And her's made bright in after years
The mother's toils, the widow's tears.

IX.

Woman of meek, yet fearless soul!
Thy memory aye shall live;
Nor soon shall history's varied scroll
A name more glorious give:—
What English heart but feels its claim
Far, far beyond the Roman's fame?

LOVE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

When tranced in Beauty's witching smile,
That sweetly soothes but to betray,
Let not the soft enchantment wile
Thy heart away.

II.

For love is oft a fatal spell—
A garland of the cypress tree,
Or weeping willow-wreath may well
Its emblem be.

III.

An April day of sun and shower,
The glow—the chill of hopes and fears;
An ague of the heart—a flower
That blooms in tears.

IV.

More blest perchance its lot afar—
Amid the regions of its birth—
In bowers beyond the morning star;
But not on earth.

V.

Oh! shun the soft, bewitching bane,
That steals like balm upon thy breast;
With fairy visions, false and vain,
To break thy rest.

VI.

'Twill waste thy young heart day by day,
As rocks the caverned waters wear;
And touch the blossoms of thy May
With tints of care.

VII.

Sad as the drear, the dying streak
That Autumn's falling flowers disclose,
'Twill plant upon thy fading cheek
Consumption's rose.

VIII.

And bid thee woo—to sorrow dear—
The shades that soothe to foster grief—
And haste thy days into the sere,
The yellow leaf.

IX.

Or bid thee seek the battle field—
Or sail the wide and wandering wave—
That to the broken-hearted yield
An early grave.

X.

Then, oh! when tranced in Beauty's smile,
That sweetly soothes but to betray,
Let not the soft enchantment wile
Thy heart away.

XI.

Who that the passion's power hath proved,
Its fever-fits of joy and pain—
Who that hath well and wildly loved
Would love again?

THE VOICE OF HOME.

To the Prodigal.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

Oh! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

II.

The summer-birds are calling,
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling,
With sweet laughter in their sound.

III.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,
'Midst the banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours—
—But when wilt thou return?

IV.

Oh! thou hast wandered long
From thy home without a guide,
And thy native woodland song
In thine altered heart hath died.

V.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring,
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

VI.

—But when wilt thou return?
Sweet dews may freshen soon
The flower within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

VII.

O'er the image of the sky
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

VIII.

Give back thy heart again
To the gladness of the woods,
To the birds' triumphant strain,
To the mountain-solitudes!

IX.

—But when wilt thou return?
Along thine own free air,
There are young sweet voices borne—
Oh! should not thine be there?

X.

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee,
And by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

XI.

Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender, and gravely sweet.

XII.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed—
—Oh! when wilt thou return?

THE WHISPERER.

A Legend of the South of Ireland.

If you walk through the ruined town of Kilmallock, just outside of it you will see, hard by the big old oak, a dilapidated forge. In that forge the strokes of the sledge hammer have long since ceased to vibrate on the ear, and he who once wielded it so stoutly, now sleeps quietly under the east window of the old abbey.

A pleasant fellow he was before he was laid where he is, and a clever fellow withal. But what made him most famous in his day and generation, was his power of breaking horses by a whisper; whence he went by the name of 'The Whisperer,' and his fame was spread over the six counties of song-abounding Munster. Give him the fiercest horse that ever broke a man's neck, and Terence O'Sullivan—for that was the Whisperer's name—boldly went up to him, clapped his hand upon his mane, applied his mouth to his ear, whispered something, God knows what, into it, and in two minutes afterwards, the animal was as quiet as a Quaker! Some said it was

effected by this method, and some by that,—but it was all mere guessing, and to this day nobody knows the real truth, excepting his son Dennis, to whom the old man told the secret on his death-bed. But there is an old saying, that the world always goes on from bad to worse, and it is verified in this case; for Dennis does not manage the business half so well as his father. They say the reason is, that he does not go up to the horse as boldly as the old man (a dashing, off-hand fellow, who feared neither man nor beast), was wont to do; and it may be that there is something in it, for a man's horse in this respect, is like his sweetheart, and is not the worse for being approached with some degree of spirit.

However, it matters not as to the precise way the Whisperer operated, the manner in which he originally acquainted himself with the art, was this. Terence was one day at his forge, busily employed, as usual, in fashioning a horse-shoe, thinking of nothing at all, but barely whistling; when there came by a soldier, lame and way-worn, toiling along slowly on the dusty road, in the heat of a July day.

"The blessing of God and the Virgin be upon you," said Terence to the weary man.

"I am afraid," said the soldier, "I have little chance of either; thank you nevertheless for the kindness of your prayer. But add to the good wish a good deed. I am faint with thirst, give me a drink of water."

So Terence answered him from amid the sparkles of the fire, as he still laboured at the iron:

"I drink no water except when I cannot help it, and I've no notion of doing to another, what I would not wish to be done to myself. The best of buttermilk from this to Dublin, shall be at your service," and laying down his sledge hammer, he went and brought some to the poor soldier.

The traveller drank eagerly of the proffered bowl, and when he had finished it, said, "you have done to me a kind service, and though you see me here poor as the poorest, yet I know that which will make you rich. Come behind the forge, and I will let you into a secret."

Terence O'Sullivan wondered at the man's language, but he followed him behind the forge; and there the weary soldier told him his secret. Terence was somewhat sceptical, but promised to make trial; and when at length he did so, to his very great amazement, every thing turned out as the soldier had predicted. After the soldier had told his secret, he shook the hand of the smith, and walking away westward, was never again seen or heard of in Kilmallock.

Terence's fame soon spread far and wide, and he broke every horse for twenty miles round. The only complaint was, that he broke the horses so completely, that they had no spirit after his whisper. Certain it is, that when they first heard it, they trembled from head to hoof, a cold sweat stood all over their bodies, and it

was said, that they never were good for either the chase or the race afterwards. And it became a saying in the country when, as sometimes happened to be the case, a rattling and rioting young bachelor became a quiet and sober sort of man after his marriage, that he had endured the infliction of Terence O'Sullivan's whisper.

When his fame was at the greatest, it came to pass, that one of the finest young fellows in the parish, or seven parishes beyond it, a lad of the name of Jerry Ryan, fell in love with as pretty a girl as you would wish to see, Mary Mulcahy, whose father had for thirty years kept the village school, and was now dead. Why Jerry Ryan fell in love with Mary Mulcahy, I cannot undertake to say; but I suppose it was for the same reason that a young man falls in love with a young woman all the world over. It was his luck; and when it is a man's luck to fall in love, he may as well not make any bustle about it, for do it he must.

But as somebody says (and a clever body he was—I venture to say he was a gentleman of God's own making):

The course of true love never did run smooth.

And the rough spot in this love was, that Mary Mulcahy's mother was second cousin to Jerry Ryan's aunt; which is a degree of relationship, that prevents matrimony in the church of Rome. So Jerry Ryan went to the priest about it; and as bad luck would have it, he went to him at a time when he happened to be cross, by reason of a

dispute he had had that morning with his niece. There never is a worse time to ask a favour from anybody, than just such a time—and Jerry was accordingly refused.

"Go, get ye gone out of my house, ye good-for-nothing fellow," said Dr. Delany, (that was the priest's name), "get out of my house, and I hope it will be a long day before I see you in it again. What, do you want me to break the law of God, and the canons of the church? to fly in the face of the holy decretals, to violate the orders of sacred councils, and marry you to Mary Mulcahy, who is second cousin to your own born aunt? Jerry Ryan, Jerry Ryan, it is with sorrow I say it of your mother's son, who was a decent woman God rest her soul, you are not much better than a heretic."

All this, and much more he said; and he roared and bawled so loud, that he got himself into a towering passion, and Jerry was fain to leave the house; which he did, looking melancholy enough, for he loved the girl too well to understand, why her being second cousin to his aunt, should hinder her from being his wife.

While he was walking down the road, sorrowfully sauntering along, the Whisperer rode by.

"What is it ails you," said he, "Jerry Ryan, that you look as down in the mouth as a bull that has lost his horns?"

So Jerry told him the particulars of his interview with the priest. "I wish," said he, "Terence, that you had

as much power over obstinate priests, as over stubborn horses, and that you could whisper old Delany into reason."

"And may be I have," said the Whisperer.

"I know," said Jerry, sighing, "that I had rather than twenty pounds that your words were true."

"Twenty pounds!" said Terence O'Sullivan, "are ye quite in earnest?"

"Perfectly so," said the amorous bachelor.

"Well," quoth the Whisperer, "have it your own way; a time may come, my boy, when you would give twenty pounds to get rid of a wife, as I know for a reason I'll not disclose. But I was not joking in the least. Give me the twenty pounds, and if you are not married by this day week to Mary Mulcahy, may I never set foot in stirrup to the hour of my death."

Jerry Ryan did not half believe the Whisperer, and yet his fame was great. At length he made up his mind, and gave Terence the twenty pounds, making him swear upon the mass-book, that if he did not succeed, the money should be put back again safe and sound in his hands.

Away went the Whisperer, but not at once to the priest. He knew the world better; and he waited until after dinner, when his reverence was over his tumbler of punch. Nothing softens a man's heart so much, as Terence knew from his own experience.

"Is it about the bay mare you are come to me,

Terence, my friend? You'll take a glass of punch, I am sure."

"Ay," replied the Whisperer, "or two of them if it would do any good to your reverence."

So he sate down, and they talked away as fast as they could, about the heat of the weather, the potatoe crop, the price of whiskey, Squire Johnson's last hunt, Catholic emancipation, the new road under the hill—every thing in the world. And at last, when the priest was in the height of good humour, the Whisperer brought in the business of Jerry Ryan, in the easiest way he could.

"Don't talk to me about it," said the Doctor, "Terence O'Sullivan, but drink your punch in peace—it can't be. They are too near a-kin. Its clearly against the law of the church."

And he quoted Saint Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas, and Sardanapalus, and Nebuchadnezzar, and other fathers of the church; which he well knew how to do, being regularly bred in the famous University of Salamanca, where he took his degree of Doctor of Canon law, in the year eighty-one.

The Whisperer waited to the end of the Doctor's speech, and then said:

"It's a mighty fine thing, Doctor, to be so learned a man. How your head holds all that knowledge, is more than I can say."

On which the Doctor smiled.—

"But," continued Terence, "there was not a Saint

among them who would not listen to reason, and if your reverence would just let me whisper one minute to you, may be you'd think better of it."

"Whisper to me, man," said the priest, "do you take me for a horse."

"God forbid," said the Whisperer, "that I should compare your reverence to a brute baste. But let me try."

"Well," said the priest, "this is one of the foolishest things I ever heard of; but if you insist upon it, you may follow your own vagary, only I tell you its of no use, for I never——"

"Don't be rash, father Delany," said the Whisperer, and putting his mouth close to the ear of the priest, he whispered something to him.

"O!" said the priest, "but you are a wonderful man, Terence O'Sullivan—that alters the case. I see the thing in quite a different light. The poor young creatures! Send them to me, and we'll settle the matter." And he buttoned up his breeches pocket.

Now what did the Whisperer say?—I can't guess. But whatever it was, Jerry Ryan and Mary Mulcahy were married that day week, and the Whisperer danced at the wedding.

"It would be a quare (queer) thing," said he, "if I, who could tame the strongest horse in the country, would not be able to tame an ould priest."

STANZAS

Written on seeing Flags and other Ensigns of War, hanging in a Country Church.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

Oh! why amid this hallowed scene,
Should signs of mortal feud be found;
Why seek with such vain gauds to wean
Our thoughts from holier relics 'round?
More fitting emblems here abound
Of glory's bright, unfading wreath;—
Conquests, with purer triumphs crowned;—
Proud victories over Sin and Death!

II.

Of these how many records rise
Before my chastened spirit now;
Memorials, pointing to the skies,
Of Christian battles fought below.

What need of yon stern things to shew
That darker deeds have oft been done?—
Is't not enough for Man to know
He lives but through the blood of ONE!

III.

And thou, mild delegate of God,
Whose words of balm, and guiding light,
Would lead us, from earth's drear abode,
To worlds with bliss for ever bright,—
What have the spoils of mortal fight
To do with themes 'tis thine to teach?
Faith's saving grace—each sacred rite
Thou know'st to practice as to preach!

IV.

The blessings of the contrite heart,
Thy bloodless conquests best proclaim;
The tears from sinners' eyes that start,
Are meetest records of thy fame.
The glory that may grace thy name
From loftier triumphs sure must spring;—
The grateful thoughts thy worth may claim,
Trophies like these can never bring!

V.

Then, wherefore on this sainted spot,
With peace and love, and hope imbued,—

Some vision calm of bliss to blot,
And turn our thoughts on deeds of blood,—
Should signs of battle-fields intrude :—
Man wants no trophies here of strife ;
His Oriflamme—Faith unsubdued ;—
His Panoply—a spotless life !

SNOWDON.

Lord of the dreary Arvon, rear sublime
Thy cloud-encircled head, where late I hung
In rapture, while the legendary chime
Of viewless harps from every valley rung ;
Peopling that unimaginable hour
Of fancy, with the carols that were sung
For battle, when against the storm of power
And conquest, long the bards and warriors stood
For Cambria, and the amaranthine flower
Of liberty was watered with their blood.
High strains—but now to a diviner string
Awake ye glens ; be vocal, rock and flood ;
Shake, Snowdon, to thy base ; while angels sing
The Sire, the Spirit, the Redeemer King !

H.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SOLITARY HOURS.'

I.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, when Hope has built a bower,
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thornless flower,
To dwell therein securely, the self-deceivers trust,
A whirlwind from the desert comes—and 'all is in the dust!'

II.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart clings
With all its finest tendrils—with all its flexile rings,—
That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and so fast,
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

III.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss—
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this;

One moment round about us, their 'Angel lightnings'*
play,
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all hath past
away.

IV.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for
earth—
Seraphic sounds that float away, borne heav'nward in
their birth;
The golden shell is broken—the silver chord is mute—
The sweet bells all are silent, and hushed the lovely lute.

V.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with all that's best below—
The dearest—noblest—loveliest—are always first to go;
The bird that sings the sweetest!—the pine that crowns
the rock;—
The glory of the garden!—'the flower of the flock.'

VI.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly
fair—
Too finely framed to 'bide the brunt, more earthly
natures bear;—
A little while they dwell with us—blest ministers of love—
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their
home above.

* Il lampeggiar del angelico rico.

SONG.

Imitated from Beranger.

I.

I FEEL I ought to love thee more,
For thou hast deigned to smile on one
Whom twenty years have hobbled o'er
Since first his twentieth summer shone.
What then?—I have not now the heart,
The springing heart—all youth—all glow,—
That could of old the charms impart,
Beaming for me on Mary's brow.

II.

To grace thy course, the tutored steed,
The gorgeous car, their aid prepare;—
My Mary's step had equal speed,
Light as the bird that cleaves the air.
Around thy gilded halls, alas!
A thousand mirrors light diffuse;
Mary had only one;—but 'twas
The very same the Graces use.

III.

Thy brilliant sallies yield thee still
The' applauding circle's wild delight;—
Mary could boast no wit at will,—
She scarce could read—she could not write.
But then, whene'er her faltering tongue
Her lack of learned lore betrayed;
Love lent her eloquence—or hung
His veil o'er every fault she made.

IV.

No draperies hid her airy bed—
No carpets hushed her footstep's fall—
But still the blush of morning shed
For her its earliest light o'er all.
Her genius was not bright as thine,
Not hers thy beauty, hers thy truth;
But what can match the spell divine—
The first impassioned dream of youth!

SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Scenes of my childhood! once more I behold ye,
'Mid the green, waving lindens that graced ye of yore;
Friends of my childhood! once more I enfold ye,
What would my gloom-boding spirit have more?

Scenes of my childhood! in sadness I greet ye,
Can your freshness and bloom youth's gay season restore?—
Friends of my childhood! in sorrow I meet ye,
For a welcome is wanting can glad me no more!

Scenes of my childhood! the breath of your flowers,
Is loaded with memories too painful for bliss;
Friends of my childhood! there's gloom in your bowers;
Oh! where are the bright, beaming glances I miss?

Scenes of my childhood! let strangers possess ye;
Can ye witness again what ye witnessed of yore?
Friends of my childhood! in vain ye caress me,
For the kiss that was sweetest, can charm me no more!

THE COURT AT TUNBRIDGE, IN 1664.

The green slopes and beechen groves of Somerhill were basking under the brightness of an unclouded summer sun, and even the grey stone walls of the venerable Hall looked gay and gladsome under its cheering influence. In addition to the innumerable songsters whose melody daily enlivens the flowery thickets by which it is surrounded, there was a swell of sweet and stately music pealing along the trim alleys, accompanied, at intervals, by a measure of harmonious voices, breathing welcome to the fair of the fairest court in Christendom.—*King Charles was feasting at Somerhill!*

The minstrels remained invisible among the entangled garden-bowers; but the gay beings unto whom they addressed their flattering invocations, were seen scattered in groups upon the closely shaven turf, inhaling the rich fragrance of the bursting magnolia-flowers, or glancing from out the green-wood walks—gorgeous, and bright, and many coloured as the holly-hocks that lifted up their stately heads beside them. Nature, as

well as Majesty, had decreed that it should be a *jour de fête;* and smiles, music, and sunshine, united to adorn the scene.

Among the gallant cavaliers dispersed over the lawn—some standing uncovered to listen to the prattle of "*la blanche Wetenhall*"*, or the graceful Chesterfield—others pointing out "*les promenades délicieuses du riant Somerhill*"*, to the maidens of the Queen—(a group as bright as the Pleiades themselves),—*one* alone, the favourite—the cynosure—the observed of all observers, was missing. Grammont was there, with his flaunting fopperies—Hamilton, with his air of graceful *nonchalance*—the all-conquering Jermyn—the handsome Sydney—Killigrew, in devoted attendance upon the thoughtless Lady Shrewsbury—and old Sir John Denham, following with equal assiduity the footsteps of his giddy wife, into whose willing ear his Highness of York was breathing 'sweet honey words,' somewhat closely;—but Charles, *Charles* was absent.

"Methinks," said George Hamilton, throwing himself at listless length upon a green bank, on which Sir Harry Brooke, the king's favourite page, was already lying in solitary rumination, "Methinks 'tis graceless enough in Rowley to abandon our crack-brained hostess, the Princess of Babylon, in this her own particular day and domain, in order to loiter with the mad-cap Stewart, by greenwood tree or mossy dell."

* Grammont's Memoirs.

"Hush!" replied Brooke, laying a cautionary finger upon his lips, and glancing towards the thick hedge of bay-trees by which they were shaded. "How know you what birds may build in the neighbouring covert?"

"Tut! man—the ears thou dreadest must be as acute as those of *Fine Oreille* in the story, to render them dangerous. Rowley and his rattlepate ran laughing down yonder green alley, towards the stream in the hollow below; and, my life to a silver penny! they are even now fishing for minnows with the lady's silken sash and *étui* pin. But thou lookest neither at brook nor dingle, Harry! What seest thou among the distant woods on which to gaze so earnestly?"

"I see the gleam of an ancient stone wall—I see a peaked roof rising above the dark chesnuts."

"And what then?"

"'Tis the roof of Wildinghurst!"

"*Et puis?*"

"Nay! nothing further," replied Brooke, turning away his moistened eyes. "'Twere dull sport, Hamilton, for a gallant like yourself to listen to a tale of poor and unhappy, although God knows, of honest and faithful love!"

Hamilton raised his eyebrows to the utmost stretch of wonder and admiration, and a significant smile began to illuminate his handsome countenance, when a single glance towards his friend suddenly checked his rising mirth. "Beshrew my heart, Harry," exclaimed he, "I

guessed thee not for so stricken a deer! But, since 'tis thus with thee in sober sadness, speed me thy love-tale, man! the how—the wherefore—the when. Trust me," he continued, extending his hand in friendly cordiality, "I have both sympathy and counsel at thy service. What of Wildinghurst? and who dwelleth beneath yonder peaked roof, Harry, that moves thee so strangely?"

"One who holds courts and courtiers as equally vile and worthless; the more especially, that he was forced to abandon both the one and the other, through lack of Rowley's good countenance—even old Sir Mark Willoughby."

"And wherefore should the name of a worn-out cavalier—a *frondeur*, whom all the world beside hath forgotten, bring tears into thine eyes?"

"Simply, because he hath one fair daughter."

Hamilton's eye brightened, and his lip curled again.

"My story is as easily ended as begun," quoth the page, reddening angrily. "Grace Willoughby and myself were playmates in childhood—lovers in youth—self-confident—and self-betrothed. But Sir Mark, who hath endured unworthy neglect at his Majesty's hands, would not, for the worth of the Exchequer, bestow his daughter upon a minion of the court; and he hath accordingly closed his door upon my further visits."

"In order that thou mayest find admission through the casement?"

"No!" replied Brooke, haughtily. "He gave me

a fair choice, between his daughter and my loyal service."

"And thou didst gallantly prefer a livery and court servitude, to freedom and the fair Grace?"

"The livery I wear," said Brooke, looking down on his embroidered sleeve, "is that of my sovereign; and my *service* waits upon the noble descendant of a line of princes, to whom that of my forefathers has been devoted for centuries."

"Spoken with right-earnest delivery and notable emphasis, like many another fustian rant!"

"In sober English, then," rejoined Brooke, warmly, "I love Rowley. Despite his whimsies and vagaries, there lives not a nobler gentleman—a kinder friend. Born at Cologne, while my parents shared his exile, I have scarcely left his side since I was high enough to buckle his garter; and not even the love of my precious Grace shall tempt me to throw back his favours in his teeth. I have lived *for* him—*with* him—and I trust to die so."

"Praying that time and our Lady's grace may remove old Willoughby's prejudices. Well, well, I shall marvel no more at the staid gravity of thy demeanour, nor at the philosophical coldness with which thou receivest the bright glances I have seen levelled at thee from behind her Majesty's chair. But we must up and away, Harry, for the hall-bell sounds boardward;" and the two young men, after hurrying towards the stately gallery of Somer-

hill, in which the groaning tables were sumptuously spread, scarcely reached the upper end in time to assume their post, as the gay monarch entered from the garden; and, by his high-bred courtesies and cheerful gallantry, soon appeased the wounded pride of his irate hostess—the absurd and far-famed Lady Muskerry.

It was some days after the festivities at Somerhill that, one evening towards night-fall, two travellers were seen riding at a brisk pace along one of the numerous green lanes between Tunbridge and Knowle. They were habited alike, in sad-coloured suits, and appeared to belong to the class of poorer gentry; while the horses on which they were mounted might have laid claim to a higher pedigree. "Yonder is the house, if my memory serves me," said the elder of the two, as they crossed the high road towards a plantation that appeared to surround a mansion of respectability. The other, immediately dismounting, opened an entrance gate, and as they passed into a small wood, the moon shone out brightly through the thickly interwoven branches, and cast a Mosaic-like reflection upon the wild flowers with which it was carpeted. The weeping birch, that 'Lady of the woods,' hung garlanding their winding road, while the majestic pines, that rose with a protecting air in the interior of the shrubbery, sent forth a spicy fragrance as the heavy night-dew clung to the 'medicinable gums' of their spreading branches. There was not a breath stirring to wave the festoons of wild honeysuckles, that flung their scattered blossoms from bough to bough.

A brighter radiance soon shone through the receding trees; and, reaching a second gate, the travellers suddenly came upon an open platform, in the centre of which rose the sequestered Hall of Wildinghurst. It was a low, stone mansion, after the fashion of the early manorial houses—half-castellated—belonging to no order—and boasting few ornaments, save the carved masonry of its porch. The strangers having advanced within the screen of open stone-work fronting the house, the younger hastened to set the great bell of the Hall in vigorous motion, till its clang broke inharmoniously upon the soft and slumberous effect of the moonlight stillness around. The heavy portal soon swung upon its hinges; and out bounded two gaunt, active blood-hounds, eager to prove their instinctive discrimination of friend or foe upon the new-comers; closely followed by a decrepid serving-man in a faded livery, who, after receiving with civility the self-announcement of the elder stranger, as Master Hemsworth, of Manor-field, in the marshes of Kent, proceeded to refer his request for a night's hospitality at Wildinghurst, to the superior powers within. The plea of a lame horse, and a pressing representation of the perils of a midnight journey, *with* a well-filled purse, and *without* fire-arms, were judged sufficiently urgent by the old cavalier; who was aware that not a hostel of credit stood within ten miles of his gate; and the gentlemen were accordingly requested to dismount and enter the Hall.

The younger of the two, conscious, perhaps, that the

appearance of their horses might controvert the truth of their alleged dilemma, insisted upon officiating in the stable; and having been placed by the staid *maggior-d'uomo* under the guidance of a red-headed savage of a farming-lad, he proceeded, with no small awkwardness, to fulfil his self-imposed duties. "Softly, my bonny Bess!" he exclaimed, as he ensconced his mettled steed in one of the forty oaken stalls of the stable, each of which was richly paved, and carved to terminate in the Willoughby crest. "Softly, my dainty dame! Thou wilt have nor master nor mate unto whom to grumble of hard fare and chilly housing, save yonder wheezing pad-nag, who, I wager a pistole, belongeth to no less a person than the sleek chaplain of the Hall!" The wooden leg of the veteran proprietor suggested, indeed, a ready excuse for the lamentable scantiness of his stud; but there was a general coldness, an air of decay and degradation shed over all at Wildinghurst, that accorded well with the rumours of its family annals.

The young esquire, after loitering over his task, in order to afford an opportunity to his companion of telling their story in his own way, proceeded with some hesitation towards the Hall; but he was quickly re-assured, by the shouts of laughter issuing from the door, and by the familiar attitude in which, on his entrance, he found Master Hemsworth seated at his host's right hand. On the rudely covered board, stood the remains of a pasty and of a portly sirloin, now rapidly diminishing under

the attacks of his comrade, who was cordially pledging his opposite neighbour, the family priest, in a deep cup of nut-brown ale. The two domestics stood gazing with fixed wonderment at the easy assurance with which the unbidden guest commanded their services; and began to augur somewhat suspiciously of the termination of this visit. But Sir Mark, on the contrary, appeared delighted with the frank joviality of the elder Hemsworth; and was listening with rapture to his humorous description of the new-fangled pastimes of the courtiers, and of the extravagant fashions of the court-beauties.

"I tarried at Tunbridge," quoth he, "but to bait my horses; yet, even in that short space of time, yonder scatterbrains," glancing significantly at his nephew as he entered, "found me time to lose half-a-year's rent of my goodly hop-grounds, in a game at shovel-board with one of the idlest rufflers of the Wells—a good for little varlet of some distinction, named George Hamilton."

Whether something in the countenance or bearing of his guests had hit the fancy of the veteran, or whether the lack of better company, to which he had long condemned himself, had rendered him little difficult to please, certain it was, that he not only graced his hospitality with friendly welcome, but even indulged in an unsuspicious freedom of speech that might have better become a more mature acquaintance. When the attendants had withdrawn, and the lamb's-wool, which in heavy pewter flagons graced the board, had begun its

work of mischief upon heads ill-accustomed to such heavy potations, he added to the strictures of his unknown visitors upon the follies of the court, many bitter personalities upon its inmates.

"Aye, gentlemen," said the old man, warmly, "I have, perchance, better reason than ye wot of to curse these new-fangled fopperies. To gild the waste of yonder prodigal, many a fair rood of the woodlands of Wildinghurst hath been turned into a waste. The proudest oaks of Kent once stretched their lusty branches over the plains whereon ye galloped this afternoon without finding a twig on which to perch a chaffinch! And why, forsooth, do I dishonour my board with this yeoman's fare, but that old Mark Willoughby scorns to dole out Bourdeaux and Rhenish like a village suttler;—and that, were he to let them flow as they were wont in his father's hall, he might whistle to the waves of the Medway to come and fill his empty cellars! When the exiled Prince, or his parasites, lacked a bag of pistoles, who so ready as the doting dunderhead of Wildinghurst, to mortgage acre after acre—to fell coppice after coppice—in order to teach them that there still beat one loyal heart in Old England? Who more forward to spill his blood in the cause of the Stuarts?—I left a limb, Sirs, upon Worcester plain; and, after having been hunted like a beast during the Commonwealth, I dwelt here in solitude, to pinch and spare for the good cause,—and so far I lacked not discretion. But I was fool enough to dream

that old claims might avail me something in a new Court, and to fancy that a veteran cavalier might find grace in a royal saloon!"

"But surely, Sir," interrupted the elder Hemsworth, his eyes glistening and his cheeks flushed, "Surely, Sir, Charles can know nothing of these claims, of these unrequited services?"

"How should he choose but know?" shouted Sir Mark. "When the warm feelings of my clownish heart urged me to rush, something roughly perhaps, into the presence chamber, that I might gladden my old eyes with a sight of the restored sovereign, whom I loved with the same fondness I bear my own lady-bird—my daughter Grace—I was put back, like a forward child, by a tawdry princox of an usher, who bade me remember—God knows what! I should have smitten the hireling varlet to the earth, but that at the moment I heard young Rochester noting to one of his saucy mates, 'the boorish breeding of Coporal Stump.' My anger fell upon prouder shoulders than those of a lackey; and I rushed, cap in hand, to the king, and spoke my indignation in such downright terms, that I was speedily placed in arrest, and in consideration only of my former services—*my services!*—I was permitted to retire to my country-seat, to mend my manners; in order that the minions of Charles Stuart might undergo no further insult."

"You spoke of your daughter, Sir," said Hemsworth, after a long pause, in which he appeared striving to

subdue some painful emotion. "Does yonder lovely portrait represent the Lady Grace?"

"It is her mother's picture," replied Sir Mark, in a calmer tone; "and although a master-piece of Vandyck himself, and imaging as fair a creature as ever trod the earth, yet doth it not set forth one half the loveliness—the heavenly-mindedness of her child! In my days of prosperity, sir, I admired only in my Grace, the proud beauty,—the accomplished heiress of Wildinghurst; but what is she now, what hath she *not* been, since poverty laid his iron hand upon my household! The soothing comforter of my peevish age; my cheerful, active companion! To serve me with sweet and patient duty, she hath forgotten the sports of her age,—she hath renounced, one by one, the adornments of her lonely existence! She who was born and nurtured in affluence, hath given up state and grace to increase the stock of the old soldier's comforts. Page and bower-maiden,—the palfrey that came neighing to her call,—the jewels that were her mother's bequest—one by one, have all been sacrificed. Those delicate hands that had scarcely moved, save over the strings of her gittern, have laboured for me with the activity of a yeoman's housedame; and more than all—more than all," continued the old man, in a broken voice, "she hath done this, she hath done more than I can find breath to tell, with a heart that shrunk not from the sacrifice of its own fondest feelings. There is a fair lad among the crew of laced blockheads

ye saw this morning, who would fain take her from her old father's heart, and place her in a station that becomes her; but seeing that my prayers cannot induce him to forsake the king's household, she hath given up the tender affection with which she repays his long attachment, at my bidding. No! although the subdued glance of those bright eyes, the languor of that once light step betray at every moment the sufferings she labours to conceal, Harry Brooke will never bribe my girl to leave the side of her poor, decrepid, doating father!"

"But may not the health of the Lady Grace suffer under the influence of such feelings?"

"I sometimes fear it," replied Willoughby, dejectedly; "and I even long to call the boy back again, and make them happy before I am too blind to witness their union."

"Nay, then," exclaimed Hemsworth;—but what he said, and what Sir Mark replied, and how the visit terminated, the curious reader must guess by the sequel.—

"What new frolic is astir this morning," said Sir Harry Brooke to Hamilton, who had entered the apartment of his friend at day-break, and was busily selecting for his toilet the newest of his gala suits.

"Nay! I know not; but we had orders yesternight to be in readiness for some especial ceremony by noontide. Some ambassador, perhaps, to deliver his credentials."

"Impossible,—the Spanish envoy's reception hath been remitted until the return of the court to Whitehall. For many days past there hath been a rumour of strangers expected, and of apartments to be prepared in the Queen's own lodging. For whom, in the name of mystery? Nay,—Miss Jennings bewildered me but last night by her description of a wardrobe of exquisite fashion and richness, that hath been secretly collecting by her Majesty's orders, for a lady of her own person and stature. Read me the riddle, Hamilton—what plot is here?"

"Time will resolve us, Harry. But now that thine outward man hath put on a more goodly seeming, let us to the presence. Stay! thy breast-piece is, even now, a thought too high, and the wave of yonder curl becomes thee not. Cheer thee man! and put on a brighter countenance, for I predict a day of joy and merriment."

At noon, according to his announcement, Charles entered the circle. A stranger was, indeed, leaning upon his arm—a stranger to all, save Hamilton and Brooke.

"Let me present ye, gentlemen," said the King, looking with dignity around his astonished court, "my friend and faithful adherent, Sir Mark Willoughby; to whom I am anxious to pay a long and reproachful arrear of gratitude and affection. I wish it were more frequently in my power to make so worthy an addition to your number."

"I shall shortly, however," continued Charles, smiling,

" still further deserve your acknowledgments, by introducing to your courtesies a fair stranger, whom I would name to you as the lovely, the *excellent* Grace Willoughby, but that I shall shortly require your compliments to be addressed to her as—the Lady Brooke."

Sir Harry, casting a single glance towards the *suite* of the Queen, who at this moment entered the chamber, could no longer repress his emotions. Hastily advancing, he knelt to kiss the hand of his benefactor; and before he rose from his knee, the King had led forward a gentle, trembling girl, to whom Katharine was breathing the kindest words of encouragement; and having placed her hand in that of his page, he bade them be happy together, rather with the warmth of a brother, than with the dignity of a monarch.

They were married on that very day; and as the bridegroom left the chapel, King Charles whispered audibly to George Hamilton, " those who are inclined to blame *Rowley and the rattlepate* as pryers and listeners at Somerhill, must acknowledge that Master Hemsworth of Manor-field, repaired their error. Trust me he will never forget those who, *despite his whimsies and vagaries, still love old Rowley!*"

THE VESPER BELL.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

Hark! 'tis the vesper bell
  Far pealing from the shore,—
Oh, welcome are the tones that tell
  Of ocean wanderings o'er;—
They hail us from the homeless main
To earth's great family again.

II.

Sad—solemn—and sublime,
  Above the waters swung,
Rolls on that awful voice of Time,
  Tolled from his iron tongue—
And every deep and sullen boom
Seems like an echo from the tomb.

III.

Lorn as a distant knell
O'er Friendship's passing bier,—
Or accents of a far farewell
From many a vanished year;
Awakening with its mournful voice
The memory of departed joys.

IV.

It brings the dream of home,—
Of sweet sequestered bowers,—
Of shades through which I loved to roam
At still and starry hours;—
Of music heard at fall of day,
Over the seas and far away.

V.

Of hall and social hearth,—
Of love-walks 'neath the tree,—
When day, departed from the earth,
Was buried in the sea;
And beating breast and blushing cheek,
Revealed what maiden may not speak.

VI.

Of Sabbath's holy calm—
Orisons duly said,

In temples where the choral Psalm
Died o'er the silent dead,—
And to each hallelujah gave
Response—the echoes of the grave.

VII.

Oft have I paused to hail,
Amid my own loved land,
The vesper-chime o'er hill and dale
Float downward to the strand,
And melt above the summer sea,
As now its magic falls on me.

VIII.

And thus its dying strain,
Above the waters cast,
Thrills o'er the dark, mysterious chain
That links me to the past—
And from the dim and distant shore,
Speaks to my heart of days of yore.

BALLAD.

I.

My ship is weighing from the land,
My prow points o'er the sea,
Yet here I linger on the strand,
To bid farewell to thee.

II.

Farewell thou lovely islander,
I only ask for mine,
A boon a princess might confer,
A single look of thine.

III.

I do not ask for sigh or smile,
A smile I could not brook;
A sigh I should not leave thine isle,
Then give me but a look.

IV.

Oh, lovely are your English dames,
Although not fair like thee;
The wine shall circle to their names,
In our far Sicily.

V.

But thine shall be unnamed, unknown,
The cup that I shall press,
Will only be thy name to drown
In deep forgetfulness.

VI.

I will go gaze on raven eyes,
Like thine they cannot be;
The brightest smiles, the softest sighs,
Are nothing now to me.

VII.

Give me the battle on the brine,
The revel on the shore;
Be peril or be pleasure mine,
To think of thee no more.

VIII.

My way is on the wandering wave,
My home on many a coast;
But I must seek within the grave,
The peace that I have lost.

IX.

My night dream still will be of her,
My day thoughts on her dwell!
Then farewell lovely islander,
A long but vain farewell!

L. E. L.

CANZONET.

I.

Come, beloved, the Evening Star
O'er the mountain top is glowing;
List the black-cap's note afar,
Music on Night's ear bestowing.
With a hushed and stilly sound,
O'er its bed the stream is pouring,
And the stirless woods profound,
Seem the rising moon adoring.

II.

Come, beloved, the pleasant hour,
Only wants thy smile to bless it;
These woods, these walks, this leafy bower,
And my lone bosom all confess it.
Sweeter smells the flower by far,
When thy foot is flitting o'er it;
Brighter glows the Evening Star,
When thine eye, love, glows before it.

Δ.

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

I.

It is the summer of the fleeting year,
On the brown sward the flowers are faint and few;
All songs are hushed; and but the clear halloo
And 'larum of the bird-boy reach the ear.
Through the warm air floats far the lime's perfume,
But wayside boughs have lost the rose's bloom.

II.

The corn is golden on a thousand slopes,
All crisply rustling to the living breeze;
And 'mid the billowy sound of summer trees
I wander, pondering on departed hopes;
Nor hopes alone, but pleasant lives departed,—
I walk alone—for I am lonely hearted.

III.

What of those blest affections have I found,
Which life should ripen like its summer corn?
Which has not from my feeble grasp been torn,
Of all the love with which young life was crowned?
Hearts which if I should seek, I know not where
To find their graves—yet have they long been there.

IV.

These fell away like leaves when life was new,
Smitten by that blight which to the fairest clings ;
And though I have lived on through many springs,
No greenness follows where those first buds grew.
Still glows the heart, but glows without the power
To give or gain the freshness of that hour.

V.

Yet why should I be sad ?—for nature spreads
Her wealth before me daily ; from her heart,
Doth joys, proud thoughts, sweet sympathies impart,
Which I drink in as one who nothing dreads.
Fearless that her's, like man's weak mind should fall,
Her face should darken, or her pleasures pall.

VI.

Yet why should I be sad ?—for I have found
One true companion,—one dear soul is mine,
Whose converse still doth soothe, arouse, refine ;
And on my hearth there is a cheerful sound
Of lightsome feet, and tones that in my ears
Ring like the hopes and joys of other years.

VII.

Then, though the false depart, the weak descend,
Though lights which seemed immortal cease to burn,
Though it be mine with bitter tears to mourn
Life's sorest sight—a soul-debased friend ;
Firm is my faith in truth and virtue's lot,
Though thousands feign, and myriads feel them not.

BOLTON STRID.

The young heir of Bolton, in attempting the dangerous leap called the Strid of the Wharf, was checked by the struggling of his greyhound, whom he held by the leash, and was plunged into the gulf. His servant, who saw the catastrophe, returning to the mother, asked, 'What is good for a bootless bene?' The Lady (too well divining what had happened), answered—'Endless sorrow.'

Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven.

The game is roused: the stripling o'er the lawn
Flies like the wind, and rushes to the leap.
He springs—he falls; the struggling hound hath drawn
The pride of England headlong to the deep
Whence never mortal rose. With frantic moan
Wear out the day, lone mother; wake and weep
At midnight o'er the monumental stone,
And to high Heaven accuse the cruel vale,
That heard—and gave no aid—his dying groan.
Thine heart is wrung, thy widowed cheek is pale
With endless sorrow for the fruitless prayer:
But, hail! the victory—life and glory, hail!
For, lo! he mounts the amethystine stair
Of Paradise, and breathes empyreal air!

H.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND MIRABEAU.

An interview between this unfortunate queen and the revolutionary leader, took place in the private garden of Saint Cloud. It is said, that he left her with these words :— "Madame, the monarchy is saved ;" but his intentions, whether sincere or otherwise; were soon after frustrated by death, occasioned as it is generally believed, by poison.

I.

How softly comes the waning time
To Nature in a southern clime!
'Tis Autumn—but an autumn noon,
And sunny as an hour of June;
Yet twines the rose its trelliced bower,
Yet flings the fount its silvery shower;
Insect and bird are on the wing,
And plays the breeze, like a breeze of spring.
The forest's mossy walks are green,
The trees are clothed in leafy sheen,
Only their glittering hues betray
A glory ripening for decay.

II.

There stands within her garden bower,
One, reckless both of fount and flower;
Who sees from thence her palace-hall,
Yet loaths it as a place of thrall.

Majestic as in Fortune's prime,
And graceful as untouched by Time,
For her, alas! in many a view,
The season offers emblem due;
In glowing tints, and fibres frail,
And farewell flowers, and smothered gale.
Ah! trust not to thy splendid mien,
Star, doomed to fall! Death-fated queen!

III.

But who is standing at her side,
With lip of passion, glance of pride?
No suppliant he for royal smiles—
The strong in power, the deep in wiles!
Ruler of rebel throngs at will,
Yet venal, or in good or ill;
Two spirits in his bearing shewn,
(For Vice, like Genius, marks its own),
A meteor from its orbit cast,
That falls, where'er it falls, to blast;—
Chief, of a kingdom's overthrow,
Guilty, and gifted MIRABEAU!

IV.

Pause here, my strain, nor further tell,
The tale so tragic, known so well!
How promise true, and project fair,
And bright blown hopes dispersed in air;

How he, whose aid the sovereign sought,
Sank in the wreck himself had wrought;
And she—oh! blend not with *her* name,
A word that breathes reproach or blame;
As of the beauteous Stuart, say,
Too soft her mould for regal sway;
And mourn, that in each hour of need,
The lily clasped a broken reed!

M. J. J.

LLANGOLLEN.

Morn crimsons o'er the hills, while far below,
Half-lost in woods, half-gleaming to the pale
Of twilight, Deva's wizard waters flow
Reluctantly through yon Elysian dale—
Soft image of some happier world. Unveil
Thy castle diadem and furrowed brow,
Gaunt mountain! wasted by the sweeping gale,
The summer's thunder and the winter's snow:
Vapour and cloud, away! In thy career,
Higher and higher yet, flame out, O sun!
What paradise to see, what heaven to hear
All creatures wake, and chaunt the day begun—
Symphonious to the music of the sphere—
In praise to Him, who spake and it was done!

H.

Painted by W. Linton.

THE RETURN OF A VICTORIOUS ARMAMENT

Engraved by E. Goodall.

ANCIENT SONG OF VICTORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
Our virgins dance beneath the shade.
Byron.

I.

Io! they come, they come!
Garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home;
Bring roses, pour ye wine!

II.

Swell, swell the Dorian flute
Thro' the blue, triumphal sky!
Let the Cittern's tone salute
The Sons of Victory!

III.

With the offering of bright blood,
They have ransomed hearth and tomb,
Vineyard, and field, and flood;—
Io! they come, they come!

IV.

Sing it where olives wave,
And by the glittering sea,
And o'er each hero's grave,—
Sing, sing, the land is free!

V.

Mark ye the flashing oars,
And the spears that light the deep?
How the festal sunshine pours
Where the lords of battle sweep!

VI.

Each hath brought back his shield;—
Maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field,
Io! thy son is come!

VII.

Who murmured of the dead?
Hush, boding voice! We know
That many a shining head
Lies in its glory low.

VIII.

Breathe not those names to-day!
They shall have their praise ere long,
And a power all hearts to sway,
In ever-burning song.

IX.

But now shed flowers, pour wine,
To hail the conquerors home!
Bring wreaths for every shrine—
Io! they come, they come!

SONNET TO A MOUNTAIN RIVULET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TALES OF ARDENNES.'

O! WHAT a pleasant prattle thou dost make,
Babbling coquette; tell me now what have been
The chances of thy journey, since first seen,
Thou from thy prisoned well away did'st break,
A solitary pilgrimage to take!
Among the quiet valleys, long I ween,
Thou, with the daisied tufts of tender green
Hast loving, lingered: did'st thou not awake
With thy soft kiss, the hare-bell bending low
Stealing its nectar from the wild bee's wooing?
And thou hast toyed (though thou wilt tell me, no),
With many a modest violet that looks
Into thy glassy pools in secret nooks.
Come, tell me, rover, all thou hast been doing.

THE LAST OF THE BARBERS.

BY MISS MITFORD.

In the little, primitive town of Cranley, where I spent the first few years of my life—a town which, but for the distinction of a market and a post-office, might have passed for a moderately sized village; the houses in that part of the great western road, which passed through it, were so tumbled about, so intermixed with garden walls, garden palings, and garden hedges, to say nothing of stables, farm-yards, pigsties, and barns, that it derogated nothing from the dignity of the handsome and commodious dwelling in which I had the honour to be born, that its next-door neighbour was a barber's shop—a real, genuine, old-fashioned barber's shop—consisting of a low-browed cottage, with a pole before it; a basin, as bright as Mambrino's helmet, in the window; a half-hatch always open, through which was visible a little dusty hole, where a few wigs, on battered wooden blocks, were ranged round a comfortable shaving chair, and a legend over the door, in which 'William Skinner, wig-maker, hairdresser, and barber,' was set forth in yellow

letters on a blue ground. I left Cranley before I was four years old; and, next to a certain huge wax doll, called Sophy, who died the usual death of wax dolls, by falling out of a nursery window, the most vivid and the pleasantest of my early recollections is our good neighbour, Will. Skinner—for by that endearing abbreviation he was called everywhere but in his own inscription. So agreeable, indeed, is the impression which he has left on my memory, that although, doubtless, the he-people find it more convenient to shave themselves, and to dispense with wigs and powder, yet I cannot help regretting, the more for his sake, the decline and extinction of a race, which, besides figuring so notably in the old novels and comedies, formed so genial a link between the higher and lower orders of society; supplying to the rich the most familiar of followers and most harmless of gossips.

It certainly was not Will. Skinner's beauty that caught my fancy. His person was hardly of the kind to win a lady's favour, even although that lady were only four years of age. He was an elderly man, with an infirm, feeble step, which gave him the air of being older than he was; a lank, long, stooping figure, which seemed wavering in the wind like a powder-puff—a spare, wrinkled visage, with the tremulous appearance about the mouth and cheeks which results from extreme thinness—a pale complexion, scanty white hair, and a beard considerably longer than beseemed his craft.

Neither did his apparel serve greatly to set off his lean and withered person. It was usually composed, within doors, of a faded linen jacket—without, of a grey pepper-and-salt coat, repaired with black—both somewhat the worse for wear—both a 'world too wide for his shrunk sides'—and both well covered with powder. Dusty as a miller was Will. Skinner. Even the hat, which, by frequent reverential applications of his finger and thumb, had become moulded into a perpetual form of salutation, was almost as richly frosted as a churchwarden's wig. Add to this a white apron, with a comb sticking out of the pocket, shoes clumsily patched (poor Will. was his own cobbler); blue stockings indifferently darned (he was his own sempstress); and a ragged white cravat, marvellously badly ironed (he was also his own washer-woman), and the picture of our barber will be complete.

Good old man! I see him in my mind's eye at this moment, lean, wrinkled, shabby, and poor; slow of speech, and ungainly of aspect, yet pleasant to look at, and delightful to recollect, in spite of rags, ugliness, age, and poverty. It was the contented expression of his withered countenance, the cheerful humility of his deportment, and the overflowing kindness of his temper, that rendered Will. Skinner so general a favourite. There was nothing within his small power that he was not ready to undertake for any body—at home in every house, and conversant in every business—the universal help of the place. Poor he was, certainly—as poor as well

could be; and lonely—for he had been crossed in love in his youth, and lived alone in his little tenement, with no other companions than his wig-blocks and a tame starling ('pretty company,' he used to call them); but, destitute as he was of worldly goods, and although people loved to talk of him with a kind of gentle pity, I have always considered him as one of the happiest persons of my acquaintance; one 'who suffered all as suffering nothing;' a philosopher rather of temperament than of reason; "the only man in the parish," as mine host of the Swan used to observe, "who was foolish enough to take a drink of small beer as thankfully as a draught of double ale."

His fortunes had, at one time, assumed a more flourishing aspect. Our little insignificant town was one of the richest livings in England, and had been held by the Bishop of ***, in conjunction with his very poor see. He resided nearly half the year at Cranley Rectory, and was the strenuous friend and patron of our friend Will. A most orthodox person at all points was the Bishop—portly, comely, and important; one who had won his way to the bench by learning and merit, and was rather more finical about his episcopal decorations, and more jealous of his episcopal dignity, than a man early accustomed to artificial distinctions is apt to be. He omitted no opportunity of rustling and bustling in a silk apron, assumed the lawn sleeves whenever it was possible to introduce those inconvenient, but pleasant appendages to

the clerical costume, and was so precise in the article of perukes, as to have had one constructed in London on the exact model of the caxon worn by the then Archbishop of Canterbury, which our orthodox divine appears to have considered as a sort of regulation wig. Now this magnificent cauliflower (for such it was) had never been frosted to his Lordship's satisfaction until it came under the hands of Will. Skinner, who was immediately appointed his shaver, wig-dresser and wig-maker in ordinary, and recommended by him to all the beards and caxons in the neighbourhood. Nor did the kindness of his right reverend patron end here. Pleased with his barber's simplicity and decency of demeanour, as well as with the zealous manner in which he led the psalmody at church; quivering forth, in a high, thin voice, the strains of Hopkins and Sternhold, the good Bishop, determined to promote him in that line; appointed him to the sextonship, which happened to fall vacant; and caused him to officiate as deputy to David Lane, the parish clerk—a man of eighty, worn out in the service, and now bed-ridden with the rheumatism—with a complete understanding that he should succeed to the post, as soon as David were fairly deposited in the church-yard. These were comfortable prospects. But, alas, the Bishop, a hale man of sixty, happened to die first; and his successor in the rectory, a little, thin, bald-headed person, as sharp as a needle, who shaved himself, and wore no wigs, took such disgust at certain small irregularities,

such as marking the evening lessons instead of the morning, forgetting to say amen in the proper place, and other mistakes, committed by the clerk-deputy when he came to read in, that, instead of the translation to a higher post, which poor Will. anticipated, he was within an ace of losing his sextonship, which he was only permitted to retain, on condition of never raising his voice again in a stave so long as he lived; the new rector, a musical amateur, having been so excruciated by Will.'s singing, as to be fain to stop his ears. Thus ended all his hopes of church preferment.

After this disaster, the world began to go ill with him. People learned to shave themselves, that was a great evil; they took to wearing their own hair, that was a greater; and when the French revolution, and cropped heads, came into fashion, and powder and hair-dressing went out, such was the defalcation of his customers, and the desolate state of his trade, that poor Will., in spite of the smallness of his wants, and the equanimity of his spirit, found himself nearly at his wit's end. In this dilemma he resolved to turn his hand to other employments, and living in the neighbourhood of a famous trout stream, and becoming possessed of a tattered copy of Izaak Walton's Complete Angler, he applied himself to the construction of artificial flies; in which delicate manufacture, facilitated doubtless by his dexterity in wig-weaving, he soon became deservedly eminent.

This occupation he usually followed in his territory,

the church-yard—as pleasant a place to be buried in as heart could desire, occupying a gentle eminence by the side of Cranley Down, on which the cricketers of that cricketing country, used to muster two elevens for practice, almost every fine evening, from Easter to Michaelmas. Thither Will., who had been a cricketer himself in his youth, and still loved the wind of a ball, used to resort on summer afternoons; perching himself on a large, square, raised monument, whose very inscription was worn away—a spreading lime tree above his head—Izaak Walton before him, and his implements of trade at his side! I never read that delicious book without remembering how Will. Skinner used to study it: skipping the fine pastoral poetry, and still more poetical prose of the dialogues, and poring over the notes, as a housekeeper pores over the receipts in the Cook's Oracle, or a journeyman apothecary applies himself to the London Pharmacopeia. Curious directions of a truth they were, and curiously followed. The very list of materials had in it something striking and outlandish; camel's hair, badger's hair, hog's wool, seal's fur, cock's hackles, a heron's neck, a starling's wing, a mallard's tail, and the crest of a peacock! These, and a thousand such knick-knacks, a wilderness of fur and feather, were ranged beside him with real nicety, but seeming confusion; and mingled with flies, finished or in progress, and with homelier and more familiar tools, hooks, bristles, shoe-maker's wax, needles, scissars, marking silk of all colours, and "barge

sail for dubbing." And there he sate, now manufacturing a cannon-fly, "dubbing it with black wool, and Isabella-coloured mohair, and bright, brownish bear's hair, warped on with yellow silk, constructing the wings of the feather of a woodcock's wing, and the head of an ash colour," and now watching Tom Taylor's unparagoned bowling, or throwing away the half-dubbed cannon-fly, in admiration of Jem Willis' hits.

On this spot our intimacy commenced. A spoilt child, and an only child, it was my delight to escape from nurse and nursery, and all the restraint of female management, and to follow every where the dear papa, my chief spoiler, who so fully returned my partiality, as to have a little pad constructed, on which I used to accompany him in his excursions on horseback. The only place at which his fondness ever allowed him to think my presence burthensome, was the cricket ground, to which I used regularly to follow him, in spite of all remonstrance and precaution, causing him no small perplexity as to how to bestow me in safety during the game. Will. and the monument seemed to offer exactly the desired refuge, and our good neighbour readily consented to fill the post of deputy nursery-maid for the time, assisted in his superintendence by a very beautiful and sagacious black Newfoundland dog, called Coe, who, partly from personal affection, and partly from a sense of duty, used when out to take me under his particular care, and mounted guard over the monument, as well as Will.

Skinner, who assuredly required all the aid that could be mustered, to cope with my vagaries.

Poor, dear old man, what a life I led him!—now playing at bo-peep on one side of the great monument, and now on the other; now crawling away amongst the green graves; now starting up between two head stones; now shouting in triumph with my small, childish voice, from the low church-yard wall; now gliding round before him, and laughing up in his face as he sate. Poor, dear old man! with what undeviating good humour did he endure my naughtiness! how he would catch me away from the very shadow of danger, if a ball came near! and how often did he interrupt his own labours to forward my amusement, sliding from his perch to gather lime branches to stick in Coe's collar, or to collect daisies, buttercups, or ragged-robins, to make what I used to call daisy-beds for my doll.

Perhaps there might be a little self-defence in this last-mentioned kindness; the picking to pieces of flowers and making of daisy-beds being, as Will. well knew, the most efficacious means of hindering me from picking to pieces his oak-flies, or May-flies, or, which was still worse, of constructing others after my own fashion out of his materials; which, with a spirit of imitation, as innocently mischievous as a monkey, I used to purloin for the purpose the moment his back was turned, mixing martin's fur and otter's fur, and dipping my little fingers amongst brown and red hackles, with an audacity that

would have tried the patience of Job. How Will.'s held out I cannot imagine! but he never got farther than a very earnest supplication that I would give over helping him, a deprecation of my assistance, a "pray don't, dear Miss!" that, on remembering the provocation, seems to me a forbearance surpassing that of Grisildis. What is the loss of a good-for-nothing husband, and even the cooking his second wedding dinner (so I believe the story runs), compared to seeing an elf of four years old, mixing and oversetting the thousand-and-one materials of fly making? Grisildis was nothing compared to Will. Skinner!

And yet, to do myself justice, my intentions towards my friend the fly-maker were perfectly friendly. Mischievous as I undoubtedly was, I did not intend to do mischief. If I filched from him, I filched for him; would court the cook for feathers of barn-door fowls, of pheasants and partridges; beg the old jays and blackbirds, which were hung up *in terorum* in the cherry trees, from the gardener; dragged a great bit of Turkey carpet to the church-yard, because I had heard him say it made good dubbing; got into a *demêlé* with a peacock in the neighbourhood, from seizing a piece of his tail, to make the bodies of Will.'s dragon-flies, and had an affair with a pig, in an attempt to procure that staple commodity, hog's down. N. B. The hog had the better of that battle; and but for the intervention of my friend Coe, who seeing the animal in chase of me, ran to the

rescue, and pulled him back by the tail, I might have rued my attack upon those pig's ears (for behind them grows the commodity in question), to this very hour.

Besides the torment that I unconsciously gave him, poor Will. had not always reason to congratulate himself on the acquaintance of my faithful follower Coe. He was, as I have said, a dog of great accomplishments and sagacity, and possessed in perfection all the tricks which boys and servants love so well to teach to this docile and noble race. Now it so happened that our Barber, in the general desolation of wig-weavers at Cranley, retained one constant customer, a wealthy grocer, who had been churchwarden ever since the Bishop's time, and still emulated that regretted prelate in the magnificence of his peruke; wearing a caxon, such as I have seldom seen on any head, except that of Mr. Fawcett on the stage, and of Dr. Parr off.

Mr. Samuel Saunders, such was the name of our churchwarden, having had the calamity to lose a wife, whom he had wedded some forty years before, was, as the talk went, paying his addresses to pretty Jenny Wren, the bar-maid at the Swan. Samuel was a thick, short, burley person, with a red nose, a red waistcoat, and a cinnamon-coloured coat, altogether a very proper wearer of the buzz wig. If all the men in Cranley could have been ranged in a row, the wig would have been assigned to him in right of look and demeanour, just as the hats in one corner of Hogarth's print, the election ball, can be

put each on the proper head without difficulty. The man and the wig matched each other. Now Jenny Wren was no match for either. She was a pretty, airy, jaunty girl, with a merry hazel eye, a ready smile, and a nimble tongue, the arrantest flirt in Cranley, talking to every beau in the parish, but listening only to tall Thomas, our handsome groom.

An ill match for Mr. Samuel Saunders at sixty, or for Samuel Saunders's wig, was the pretty coquette Jenny Wren at eighteen! The disparity was painful to think of. But it was the old story. Samuel was wealthy, and Jenny poor; and uncles, aunts, friends, and cousins, coaxed and remonstrated—and poor Jenny pouted and cried—vowed fifty times a-day that she would not marry him if he were fifty times as rich;—till, at length, worn out with importunity, exhausted by the violence of her own opposition; offended by the supineness of her favourite lover; and perhaps a little moved by the splendour of the churchwarden's presents, she began to relent, and finally consented to the union.

The match was now talked of as certain by all the gossips in Cranley—some had even gone so far as to fix the wedding-day; when one evening our handsome groom, tall Thomas, poor Jenny's favourite beau, passing by Will. Skinner's shop, followed by Coe, saw a new wig, of Samuel Saunders' pattern, doubtless the identical wedding wig, reposing in full friz on one of the battered wooden blocks. "Heigh, Coe!" said Thomas,

making a sign with his hand; and in an instant Coe had sprung over the half-hatch into the vacant shop—had seized the well-powdered periwig; and in another instant returned with it into the street, and followed Thomas, wig in mouth, into the little bar at the Swan, where sate Mr. Samuel Saunders, making love to Jenny Wren!

The sudden apparition of his wig, borne in so unexpected a manner, wholly discomfited the unlucky suitor, and even dumb-founded his fair mistress. "High, Coe! high!" repeated Thomas; and, at the word, Coe, letting drop the first caxon, sprang upon that living block, Samuel Saunders's noddle, snatched off the other wig, and deposited both his trophies at Jenny's feet!—a catastrophe which was followed, in less than a month, by the marriage of the handsome groom and the pretty barmaid; for the churchwarden, who had withstood all other rebuffs, was driven for ever from the field by the peals of laughter which, after the first surprise was over, burst irrepressibly from both the lovers. In less than a month they were married; and Will. Skinner and Coe, who had hitherto avoided each other by mutual consent, met as guests at the wedding-dinner; and, through the good offices of the bridegroom, were completely and permanently reconciled—Coe's consciousness being far more difficult to conquer than the short-lived anger of the most placable of Barbers.

ON THE DEATH OF INEZ.

I.

'Tis midnight deep; the full, round moon,
As 'twere a spectre, walks the sky;
The balmy breath of gentlest June
Just stirs the stream that murmurs by:
Above me frowns the solemn wood;
Nature, methinks, seems Solitude
Embodied to the eye.

II.

Yes, 'tis a season and a scene,
Inez, to think on thee: the day,
With stir and strife, may come between
Affection, and thy beauty's ray;
But feeling here assumes controul,
And mourns my desolated soul
That thou art rapt away!

III.

Thou wert a rainbow to my sight,
The storms of life before thee fled;
The glory and the guiding light,
That onward cheered, and upward led;
From boyhood to this very hour,
For me, and only me, thy flower
Its fragrance seemed to shed.

IV.

Dark though the world for me might shew
Its sordid faith, and selfish gloom,
Yet, 'mid life's wilderness, to know
For me that sweet flower shed its bloom,
Was joy, was solace,—thou art gone—
And hope forsook me, when the stone
Sank darkly o'er thy tomb.

V.

And art thou dead? I dare not think
That thus the solemn truth can be;
And broken is the only link
That chained youth's pleasant thoughts to me!
Alas! that thou couldst know decay—
That, sighing, I should live to say,
'The cold grave holdeth thee!'

VI.

For me thou shon'st, as shines a star,
Lonely, in clouds when heaven is lost;
Thou wert my guiding light afar,
When on Misfortune's billows tost:
Now darkness hath obscured that light,
And I am left, in rayless night,
On Sorrow's lowering coast.

VII.

And art thou gone? I deemed thee some
Immortal essence,—thou art gone!—
I saw thee laid within the tomb,
And I am left to mourn alone:
Once to have loved, is to have loved
Enough; and what with thee I proved,
Again I'll seek in none.

VIII.

Earth in thy sight grew faëry land;—
Life was Elysium—thought was love,—
When, long ago, hand clasped in hand,
We roamed through Autumn's twilight grove;
Or watched the broad, uprising moon
Shed, as it were, a wizard noon,
The blasted heath above.

IX.

Farewell!—and must I say, farewell?—
No—thou wilt ever be to me
A present thought; thy form shall dwell
In love's most holy sanctuary;
Thy voice shall mingle with my dreams,
And haunt me, when the shot-star gleams
Above the rippling sea.

X.

Never revives the past again;
But thou shalt be, in lonely hours,
To me earth's heaven,—the azure main,—
Soft music,—and the breath of flowers;
My heart shall gain from thee its hues;
And Memory give, though Truth refuse,
The bliss that once was ours!

Δ.

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE, OF HASTINGS.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

I.

Tom !—are you still within this land
Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
  Or roaming on the waves,—
Or has some billow o'er you rolled,
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
  A seaman in her graves?

II.

On land the rush-light lives of men
Go out but slowly; nine in ten,
  By tedious long decline,—
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
  The apoplectic brine!

III.

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed,—

I hope 'tis far from truth!—
With periwinkle eyes;—your bone
Beset with mussels, not your own,
And corals at your tooth!

IV.

Still does the Chance pursue the chance
The main affords—the Aidant dance
In safety on the tide?
Still flies that sign of my good-will
A little *bunting* thing—but still
To thee a flag of pride?

V.

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
The tiller in its careful grasp—
With every summer breeze
When ladies sail, in lady-fear—
Or, tug the oar, a gondolier
On smooth Macadam seas?

VI.

Or are you where the flounders keep,
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
Where sand and shells abound—
With some old Triton on your chest
And twelve grave mermen for a 'quest,
To find that you are—drowned?

VII.

Swift is the wave, and apt to bring
A sudden doom—perchance I sing
A mere funereal strain;—
You have endured the utter strife—
And are—the same in death or life,
A good man in the main!

VIII.

Oh, no—I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb and flood and sky;
That still the old brown shoes
Are sucking brine up—pumps indeed!
Your tooth still full of ocean weed,
Or Indian—which you choose.

IX.

I like you, Tom! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
No puff at honour's cost;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
You, somehow, never crossed!

X.

Mayhap, we ne'er shall meet again,
Except on that Pacific main,

Beyond this planet's brink ;—
Yet as we erst have braved the weather,
Still we may float awhile together,
As comrades on this ink !

XI.

Many a scudding gale we've had
Together, and, my gallant lad,
Some perils we have passed;
When huge and black the wave careered,
And oft the giant surge appeared
The master of our mast :—

XII.

'Twas thy example taught me how
To climb the billow's hoary brow,
Or cleave the raging heap—
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger only as a child,
The waters rocked to sleep.

XIII.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in might,
Come rampant like a snake !
To leap his horrid crest, and feast
One's eyes upon the briny beast,
Left couchant in the wake !

XIV.

The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
  The herdsman roams the vale—
With both their fancies I agree;
Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
  That is both hill and dale!

XV.

I yearn for that brisk spray—I yearn
To feel the wave from stem to stern
  Uplift the plunging keel.
That merry step we used to dance,
On board the Aidant or the Chance,
  The ocean 'toe and heel.'

XVI.

I long to feel the steady gale,
That fills the broad distended sail—
  The seas on either hand!
My thought, like any hollow shell,
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
  Of waves against the land.

XVII.

It is no fable—that old strain
Of syrens!—so the witching main

Is singing—and I sigh!
My heart is all at once inclined
To seaward—and I seem to find
The waters in my eye!

XVIII.

Methinks I see the shining beach;
The merry waves, each after each,
Rebounding o'er the flints;—
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatmen standing nigh!
The maids in morning chintz!

XIX.

And there they float—the sailing craft!
The sail is up—the wind abaft—
The ballast trim and neat.
Alas! 'tis all a dream—a lie!
A printer's imp is standing by,
To haul my mizen sheet!

XX.

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
My craft is that of bookish men—
My sale—let Longman tell!
Adieu, the wave! the wind! the spray!
Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away!
Tom Woodgate, fare thee well!

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I.

Away with bayonet and with lance,
With corslet, casque and sword;
Our island king no war-horse needs,
For on the sea he's lord.
His throne's the war-ship's lofty deck,
His sceptre is the mast;
His kingdom is the rolling wave,
His servant is the blast.
His anchor's up, fair Freedom's flag
Proud to the mast he nails;
Tyrants and conquerors bow your heads,
For there your terror sails.

II.

I saw fierce Prussia's chargers stand,
Her children's sharp swords out;—
Proud Austria's bright spurs streaming red,
When rose the closing shout.

But soon the steeds rushed masterless,
By tower and town and wood;
For lordly France her fiery youth
Poured o'er them like a flood.
Go, hew the gold spurs from your heels,
And let your steeds run free;
Then come to our unconquered decks,
And learn to reign at sea.

III.

Behold yon black and battered hulk
That slumbers on the tide,
There is no sound from stem to stern,
For peace has plucked her pride.
The masts are down, the cannon mute,
She shews nor sheet nor sail;
Nor starts forth with the seaward breeze,
Nor answers shout nor hail.
Her merry men with all their mirth,
Have sought some other shore;
And she, with all her glory on,
Shall rule the sea no more.

IV.

So landsmen speak.—Lo! her top-masts
Are quivering in the sky;
Her sails are spread, her anchor's raised,
There sweeps she gallant by.

A thousand warriors fill her decks;
Within her painted side
The thunder sleeps—man's might has nought
Can match or mar her pride.
In victor glory goes she forth,
Her stainless flag flies free,
Kings of the earth come and behold
How Britain reigns on sea!

V.

When on your necks the armed foot
Of fierce Napoleon trod;
And all was his save the wide sea,
Where we triumphant rode:
He launched his terror and his strength,
Our sea-born pride to tame;
They came—they got the Nelson-touch,
And vanished as they came.
Go, hang your bridles in your halls,
And set your war steeds free:
The world has one unconquer'd king,
And he reigns on the sea!

MEDORA.

The sun hath sunk, and darker than the night
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height,
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone;—
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!
The night-breeze freshens—she that day had past
In watching, all that Hope proclaimed a mast;
Sadly she sate—

Corsair.

I.

He comes not—he will ne'er return
To cheer this dreary heart again!—
The midnight watch-fires palely burn,
The moon's swift course reveals in vain
The flight of these lone hours of sorrow
That herald but a darker morrow!

II.

In vain I watch—in vain I weep—
My sickening heart grows dark and chill,
With present griefs that will not sleep,
With deeper dread of coming ill!
Ah! wherefore smile upon me, only
To leave me thus,—more sad,—more lonely.

Painted by H.W. Pickersgill, R.A.

Engraved by Henry Hollis.

MUSIDORA.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green.

III.

Was it for this I loved him so?
And lavished hopes that brightly shone;—
My heart—my soul—my weal below—
My trust in heaven—on him alone!
All—all too little to retain
One so beloved,—yet loved in vain.

IV.

He used to come, in happier hours,
Ere yet the dews of night were dry
Upon my gift of token-flowers;
But now, they droop reproachfully,
And as my hand the garland weaves,
Tears—tears alone, are on their leaves!

V.

How oft hath he sat by me here,
And I have heeded not! How oft
His voice unmarked hath met mine ear!
He could not whisper now so soft
But I should fly to greet his coming,
And chide—yet no! not chide—his roaming!

VI.

To fall upon his neck and weep—
To gaze upon his brow;—to hold
His hand in mine, while gentle sleep
Steals o'er that spirit stern and bold;—

Must these dear tasks of tenderness
No more my blighted bosom bless?

VII.

If thou hast passed from earth,—oh! gaze
Upon me from those realms on high;
A sign—a word—of earlier days
Shall prove thy mandate from the sky
To call me home,—obedient still
In patient duty to thy will.

VIII.

So we might meet,—wer't in the grave
'Twere welcome! But ocean storm
Must o'er thy shroudless relics rave,
While turfen clods will yield my form
A dark—a lonely sepulchre,
Unhallowed by one human tear!

C. G.

EPITAPH.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., POET-LAUREATE.

Time and the World, whose magnitude and weight
Bear on us in this Now, and hold us here
To earth inthralled,—what are they in the past?
And in the prospect of the immortal soul
How poor a speck! Not here her resting-place;
Her portion is not here: and happiest they
Who, gathering early all that earth can give,
Shake off its mortal coil, and speed for Heaven.
Such fate had he whose relics here repose.
Few were his days; but yet enough to teach
Love, duty, generous feelings, high desires,
Faith, hope, devotion: and what more could length
Of days have brought him? What but vanity;
Joys, frailer even than health or human life;
Temptation; sin and sorrow, both too sure;
Evils that wound, and cares that fret, the heart!
Repine not, therefore, ye who love the dead.

SONG.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

I.

He said my brow was fair, 'tis true;—
He said mine eye had stol'n its blue
From yon ethereal vault above!
Yet still—he never spake of love.

II.

He said my step was light, I own;—
He said my voice had won its tone
From some wild linnet of the grove!
Yet still—he never spake of love.

III.

He said my cheek looked pale with thought;
He said my gentle looks had caught
Their modest softness from the dove!
Yet still—he never spake of love.

IV.

He said that bright with hopes divine
The heart should be to blend with mine ;
Fixed where no stormy passions move !
Yet still—he never spake of love.

V.

He said—but wherefore should I tell
Those whispered words I loved so well ?
Could I reject—could I reprove—
While still he never *spake* of love ?

ON A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF MISS A.

Painted by Miss Hayter.

It may be I have seen a forehead finer,—
Dark locks wherein more snaky witchery lies;
And somewhat more—no, nought *can* be diviner
Than the blue meaning of those soft, spring eyes,—
Young,—vernal-looking,—filled with lovely life,
Whose peace surpasseth all we know of strife,
Telling of thoughts all pure and bright within,
Untouched by sorrow, unalloyed by sin.
Such eyes the young and tender Psyche wore,
(Like thee too, painted by a perfect hand);
Such mouth, such air the youthful angels bore,
Ere downwards driven from heaven's cerulean land.
Sweet eyes! sweet mouth! and must ye fade?—'Tis well
The lady-artist with her pencil rare
Hath fixed your beauty on her ivory shell,
To live for aye, with things divine and fair.

THE BROTHERS OF AUBONNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SELWYN.'

I WAS travelling (as Switzerland ought to be traversed by every young man of robust health and active habits) on foot, and at leisure, along the beautiful road between Geneva and Lausanne. I had thought the former place, during my sojourn in its environs, the *ne plus ultra* of lake scenery; and was equally astonished and delighted as every step of my approach to the latter added sublimity to beauty; as the silver crescent of the Leman widened before me into a magnificent expanse, whose crystal mirror reflected, instead of the tamely beautiful hills of Cologni, the bold rocks of Meillerie, and the fantastic peaks of the Valais. I half wondered, with the waywardness of youth, that I could ever have tolerated Geneva,—tasteless, flat, and unprofitable as its neighbourhood was hourly becoming in my eyes; how I could have vegetated amid the dust and heat of Sêcherons, while Nyon breathed freshness from

its castle-crowned height, and Morges bathed its white and primitive buildings in the long sweeping waves of no ignoble sea.

If, while pursuing the beaten road, slightly elevated above the level of the lake, comparisons began thus to be *odious;* how much more did Geneva, that city of philosophers and watchmakers lose in my estimation, when the promise held out in my guide-book, of a magnificent view from the *Signal de Bougi*, carried my wandering steps from the high road towards that lofty eminence, at no great distance from the flourishing village of Aubonne! My enjoyment in Switzerland, as elsewhere, has generally kept pace with my elevation, not on the 'topmost round of fortune's ladder,' but on the surface of the material world; and every step I took on this brilliant and beautiful afternoon, seemed to waft me into a region of purer breezes, brighter prospects, and more delicious sensations. I was, in short, quite primed for happiness; and only wanted human beings to share my exuberant joy, and sympathise with me in my admiration of the scene before me.

I had been much struck, on nearing the village of Aubonne (which, however, I did not pass through), with its air of primitive neatness and substantial comfort. My '*Livre des Voyageurs*,' had informed me that it was the chosen abode of rural wealth and plebeian prosperity; and truly this brief history was legibly written on every stone of its white cottages, and every terrace of

its flourishing vineyards. I was just pondering by what means I might (on my return from contemplating sunset at the Signal station), achieve billetting myself for the night on some rustic *proprietaire* or hospitable *vigneron*, when all was made easy by my rencontre with a group whose mood of mind as evidently harmonised with mine, as their condition and character coincided with my wishes.

The *Signal de Bougi*, or the verdant plain afforded by the summit of an isolated hill overlooking the finest part of the *Pays de Vaud*, which is from thence, to borrow a Scripture expression, 'as the Garden of the Lord;' with its dark back ground of the Jura, its glittering mirror of the Leman, and its *Fata Morgana* looking tracery of Alps and clouds, commingled in rosy loveliness in front of the spectator, is a favourite resort of the Swiss themselves for pleasure parties on festive occasions; and many a pic-nic repast, and a bottle of *La Côte* has derived double relish from being discussed with the pride of a Vaudois' heart, spread out for a feast before his eye.

If these sensations are experienced even by the denizens of the neighbouring villages, what emotions must swell the bosom of *him*, who, long expatriated by fate or necessity, has carried the *Mal du Pays* into the snows of Russia, or the bowers of Italy, or the corn fields of merry England; who, amid the syren songs of the northern enchantress, or the Æolian whispers of

the long mute, classic lyre—nay, even amid the cordial greetings, and, in many respects congenial feelings of a British fire-side, has listened in vain with indescribable yearnings for the sound of the *Kuh Reihen*, and felt that to his Swiss heart one rude blast of the *Alpen horn* were richly worth them all!

These were not here wanting: I was slowly proceeding up the acclivity, turning at every step to wonder and admire—to see man and his works diminish, and those of the Creator expand before me,—when from the, as yet unseen, summit, a melodious voice began to chaunt the Vaudois (the most popularly known) *Ranz des Vaches;* and, often as its wild and touching harmony has soothed my morning or evening perambulations among its native echoes of *les Ormonts*, never did it sound sweeter, or seem to be sung with more feeling than now. It came, softened by distance, and the intervening brow of the hill, if not just like the 'sweet south o'er a bank of violets,' yet pure as the mountain breeze by which it was wafted, and pastoral as the scenes amid which it died away.

But the song itself was nothing to the burst of passionate nationality with which it was received; and the clash of glasses in pledge of amity that succeeded it, shewed that the Swiss exiles, if such they were, had not forgotten amid strangers, the land or the produce of the vine.

"*Ma foi, Monsieur,*" said a peasant of Aubonne,

(whom I had picked up as a guide to the Signal) "*voila des gens qui s'amusent de bon cœur!*"

"Do you know who they are," said I; "who are so merry?"

"*Ma foi, oui,*" was the ready answer; "*ce sont les frères Courtin,*" and, as if this was solution sufficient, my sturdy comrade walked on.

"Are they celebrating any family festival, these *frères Courtin*, my good friend?" said I; my curiosity whetted by his laconic reply.

"*Si c'est une fête de famille? Mon Dieu que oui!*—There are four brothers on that hill from the four quarters of the globe, and if that is not a *fête de famille*, I wonder what is!"

"How did they come to be so disposed," asked I; "was it necessity, or accident?"

"*Pardi*, neither," answered my companion; "for they could have staid at home had they chosen so to do, and their going away was all a piece of proper spirit and family pride. *Nous sommes fiers, nous autres gens d'Aubonne!*—*Maitre Jean Courtin*, the father of these lads, had a *belle maison* and a *joli coin de vigne* as any man in the village; but, with his large family (for the daughters were as many as the sons, and *bien mariées* (*Graces à Dieu!* with a suitable *dot*) he could lay by no ready money for his boys, and just concluded (*le pauvre homme!*) that as the custom of our country is, the house and chattels which he had inherited from his great-grandfather,

must be sold at his death, and divided among his four sons. This grieved *Maitre Jean*, for what was a *gros bien* for one, was little enough among four; and he loved the house and *vignoble* as dearly as any of them, and well he might, for he had known it a great deal longer! It went to his heart that it should go out of the family; and *André*, the eldest, could no more keep it, without the consent and assistance of his brothers, than he could move Mont Blanc with his little finger. Every one had a right to his share, and that the old man knew; so he said nothing about it, but it fretted and grieved him, and he could scarce sleep soundly in his *belle maison*, or labour with any heart in his vineyard.

The young men saw it; (*c'etaient de braves garçons les frères Courtin!*) and they said to each other, *Bah! pouquoi chagriner notre père pour l'affaire de deux mille francs chacun? Vaut mieux chercher fortune.* *André*, said they, it would vex us to see the house and land go to a stranger; stay you and look after it and our father—when he is taken from you, do not sell till you hear from us; we will never ask you to do so if God prospers our industry. In the meantime, borrow us a hundred francs a piece on the property, to carry us into the world; and, *S'il plait a Dieu*, let us meet seven years hence, at the *Signal de Bougi*.

Maitre Jean was sorely divided between his wish to keep his land, and the sorrow of parting with his children; but he was still hale and hearty, though an old man,

and after all what could they do better than see the world? So they all got their *cent francs de Suisse*, and their *pacotille* (made up for each by his favourite sister), and, with the blessing of *Maitre Jean*, and the good wishes of the whole *Commune*, they set out on their travels.

"And what befel each of them?" asked I, much interested in the fate of these spirited pilgrims.

"*Ma foi*, I can't tell you the particulars, for they only came home *avant hier*, and *ça ne se raconte pas si vite*; but you are near the top of the hill, and if Monsieur who is so much interested (*et qui parle Français si bien*), asks leave to join the party, *ils ne demanderont pas mieux*, and you can have it all from their own lips.—I'll make all easy!" cried he, running forward to pave the way for my reception.

When I came in sight of the group, whose laughter (that of the *heart*, as peculiar in its sound as in its source), guided me to their precise station, they were sitting in all the *abandon* of joyous hilarity, on the short fragrant herbage. There were females with children of all ages, some dark and sprightly, some fair and pensive as their respective mothers; there was the patriarchal-looking figure of old *Maitre Jean* (brought up in a litter by his four sons); and lastly, those village heroes themselves, with a few privileged comrades, and a couple of maidens, whose bashful glances and peculiarity of costume, sufficiently distinguished them from the young matrons of the party.

My rustic master of the ceremonies had not apparently much etiquette to get over, for "*voila qu'ils sont charmés,*" was his encouragement to me, and "*Voici la Monsieur qui aime tous les Suisses,*" was his introduction of me to the group. No one rose, because it would have been a *gêne* upon me and themselves; but room was made for me in a trice in the joyous circle—a bumper filled by the fairest of its matrons, and handed to me with that delightful nod of familiar companionship, which says, better than words, you are one of ourselves. Much of this, I was sensible I owed to Justin's patronage, who was cousin (like all the world of Aubonne), to the parties, and an evident favourite with all—so I had again recourse to the same high interest, for the gratification of my somewhat indiscreet curiosity.

The travelled brothers hung back with the modesty of real worth; but André, who had no such motive for silence, gladly came forward to tell me in a few words what I had already heard from Justin, of their fraternal enterprise; only referring to themselves for the various details.

"*Allons mes enfans—contez donc cela à Monsieur!*" cried old *Maitre Jean*, to whom this twice-told tale of his sons' honorable exertions, was evidently not *tedious*. "*C'est à toi Jacques de commencer, tu es l'ainé des trois.*"

Jacques, a fine stout soldier-looking young man, had an eventful career to relate. The regiment *de Meuron*, in which he had entered, had proceeded shortly afterwards

to the East Indies. He had been at the storming of forts, and the spoiling of Rajahs; had shared in blows and booty, and, after seven years' service, had been dismissed by his colonel (to whom his story was known), to cheer the old man at Aubonne, and fulfil the family compact.

I had distinguished among the female group, a pair of brighter eyes, a complexion less fair, and a costume less national than the rest. These belonged, I found, to a little French girl from Pondicherry, whom Jacques had picked up for a wife in India, and who, with her little outlandish-looking *marmot* of a child, seemed the wonder and admiration of the good untravelled Suissesses. "*Me voici enfin de retour!*" ended Jacques, with a careless, soldierly smile. "*Mes cent francs sont devenus deux mille, et je 'nai que faire des derniers de mon pere. Lise n'est pas trop ménajère*, but there is room in André's house and heart for us all."

A bumper went round, to Jacques' good health, and his bride's better housewifery (an art not much to be acquired in camps), and then Antoine was called upon by acclamation, to narrate his adventures.

Antoine had been all his life of a wandering disposition, and his earliest ambition led him to see distant countries. It had been fully gratified; for, as courier to an English traveller of unbounded enterprise and curiosity, Antoine traversed Italy, sailed to the Levant, visited the Pyramids and the Cataracts of the Nile, and

at length (having unfortunately lost, and buried his amiable master on the confines of Nubia), had been forwarded home by his countryman Burkhardt, with a liberal legacy, bequeathed to him by his dying master's hand, in almost illegible characters, but sacredly fulfilled by his sorrowing relatives.

Antoine had brought home a Mummy instead of a wife! but this dingy helpmate was evidently rivalled, and about to be supplanted, by a fair blue-eyed girl of Berne, who, all the time Antoine was speaking, played with the ribbons of her long plaited tresses, and twisted the silver buttons of her *corsage* in a very ominous manner; even had not tell-tale blushes been still more explicit, and had not a round, happy-looking matron (Antoine's favorite sister), given her fair neighbour, just as he ended his narration, such a gentle push towards the speaker, as rendered a kiss an inevitable consequence.

A loud laugh followed, and another bumper was drunk, to the re-interment of the Mummy, and the speedy *fiançailles* of *Antoine le voyageur!*

Thus far all had been joyous and exhilarating. Light hearts, and robust frames, had made the journey of life a pastime, and its hardships a jest. But when Louis, the mild, pale, gentle Louis, was called upon, all faces assumed a cast more congenial with his, and a composure bordering on melancholy, took the place of careless merriment.

Louis had been from infancy a student. You might as well have sought grapes on the *Schreckhorn*, as looked for manual labour, or daring exploits from Louis Courtin. Books, books alone, were his delight; and, yielding to his son's bias with a pride common to the richer Swiss peasants, Maitre Jean allowed his son to study at Lausanne. He had passed honorably through the course required to qualify him for a pastoral charge in his native country; but even for this trifling benefice, mighty interest was requisite. Louis Courtin had none; and he could not remain longer an idle student, without being a burden to his father and brother; so he listened to the golden rumours of wealth to be acquired by tuition in the frozen North, and engaged himself as tutor to a family at St. Petersburgh.

Louis was as successful in communicating, as in acquiring knowledge—but the pride of his haughty employers crushed his mountain spirit, and the frosts of their ungenial climate nipped his tender frame. He fled hastily from the gold of St. Petersburgh, to seek equal wealth, and a milder winter, in England. Here Louis regained his usual slender stock of bodily health; here also his mind expanded beneath the influence of friendly and congenial treatment—but alas! there had only been toó much kindness somewhere; and Louis lost his heart, where his hand could neither be tendered nor accepted. England became a wilderness to him, and the *Mal du Pays*, replaced the *Mal de l'Ame*. He struggled on, however, till

he had achieved the modest independence which he aimed at, and could meet the brother band with his hard earned pittance, to supersede the curacy if it never came, and to furnish the *presbytère* if it did!

Half of Louis's tale (and the half most to the purpose), was communicated to me in a whispered commentary by his youngest sister, whose superior expression and polished address, proved that she had in early life profited in no small degree by his instructions. She closed it with a sigh—but it was echoed by one far deeper, and more heartfelt, from behind us; I looked round, and saw a big drop on the soft cheek of just such a maiden as ought to be Louis Courtin's wife. I remarked it to my neighbours in a whisper.

"Give him time," answered she softly, "and all will go just as it should do! Nanine, the schoolmaster's daughter, of our village, learned to read out of the same book as poor Louis, and learned to love him at the same time. He thought little about her then, and less since; but he loves her now, though he does not yet know it. He does not know either, that he is appointed pastor of Aubonne (thanks to the best of men, Monsieur R.), but we are going to tell him, and see if he does not look straight over at Nanine, the moment he hears the news!"

"*Bon!*" cried old *Maitre Jean* (as his last son finished his simple and slightly-sketched tale)—"*Reste encore une santé à boire! Remplissez bien les verres—tout*

le monde debout!" and in a moment, young, old and middle aged, scrambled on their feet, and brandished their glasses in the air. "Here, said the old man (his hand shaking, and his lips quivering with strong emotion), here's to the health in this world, and that which is to come, of Louis Courtin, the new minister of Aubonne!"—

Louis's eye was first turned towards heaven—it then sought to meet that of the faithful Nanine—and I remember no more!

STONEHENGE.

Mysterious pile! what necromantic lore
Invoked thee into light? Moons wax and wane,
The Roman, and the Saxon, and the Dane,
Have wandered where the Druid long of yore
Purpled thy circles with unhallowed gore:
The castle sinks, the palace, and the fane,
While thou can'st hear in mockery and disdain
The storms of twice ten hundred winters roar.
Yet vaunt not, giant Wonder! Let the ground
Tremble, and thou art dust. The stars shall fall
From heaven: and heaven itself be as a dream,
That flies, and is forgotten. Angels all,
Eternal ages, regions without bound,
Proclaim ye one sole strength—the Ineffable Supreme!

THE SLEEPING FIGURE OF MODENA.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I.

Upon a couch of silk and gold
A pale inchanted lady lies,
And o'er her many a frowning fold
Of crimson shades her closed eyes;
And shadowy creatures round her rise;
And ghosts of women masqued in woe;
And many a phantom pleasure flies;
And lovers slain—ah, long ago!

II.

The lady, pale as now she sleeps,
An age upon that couch hath lain,
Yet in *one* spot a Spirit keeps
His mansion, like a red-rose stain;
And, when lovers' ghosts complain,
Blushes like a new-born flower,
Or as some bright dream of pain
Dawneth through the darkest hour.

III.

Once—but many a thought hath fled,
Since the time whereof I speak—
Once, the sleeping lady bred
Beauty in her burning cheek,
And the lovely morn did break
Through the azure of her eyes,
And her heart was warm and meek,
And her hope was in the skies.

IV.

But the lady loved at last,
And the passion pained her soul,
And her hope away was cast,
Far beyond her own controul;
And the clouded thoughts that roll
Through the midnight of the mind,
O'er her eyes of azure stole,
Till they grew deject and blind.

V.

He to whom her heart was given,
When May music was in tune,
Dared forsake that amorous Heaven,
Changed and careless soon!—
O, what is all beneath the moon
When *his* heart will answer not!
What are all the dreams of noon
With our love forgot!

VI.

Heedless of the world she went,
Sorrow's daughter, meek and lone,
Till some spirit downwards bent
And struck her to this sleep of stone.
Look!—Did old Pygmalion
Sculpture thus, or more prevail,
When he drew the living tone
From the marble pale?

CROWLAND ABBEY.

BY JOHN CLARE.

In sooth it seems right awful and sublime
To gaze, by moonlight, on the shattered pile
Of this old Abbey, struggling still with time;
The grey owl hooting from its rents the while;
And tottering stones, as wakened by the sound,
Crumbling from arch and battlement around;—
Urging dread echoes from the gloomy aisle,
To sink more silent still.—The very ground
In Desolation's garment doth appear—
The lapse of age and mystery profound;—
We gaze on wrecks of ornamented stones,
On tombs whose sculptures half-erased appear,
And rank weeds battening over human bones;
Till even one's shadow seems to feel a fear!

THE SCARF OF GOLD AND BLUE.

A Ballad.

I.

"God speed thee, Eustace D'Argencourt,—be brave as thou art true,
And wear the scarf I've woven for thee—this scarf of gold and blue!"
He bent his knee, he kissed her hand, and fervently he swore,—
That till his sword had lost its might, till life's last pulse was o'er,
That scarf should never leave his arm, in tournament or fight;
That scarf should be his pride by day, his dream of joy by night:—
Then bounded he upon his steed, and with one parting glance,
Forth rode Sir Eustace D'Argencourt—the bravest knight in France!

II.

Scarce had he ridden one short week—one short week
and a day—
When he saw twelve Spanish knights approach, all bent
to cross his way;
And his squire said to his master bold, "I pray thee
turn thy steed,
For little hope is left us now, save in our coursers'
speed."
"How!—Think'st thou, craven-hearted squire," Sir
D'Argencourt replied,
That from the lance of mortal foe I e'er have turned
aside:
Twelve Spaniards are there in the field, and we are only
two,
But wear I not my lady's scarf—her scarf of gold and
blue!"

III.

Then up rode Don Pedrillo, and tauntingly spoke he,—
"I envy thee thy fortune, Knight, whate'er thy name
may be,
For if thou'rt slain by my right hand, a happy death
thou'lt die."
Sir Eustace placed his lance in rest, but deigned him no
reply;
As thunder rides the lightning's wings, so rode he his
good steed,
And soon beneath his charger's feet he saw Pedrillo bleed.

Then up came Garcia Perez—Don Carlos by his side—
"O! dearly shalt thou rue, Sir Knight, thy self-deceiving pride!"
Sir Eustace stroked his gallant barb, and with a sudden bound
Hurled Garcia Perez from his seat, sore mangled, on the ground;
Then turning on Don Carlos, like a lion in his wrath,
He stretched him with one desperate blow all stiff across the path.

IV.

Nine Spaniards still remained behind, but motionless they stood,
And looked with silent wonder on that young knight's hardihood;—
"Come one—come all!" Sir Eustace cried, "I neither yield nor fly,
But for the Lady Isabel or you or I must die."
Then the Count Alcaras recognised Sir Eustace D'Argencourt,—
His favoured rival in the love of Isabel D'Etours;
And on he urged his dastard friends, and as a cloud they came—
"Base traitors!" shouted D'Argencourt, "how can ye fight, for shame?
Such odds were never seen before—nine armed men 'gainst one!
God guard thee, Lady Isabel—my race of life is run!"

V.

Yet fiercely did Sir Eustace fight, and fast flowed Spanish gore,
Till the Count Alcaras came behind—he dared not come before—
And stabbed the brave Knight in the back—a false, dishonest blow;—
Sir Eustace turned him round, and fixed one long gaze on his foe,
Then feeble fell his gallant arm, and clouds swam round his head,
And the Spaniards raised a joyful shout, for they thought Sir Eustace dead.
They bound his arms behind his back, they tied him to a tree,
And beside him stuck his broken lance, in graceless mockery;—
"And now, Sir Knight," Alcaras cried, "I'll wear this gewgaw too,—
Methinks I guess who wove this scarf—this scarf of gold and blue.
Away! my friends, there's little breath in proud Sir D'Argencourt,
Away! my friends, I'll win her yet—fair Isabel D'Etours!"

VI.

Bright shines the sun upon the waves—the waves of blue Garonne,
But brighter shine those diamond eyes in the lists at Roussilon;

And trumpets bray, and banners stream, and chargers gallop round,
And noble hearts beat quick for praise, with many an aching bound;—
But who is she who wins all looks—for whom all ride the ring—
To gain a smile of whose dark eye were glory for a king?
Ha! did you mark that sudden blush—that deadly paleness then—
See you the Knight on whom is fixed so eagerly her ken?
"It is the Count Alcaras," for his Spanish crest she knew,
"But why wears he that plighted scarf—that scarf of gold and blue?"

VII.

"I took it, lady," boastingly, the crafty Spaniard said,
"From one I forced to yield beneath my more victorious blade;
He gave it me with right good will, his life was all he sought,
Too cheaply with the coward's death so rich a prize I bought."
"Now by St. Louis! braggart base!" fair Isabel replied,
"I tell thee in thy craven teeth, that loudly thou hast lied!"

Then bared she straight her snow-white hand, and down
she threw her glove,
" Oh ! is there any knight who here, for honour or for
love,
Will make the Count Alcaras his unhallowed falsehood
rue,
And win me back that well-known scarf—that scarf of
gold and blue ?"

VIII.

A hundred swords leaped forth at once to do her proud
behest,
A hundred lords were at her feet, a hundred spears in
rest;
But she has singled from them all that solitary Knight
Who wears his coal-black vizor down, nor yet has
proved his might.
The heralds sound the onset, and they meet with
deadly shock ;—
The Count has fallen from his horse,—the Knight sits
as a rock ;—
But when he saw Alcaras down, he staid not on his
steed,—
And when he saw Alcaras' lance was shivered as a reed,
Away, without one word, the Knight that instant cast
his own ;—
And forth he drew his glittering sword, that as a sun-
beam shone,

With one fierce blow he cleft the casque the Spaniard proudly wore,
And with the next struck off the arm on which the scarf he bore!
Then thrice he kissed that well-won scarf—that scarf of gold and blue,
And raised his vizor as he knelt to her he found so true;
O! dearly was that scarf beloved by Sir Eustace D'Argencourt,
But dearer far the prize he won in Isabel D'Etours!

H. G. B.

SONNET.

Wearied with play, and sighing for repose,
Yon infant nestles on her mother's breast.
The music of her voice is hushed: her eyes,
Bright as the daylight, with the daylight close.
The parting lips, the gently heaving chest,
Are all that tell of life. How still she lies!—
A careful arm sustains her drooping head,
Veils the soft light, and lets her sleep her fill.—
So when life's sun is gone, life's gloom is spread,
Sinks youthful Hope to slumber, and is still:
And thus does watchful Faith defend her sleep,
And till the rising dawn her vigils keep.
Then waked by Faith to greet the roseate ray,
Hope shall upspring and smile, to chase the gloom away.

M.

ON REVISITING A RUIN.

I.

The still and soft autumnal eve
Descends in beauty so serene,
That the soothed spirit scarce can grieve
Above the fading scene;
Where pale, and saddening in decline,
Above the sere and yellow bowers,
Thou ivy-robed, time-hallowed shrine,
I hail thy mouldering towers!

II.

Amid the summer's blooming reign
'Tis sad to gaze upon decay,
Which mars, as doth a funeral train,
The glad and glorious day.
But while the year thus droops and dies,
Around thy walls so worn and wan,
The scene and season harmonise,
And nature mocks not man.

III.

Yet fast as thy frail turrets fade
And moulder from their place of pride,
How oft beneath their sullen shade,
Youth, love, and hope have died!
But thou art here—thy form appears,
Even as of yore it used to be—
Alas! our few and fleeting years
Scarce work a change on thee.

IV.

The scene around on which I gaze
Recalls life's summer-morning dream;
The music of departed days
Still murmurs in thy stream:
While love and friendship's voices long
Have passed to silence—like the strain
Breathed in some sweet, heart-touching song
We never hear again!

V.

But Nature's harp hath lost no string,
The waving woods and lonely sea,
Upon the living ear still fling
Their solemn harmony;—
Yet changeless as in days gone by,
Though that wild music warbles on—
To me the breezes seem to sigh,
The waters seem to moan.

VI.

Nor only Nature's scenes of grief
Forlorn remembrances recall,
When droops away the yellow leaf
From autumn's coronal;
But the green earth and vernal air,
Each bud and blossom of the spring,
Wake thoughts of things more sweet and fair—
The flowers she cannot bring!

CAPEL-CURIC.

From Capel-Curic look with museful eye
On Snowdon in his vastness from the vale
Uprearing, far above the clouds that sail
Around him, the disparted peaks where lie
(If rumour err not), spells of poetry
And madness*. Sleep not there, enthusiast pale,
Lest the night-hag and stalwart-fiend assail
Thy frenzied brain. Sleep there, that visions high
May pour upon thy phantasy the soul
Of Taliesin; waft thee from the sphere
Of earth, beyond the midnight and the moon,
The blush of morning, and the blaze of noon;
And—while the starry orbs beneath thee roll—
For ever upward wing thy blest career. H.

* There is a tradition, that whoever sleeps a night on Snowdon, will awake either a poet or a madman.

MADEMOISELLE THÉRÈSE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

One of the prettiest dwellings in our neighbourhood, is the Lime Cottage at Burley-Hatch. It consists of a small low-browed habitation, so entirely covered with jessamine, honeysuckle, passion-flowers, and china roses, as to resemble a bower, and is placed in the centre of a large garden,—turf and flowers before, vegetables and fruit trees behind, backed by a superb orchard, and surrounded by a quickset hedge, so thick and close, and regular, as to form an impregnable defence to the territory which it encloses—a thorny rampart, a living and growing *chevaux-de-frise*. On either side of the neat gravel walk, which leads from the outer gate to the door of the cottage, stand the large and beautiful trees to which it owes its name; spreading their strong, broad shadow over the turf beneath, and sending, on a summer afternoon, their rich, spicy fragrance half across the irregular village green, dappled with wood and water, and gay with sheep, cattle, and children, which divides them

at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the little hamlet of Burley, its venerable church and handsome rectory, and its short straggling street of cottages, and cottage-like houses.

Such is the habitation of Thérèse de G., an emigrée of distinction, whose aunt having married an English officer, was luckily able to afford her niece an asylum during the horrors of the Revolution, and to secure to her a small annuity, and the Lime Cottage after her death. There she has lived for these five-and-thirty years, gradually losing sight of her few and distant foreign connexions, and finding all her happiness in her pleasant home and her kind neighbours—a standing lesson of cheerfulness and contentment.

A very popular person is Mademoiselle Thérèse—popular both with high and low; for the prejudice which the country people almost universally entertain against foreigners, vanished directly before the charm of her manners, the gaiety of her heart, and the sunshine of a temper that never knows a cloud. She is so kind to them too, so liberal of the produce of her orchard and garden, so full of resource in their difficulties, and so sure to afford sympathy if she have nothing else to give, that the poor all idolise Mademoiselle. Among the rich, she is equally beloved. No party is complete without the pleasant Frenchwoman, whose amenity and cheerfulness, her perfect, general politeness, her attention to the old, the poor, the stupid, and the neglected, are

felt to be invaluable in society. Her conversation is not very powerful either, nor very brilliant; she never says any thing remarkable—but then it is so good-natured, so genuine, so unpretending, so constantly up and alive, that one would feel its absence far more than that of a more shewy and ambitious talker;—to say nothing of the charm which it derives from her language, which is alternately the most graceful, and purest French, and the most diverting and absurd broken English;—a dialect in which, whilst contriving to make herself perfectly understood both by gentle and simple, she does also contrive in the course of an hour, to commit more blunders, than all the other foreigners in England make in a month.

Her appearance betrays her country almost as much as her speech. She is a French-looking little personage, with a slight, active figure, exceedingly nimble and alert in every movement; a round and darkly-complexioned face, somewhat faded and *passée*, but still striking from the laughing eyes, the bland and brilliant smile, and the great mobility of expression. Her features, pretty as they are, want the repose of an English countenance; and her air, gesture, and dress, are decidedly foreign, all alike deficient in the English charm of quietness. Nevertheless, in her youth, she must have been pretty; so pretty that some of our young ladies, scandalised at finding their favourite an old maid, have invented sundry legends to excuse the solecism, and talk of duels fought *pour l'amour des beaux yeux*, and of a betrothed lover

guillotined in the Revolution. And the thing may have been so; although one meets every where with old maids who have been pretty, and whose lovers have not been guillotined; and although Mademoiselle Thérèse has not, to do her justice, the least in the world the air of a heroine crossed in love. The thing may be so; but I doubt it much. I rather suspect our fair Demoiselle of having been in her youth a little, a very little, the least in the world of a flirt. Even during her residence at Burley-Hatch, hath not she indulged in divers very distant, very discreet, very decorous, but still very evident flirtations. Did not Doctor Abdy, the portly, ruddy schoolmaster of B., dangle after her for three mortal years, holidays excepted? And did not she refuse him at last? And Mr. Foreclose, the thin, withered, wrinkled city solicitor, a man, so to say, smoke-dried, who comes down every year to Burley for the air, did not he do suit and service to her during four long-vacations, with the same ill success? Was not Sir Thomas himself a little smitten? Nay even now, does not the good major, a halting veteran of seventy—but really it is too bad to tell tales out of the parish—all that is certain is, that Mademoiselle Thérèse might have changed her name, long before now, had she so chosen; and that it is most probable that she will never change it at all.

Her household consists of her little maid Betsy, a cherry-cheeked, blue-eyed country lass, brought up by

herself, who, with a full clumsy figure, and a fair, innocent, unmeaning countenance, copies as closely as these obstacles will permit, the looks and gestures of her alert and vivacious mistress, and has even caught her broken English ;—of a fat lap-dog called Fido, silky, sleepy and sedate ;—and of a beautiful white Spanish ass, called Donnabella, an animal docile and spirited, far beyond the generality of that despised race, who draws her little donky-chaise half the country over, runs to her the moment she sees her, and eats roses, bread and apples from her hand ; but who, accustomed to be fed and groomed, harnessed and driven only by females, resists and rebels the moment she is approached by the rougher sex ; has overturned more boys, and kicked more men, than any donky in the kingdom ; and has acquired such a character for restiveness amongst the grooms in the neighbourhood, that when Mademoiselle Thérèse goes out to dinner, Betsy is fain to go with her to drive Donnabella home again, and to return to fetch her mistress in the evening.

If every body is delighted to receive this most welcome visitor, so is every body delighted to accept her graceful invitations, and meet to eat strawberries at Burley-Hatch. Oh, how pleasant are those summer afternoons, sitting under the blossomed limes, with the sun shedding a golden light through the broad branches, the bees murmuring over head, roses and lilies all about us, and the choicest fruit served up in wicker baskets of her own

making—itself a picture! the guests looking so pleased and happy, and the kind hostess the gayest and happiest of all. Those are pleasant meetings; nor are her little winter parties less agreeable, when to two or three female friends assembled round their coffee, she will tell thrilling anecdotes of that terrible Revolution, so fertile in great crimes and great virtues; or gayer stories of the brilliant days preceding that convulsion, the days which Madame de Genlis has described so well, when Paris was the capital of pleasure, and amusement the business of life; illustrating her descriptions by a series of spirited drawings of costumes and characters done by herself, and always finishing by producing a group of Louis Seize, Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, and Madame Elizabeth, as she had last seen them at Versailles—the only recollection that ever brings tears into her smiling eyes.

Mademoiselle Thérèse's loyalty to the Bourbons, is in truth a very real feeling. Her family had been about the court, and she had imbibed an enthusiasm for the royal sufferers, natural to a young and a warm heart—she loved the Bourbons, and hated Napoleon with like ardour. All her other French feelings had for some time been a little modified. She was not quite so sure as she had been, that France was the only country, and Paris the only city of the world; that Shakspeare was a barbarian, and Milton no poet; that the perfume of English limes, was nothing compared to French orange trees; that the sun never shone in England; and that sea-coal

fires were bad things. She still, indeed, would occasionally make these assertions, especially if dared to make them—but her faith in them was shaken. Her loyalty to her legitimate king, was however as strong as ever, and that loyalty had nearly cost us our dear Mademoiselle. After the Restoration, she hastened as fast as steamboat and diligence could carry her, to enjoy the delight of seeing once more the Bourbons at the Thuilleries; took leave, between smiles and tears, of her friends, and of Burley-Hatch, carrying with her a branch of the lime tree, then in blossom, and commissioning her old lover, Mr. Foreclose, to dispose of the cottage: but in less than three months, luckily before Mr. Foreclose had found a purchaser, Mademoiselle Thérèse came home again. She complained of nobody; but times were altered. The house in which she was born was pulled down; her friends were scattered, her kindred dead; Madame did not remember her (she had probably never heard of her in her life); the king did not know her again (poor man! he had not seen her for these thirty years); Paris was a new city; the French were a new people; she missed the sea-coal fire; and for the stunted orange trees at the Thuilleries, what were they compared with the blossomed limes of Burley-Hatch!

SONG OF STERGHIOS.

From the Modern Greek.

BY JAMES EMERSON, ESQ.

Κ' ἂν τὰ δερβένια τούρκεφαν, τὰ πῆραν Αρβανίτες.

I.

What matters it now, though the Ottoman hordes
May keep the defile with their infidel swords,
Though Albania to guard them her scymitar draws,
While Sterghios is living, he counts not Pachas.

II.

While the snow on the heights of Olympus shall lie,
We learn not submission, we learn but to die;
Let us fly from the plains while the tyrant is there,
And herd with the wolf in his blood-sprinkled lair.

III.

'Tis the coward who dwells in the valley below,
But the free range the hills 'mid eternity's snow;
And, e'er slaves in the land of our fathers we roam,
Let us seek with the beasts of the forest a home.

THE FIRST LAND.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

How welcome from the dizzy mast—
  The watchful seaman's stand—
Sounds o'er the billow and the blast
  The joyful cry of 'Land!'
Which, veiled within a misty shroud,
Lifts o'er the wave its peak of cloud.

II.

Ah! who but he whose weary eye
  Hath long been doomed to dwell
Upon the wastes of sea and sky,
  The raptured throb can tell,
The boundless burst of joy that fills
The heart that hails earth's distant hills!

III.

At once upon the gaze they come,
  With mingling smiles and tears—

With beauteous visions of our home,
And days of other years—
Reflected from the past, that throw
Around their heads a sun-set glow.

IV.

And far away in fancy's dream,
Beyond the waste of floods,
The wave-worn spirit hath a gleam
Of sunny vales and woods;
A gentle whisper of the trees—
A murmur of the forest breeze!

V.

A dying echo of the grove,
That to the heart doth bring
Sweet memories of the walks of love,
In life's unclouded Spring:
And dear the woodland anthems be,
Far warbled o'er the moaning sea.

VI.

And soon upon the lonely shore
Our bosom-friends we strain;
They welcome us from ocean's roar
To native shades again—
To woman's love and smiling home,
From which our lot has been to roam.

Painted by R. Farrier

Engraved by J. Romney.

THE DECLARATION.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Printed by M.Queen.

THE DECLARATION.

From a Picture by R. Farrier, Esq.

The maiden was fair as maiden could be,
Her cheek was fresh as the rose on the tree,
And she looked her blandest and brightest to-day,
For she wore the white robe as Queen of the May.
She had a wild and a flashing eye,
A lip where the smiles went wandering by;
Often the lovers that bowed to her chain
Flung off her fetters but clasped them again.
Vain was the vow to forsake or forget,
A look brought them back to that dear coquette:
There was one who deemed he had safer hold,
For his heart's base creed held but one faith—gold.
He followed the maid to her mossy seat,
Where, with flushing colour and weary feet,
She had gone to dream o'er some gentle word,
Deeply treasured, though scarcely heard.

He followed the maid, and on bended knee,
Oh, age, can such folly be found with thee?
With silvered hair and wrinkled brow,
Love was not made for such as thou!
"Now, maiden, look to the east and west,
Choose the spot which thine eye loves best—
Choose thou, and there thy dwelling shall be,
So that dwelling be shared with me."
A smile in its mirth on the red lip shone;
He liked not the smile, but he still went on:—
"For the fading flowers that now are there,
Silver chains shall knit up thine hair;
And scarlet ribbon and silken vest,
There's gold enough, I trow, in my chest."
In sooth, it was for a painter's sight,
That miser kneeling—that maiden bright—
With her smiling face half turned aside,
The mirth that danced in her eyes to hide.
It was but a moment, a deeper shade
Past o'er her brow while she answer made:
"I love the wildest roses that blow
Over our cottage portico,
Better than silver, better than gem,
If you must be worn along with them.
Away with your love, that is measured by gold,
Deemest thou that hearts can be bought and sold!"
Was not another tale told that day,
By a dearer lip, to the Queen of the May?

Her lover had heard, in the hidden glade,
Each word that his own true maiden had said.
Oh, Love, how vain to barter for thee,
When thyself the price of the purchase must be!

L.

THE HOROLOGE.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

Once, by the dusk light of an ancient hall,
I saw a Horologe. Its minutes fell
Upon the roused ear, with a drowsy knell,
That he who passed attended to the call.
I looked: and lo! five Antics over all.
One moved, and four were motionless. The one
Was scythed and bald-head Time; and he mowed on,
Sweep after sweep—and each a minute's fall,
—The four were kings. Sceptres they bore and globes
And ermined crowns. Before that old man dim
They stood, but not in joy. At sight of Time,
They had stiffen'd into statues in their robes;
Fear-petrified. Let no man envy him
Who smiles at that grave Homily sublime!

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A French Story.

Pourquoi rompre leur marriage mechans parens, is a question which will be asked as long as a difference of ranks exists in the world—as long as age is the time of prudence—and youth the season of love. What have the pulsations of the heart to do with the roll of the herald, or the cash-book of the banker, is the natural inquiry of the young; and the old will answer, that talking about the pulsations of the heart, is nonsense good enough for novels, but that the other desiderata are matters of real life. I suppose that both are right.

In France, before the Revolution, the nobility, as we all know, was a caste of itself, which would not bear the slightest invasion on the part of the canaille. It was not to be endured that the daughter of a noble house should so far forget herself as to marry beneath her. That she might intrigue with people of baser degree was admitted: it attached no stain to the family escutcheon (provided always that she was married); but to give her hand to one of the canaille—to bring a plebeian name into

a patrician house—was a sin never to be forgiven. Poor girls! this false pride condemned you to nunneries in hundreds—tempted you to the paths of sin and disgrace in thousands.

Near Perpignan there dwelt, before the Revolution, General de Valençay, a scion of one of the noblest houses in Navarre,—a gentleman, as he himself said, of better blood than the old neighbours of his family, the Bourbons. High birth often brings with it kind manners—it ought to do so always. And the General was kind;—a kind husband, kind father, kind master, kind landlord, and kind friend. Having, like most French gentlemen, spent much time at court, he had acquired that indescribable politeness, that air, that *tournure*, which the Parisians flatter themselves is (or was) only found in the circle to be seen from the heights of Montmartre. We need not subscribe altogether to this doctrine, but we must allow that the society of the *vielle cour* was delightful. It now appears to be altogether lost, and perhaps it is as well that it should be so.

His wife had been dead many years, and had left him one daughter. Of her, as of the daughter of Jephtha, the ballad-monger might most truly say, that she was "fair," and that her father loved her "passing well." Well did she deserve the love, for she was, indeed, that beau ideal of the human creation—an innocent and virtuous mind enshrined in the lovely person of a beautiful girl.

After this preface to my story, there are few of my fair

readers who will not be able to give a shrewd guess at what is to come next. Nor will it signify if they succeed. Wherefore should I conceal that an accident which has happened a thousand times before, and has been as frequently recorded both in prose and in verse, should have befallen Jacqueline de Valençay.

The General, having remarked some symptoms of talent in the son of one of his dependents, had, with his usual good nature, educated him at his own expense. The youth grew into a man, or rather was approaching to manhood, when the General made him his secretary—a post which, as Valençay kept up little correspondence, was almost a sinecure. He was about five years older than Jacqueline, and that difference made him, in her childhood, in some degree her instructor. Guided by him, and under his eye, she imbibed the beauties of Italian lore. The polished elegance of Petrarch—the dark sublimity of Dante—the chivalrous beauty of Tasso—the flood of poetry bursting from the heart-cheering stanzas of Ariosto—the glories and the graces of that satin tongue were imparted to her by the lips of Louis Regnault. Hours devoted to study; and such study, when the tutor is twenty and the lady-pupil fifteen, speedily become hours devoted to something else. She soon was to him his Laura—much more than Laura, for he did not freeze his love in icy sonnets, clear and bright and sparkling, but cold and unsubstantial. It burst from his lips at last—it was

after a long struggle—it burst from his lips at last with all the warmth of the South—and it was heard. Need I say more? There were glowing cheeks, and wet eyes, and quivering hands. There was mourning over obstacles that appeared insurmountable; but then there was hope—brilliant, buoyant, soul-exhilirating hope—which whispered that *nothing* was insurmountable. In short, he loved her, and she loved him. Could either anticipate unhappiness?

The keen eye of the General soon discovered the existence of their passion; but he was too shrewd to attempt to thwart it abruptly. He contrived to keep the lovers as much asunder as possible, without appearing to have noticed their mutual affection. He had his measures already concerted in his own mind; and in the course of a fortnight, the Chateau Valençay was honoured by a visit from Monsieur le Marquis de Valriviere.

Like most French Marquises of his time, Valriviere was a fine, good-humoured, gay, brave, dissipated, and infinitely vain fellow. He was already, though but eight-and-twenty, a decided leader of the fashions at Paris. His word or example regulated the exact angle of the bow—the precise tie of the embroidered neck-cloth—the most authentic knee-buckle—the most infallible ruffle—the most praise-worthy jewel for a ring. This was no light fame. No man under thirty had accomplished any thing like it for the last century. His

word, of course, was equally potential in literature: for criticism and foppery in those days were sworn brethren. A new epic poem and a new sword knot were disposed of at the same *séance;* and the heart of the abstruse philosopher, weaving new systems of ethics, as well as that of the *Prima Donna* of the Opera—

Would bound,
Dreading the deep damnation of his Bah!

His father had been one of the General's earliest friends—they had campaigned together; and De Valençay had continued the affection to the son. It had been, long ago, agreed between the parents, that their children should be affianced to each other, and the Marquis had always looked upon it as an *affaire rangeé*. He had never seen the young lady, but he took it for granted that all young ladies were the same; and that as he was to marry, he might as well marry one as another. As for love, &c.—Pshaw!

The General wrote to him to come down to Chateau Valençay, as he had something of importance to communicate to him. He apologised for bringing him from Paris into the barbarous retirement of the country at such a time of the year; hinted jocosely at the grief which would overwhelm the Duchess de B——, the Comtesse de C——, Madame D——, and fifty opera dancers, in consequence of this movement into the interior; and proceeded to state that a visit to his chateau, for reasons to be explained on his arrival, was indispensable. The Marquis

immediately ordered his carriages, and travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour, a prodigious feat on French roads, made his appearance at Perpignan, some days before the General expected a letter announcing his intention to depart from Paris.

De Valençay detailed the facts of the case.

"I would not conceal it from you, Valriviere, for the world. The girl is *eperdue* of this poor fellow; and you ought to be made acquainted with it. Candidly tell me what is your own view of the business. If you think this a ground for breaking off your contract, I am ready to absolve you; for a daughter of the house of Valençay shall not be forced on any man, far less smuggled clandestinely into his family. She shall go into a nunnery, *au pis aller*. I should send her thither with pleasure sooner."

But he stopped, and sighed. The "with pleasure" was upon the lips: it was not in the heart.

"My dear General," said the Marquis, "you are making a mountain of the most trifling mole-hill. That Mademoiselle Jacqueline, shut up in this secluded chateau, may have romantic ideas,—that she may fancy herself in love with this person, is perhaps possible; but after she is my wife, Madame la Marquise de Valriviere, she will forget all this trumpery. The air of Paris will soon disperse the nonsense of the provinces. I make no objection. I am ready to fulfil my part of the business. But introduce me. I have a great fancy

to behold *ma petite épouse*. If, after seeing me, she remembers this secretary of yours, her taste must, indeed, be barbarous beyond what my general good opinion of the ladies would incline me to believe."

The General had succeeded as far as one of the parties was concerned. Valriviere was introduced, and talked gaily on all the affairs of Paris. All the wit, and all the scandal of the saloons were poured forth—the beauties, the wits, the poets, the philosophers, the cooks, the chemists, the politicians (they were beginning to have politicians in 1785), the actors, the singers, the painters the tailors, the marchandes des modes,—every body, in fact, was discussed, valued, and dismissed by him during dinner. Poor Louis was *ecrasè*, and Jacqueline was at least dazzled. They well knew that she was destined to be Valriviere's wife, and the humble lover was distracted—the extent of his misfortune for the first time stared him in the face. As soon as he could leave the room, he fled into the neighbouring forest to vent his sorrows. The evening was bright and balmy, but its balminess brought no consolation to poor Louis; who, having exhausted his thoughts of grief, rage, bitterness, and despair, in all the eloquence and vehemence of passion, sunk in a stupor on the ground.

From this state the sound of well known voices aroused him. The General and Valriviere had walked out to enjoy the fineness of the evening. The Marquis was praising the grace and beauty of his intended spouse, and

observed that a winter in Paris would render her *vraiment distinguée*. He jested on the pretensions of his rustic rival, who, however, he admitted to be a good-looking fellow.

"He is," said the General, with a sigh; "and he is also a good-hearted fellow. I hope he will forget his boyish passion. His own good sense will point out to him the folly of indulging it; and I am sure his amiable disposition will make him recoil from doing what would break the heart of one who has always endeavoured to be his friend, and who, even now, regards him with the affection of a father."

They passed on, and Louis heard no more of their conversation: he had heard enough. The fact that the General knew what the lovers considered to be an inviolable secret—was startling; but his kindness came like an icy pang upon his heart.

"*I* break his heart!" he said. "No—no—my own first; and God knows that speech has already broken it. O, Jacqueline! (why do I dare to call her by such a name) —Mademoiselle de Valençay, I resign you for ever. Accursed be these differences of rank—these blighting distinctions, which wither the only fair flowers that decorate the wilderness of life."

His resolution was taken: he would see her once more—and see her in private. Through the medium of her nurse, who was privy to all their little arrangements, he invited her to meet him in the garden, by the fountain which had first witnessed their loves. It was a secluded old-fashioned

garden, surrounded by immense walls, and quite out of sight of any part of the house. In the evening the family seldom entered it, and Louis thought it the most private spot he could select. With some difficulty, Jacqueline consented—decorum pleaded hard, but love still harder.

They met in silence, and the tears of Louis flowed as copiously as those of his beloved. At last, he took her unresisting hand into the chilly pressure of his own:

"Jacqueline," he said, "I must call you by that name for this one occasion. My presumption has been punished as it ought to be. It raised me to a pinnacle of unexpected happiness, thence to be hurled into the depths of despair. We part—part this hour—and part for ever!"

Jacqueline wept, but no word escaped from her quivering lips. He proceeded:

"That I love you with an intensity of passion, I need not affirm. I fear that it is returned."

"Fear it, Louis!" said she, "if it be an object of fear, be prepared to tremble:" she forced a languid smile, but her voice was solemn with emotion, when she added, "I love you better than my life."

"The more cruel then is my punishment," he replied; "what an unhappy lot is mine, to bring misery upon those for whom I am ready to die."

In broken and agitated sentences, he told her his determination to leave the country—he repeated what he had overheard—requested her to forget her misplaced affection for her lowly admirer—and "oh! that such

advice should flow from my lips," he concluded, "give your hand, and if you can your heart, to the object of your father's choice."

The pale girl scarcely answered him a word; she hung her head upon her lover's shoulder, and his bosom was wet with her tears. Her filial duty contended against her unfortunate passion; but if he had pressed, who can say that it would have required much solicitation to have made her the partner of his fortunes? A sound of heavy footsteps alarmed them, and they bade one another a melancholy farewell. Their lips met for the first time,—and Jacqueline, scarcely knowing what she did, vanished through one of the alleys of the garden.

The steps by which they had been disturbed, were those of Jacqueline's father, who, on his return to the house, discovered that his daughter and Louis were both absent, and went somewhat displeased in quest of them. He encountered Louis, and demanded, rather angrily, what he was doing there at so late an hour. The young man, who did not wish to compromise Jacqueline, offered some trivial, and not very plausible excuse, which irritated the General.

"It is false, Sir," said he.

"I cannot permit any man, Sir, to use such language to me," was the reply of Louis.

"You must permit it when you utter a falsehood. Tell me then, Sir, truly, if you can, was Mademoiselle de Valençay in the garden with you?"

"Since I am so pointedly questioned, I must answer you, that she was."

"I see I have taken a viper into my house. Louis, I once had a good opinion of you; but—"

"If you knew my case," said the young man, "you would still.—"

"What, Sir, do you bandy words with me? Fine times we have come to. A *roturier* here wants to ensnare the affections of my daughter, and dares to insult myself. Take that, *coquin*," and he made a blow at Louis, who however arrested his uplifted arm.

"General de Valençay," said Louis, "you were not used to behave to me thus. I will not allow you to inflict an insult, which in your cooler moments you would lament. The memory of the great benefits you have heaped upon me, the recollection of the dreams of happiness which I enjoyed in your chateau, make me regret that we part as we do. Adieu! may God forgive you for the sin which you are about to commit, and shower down blessings upon her, who suffers for the gratification of your pride. As for me, you will at last do me justice."

So saying, he passed hastily out of the garden, and directed his footsteps towards the town. The General hemmed and stamped, and whistled; but in a moment began to feel that he was not altogether in the right.

"I am sorry we part so," said the General. "He was ever a fine manly fellow—and a plebeian is as much flesh and blood as the Grand Monarque. The fault was

mine, in allowing them to be so much together. I must see Jacqueline, poor romantic girl! but all girls are silly at her age. She will live to thank me, for saving her from disgrace."

The displeasure he felt with himself for his violence, had, as usual, produced a re-action, and he sought his daughter with his feelings considerably subdued. He made no allusion whatever to her interview with Louis, and when she put off his proposed discussion of the propriety of her marriage with Valriviere, by saying first, with a melancholy eagerness, "not to-night, father—oh! not to-night!" and then attempting to correct her energy, by stammering out a blushing excuse of accidental headache, he took no notice, but smiled, and withdrew from her apartment.

We need not linger over our story. Her father argued with her calmly and affectionately. He pointed out the utter disgrace of an inferior union—he talked kindly but coolly of youthful affection—assured her that his marriage with her own mother was an arrangement, and that he need not tell *her* how happy that union had been; pointed out the rank, birth, and accomplishments of the Marquis; and wound up his appeal by the most irresistible of all his arguments, by appealing to her love and duty to himself. She wavered, and submitted; but declared that when the Marquis made his formal proposals, he should hear from her the whole truth.

In due time; the exact, well calculated, well regulated

time, the Marquis did make his proposals; and he made them in the prettiest of all pretty ways, saying the prettiest of all pretty things—things that would have won half the owners of the most brilliant eyes in Paris. They were coldly heard by Jacqueline, who contented herself by replying, that she felt honoured by the attentions of the observed of all observers—that family reasons rendered him a suitor not to be refused:—"but, sir," she added, in a serious tone, "I should be uncandid if I did not tell you, that I give you my hand only—I cannot give you my heart. If with this you be contented, I am yours."

"Fair hand," said he taking it, "I kiss your taper fingers. The heart—if there be a heart—will follow. But, dear bride elect, don't talk such nonsense, or you will make us the laughing-stocks of all Paris. This, thank heaven, is the eighteenth, and not the thirteenth century; and we have given over talking of these little absurdities. Come, that's a good girl, don't spoil those divine eyes by useless tears. Let me read you a letter I have just received from Genlis, in which she gives me all the gossip of Paris—plenty of scandal of every body no doubt—but that is only fair, for every body speaks scandal of her."

The marriage was celebrated in the chateau with all feudal pomp. The old families of the country attended, looking solemn and important, as provincial nobles generally do, and accordingly they much diverted the Marquis, who vowed, that on his return to Paris, he would

write a farce, to be called *Le Marriage du Chateau, ou Le Parisien entre les Ours.* He was gay, polite, attentive to his wife; she, calm and quiet, and resigned to him. Her *corbeille* and *trousse* were of the most magnificent description; in fact, he had done every thing that expense could command, or gallantry dictate. A splendid ball of course concluded the evening, and the Marquis gaily dancing with his lovely bride, cast a glow of grace and hilarity over the room.

The young demoiselles of Navarre could only console themselves by observing, that Jacqueline looked certainly rather pretty, but very melancholy; while the elder ladies, admitting that the Marquis was handsome, rich, and noble, whispered that he was the most depraved *roué* of Paris, and one to whom *they* would never have thought of giving a daughter of theirs. The festival lasted a fortnight; after which the Marquis whirled away his handsome wife to the metropolis, where he speedily immersed himself, and dragged her as much as possible along with him, in all the gaieties and dissipations of the luxurious society of his devoted order, just then, unconsciously, hovering on the brink of destruction.

And where was Louis Regnault in the meantime?—

After having parted from the General in the garden, he went into the town of Perpignan, and quite regardless of the direction of his footsteps, entered a cabaret, where some soldiers happened to be carousing. The leader of the party observing Regnault's thoughtful and

absent air, took the military liberty of joking him upon it.

"I venture to say," said the serjeant, "that there is some girl of the village at the bottom of your black looks. Never mind her, if you take my advice. Pish! a tall fellow, and pine after a black eye, when there are the lilies of France waving in the neighbourhood. Join us, man; join us, and I warrant you will have many a score of black eyes at your service, in lieu of the pair that are now causing you to look like a winter midnight."

Louis was at first inclined to be angry with this soldier-like ribaldry; but on a sudden, the thought of enlisting seriously entered his mind. It would take him at once away from scenes now grown painful—it would at once remove him from all chance of encountering any of his old friends.

"I am not one of their accursed noblesse," said he, "and have therefore no chance of rising farther than some paltry rank; but then I am cut off from all possibility of seeing Jacqueline. If I went to Paris, as I once thought, and attempted to procure a precarious livelihood by my pen, I might perhaps have to endure the patronage of the Marquis—aye, of the Marchioness of Valriviere. It is better to be a private soldier: and then if there be a war, I shall have an opportunity of being shot."

Influenced by these considerations, he joined the party, and was speedily enrolled as a private soldier.

The regiment to which he was attached, was, to his great delight, to march northward in two days, during which he kept himself completely housed. On the night before his departure, he stole to the chateau, where he found the nurse, to whom he gave a letter, charging her to deliver it to her mistress in the morning. It was short, and ran thus :—

" Your father is cruel—cruel to you as to me. False opinions, dictated by pride, lead him to tear asunder hearts made for one another. May the blessing of Heaven light on the head of thee, my true love, torn from me by parental cruelty ; and may your father never have cause to repent of his unkindness to the jewel of his heart."

How this was read, and wept over, and kissed, and treasured, it is useless to say. On that day, Jacqueline did not leave her chamber. She would not meet the jesting gallantry of the Marquis.

This was in 1785. In less than four years, Louis's good conduct had acquired him a serjeantcy, the highest step that a *roturier* could expect under the old *regime* ; but in 1789 the days of that *regime* were numbered. In a couple of years more, the privileges of the nobles were gone ; in four years the king had laid his head in the basket of the guillotine. The first Revolutionary campaign found Louis a lieutenant. It may be easily conjectured that *he* did not take the aristocratical side. He joined the army of Dumourier, and fought at Genappe. Attached to the armies of Hoche and Pichegru, he assisted in the victories

of the Republic. In 1798 he was with the army of Italy, and distinguished himself under the command of him, whose fame was not yet tarnished by tyranny or oppression. Afterwards, he adhered to the Emperor, and saw the fields of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram. With his services his honours increased, and in 1811 he was aid-du-camp to the Emperor, member of the Legion of Honour, a Lieutenant-General, and the Comte de Regnault. His wealth was great, and his standing in Parisian society permanent. No more the retired student of Perpignan, he was now a diplomatist and a General.

He had married in 1794, the daughter of a revolutionary General, which had contributed not a little to his advancement. She died not long after their marriage, and left him an only daughter. The young lady, reared amid the bustle and excitement of agitated times, was gay, *brusque*, lively, and of course a great favourite. Her father used to fancy a likeness between her and Mademoiselle de Valençay, at the same age; but he would say to himself, my poor Jacqueline was quiet and resigned—Pauline is gay and noisy. And in spite of the sternness of mind which scenes of battle and debate had produced, he would sometimes wish, in a moment of romance, that he knew where poor Jacqueline's remains were laid. "I think," he would whisper to himself, "I should be fool enough to visit them."

Alas! he did not know how near an approximation

to the scenes of his youth in the Chateau De Valençay then existed in his splendid hotel in the *Rue Rivoli*. Gay and *etourdie* as Pauline was, there were moments when she was serious enough. And what was it that made her serious?

Her father had determined that she should be accomplished in the highest degree; and accordingly, music, drawing, &c, &c., were taught her by the most approved masters. Her drawing master having chanced to become an invalid, or in consequence of having made a great deal of money, having fancied that he was so, recommended a young man, who had just completed some great picture, as his successor. The old painter spoke much of the young man's knowledge of painting, and chiar oscuro, freedom of pencil, breadth, and so on; and his recommendation was adopted.

Henri de Feuillars, the new teacher, was not more than one-and-twenty. He was silent, and reserved; and there was an air of natural *hauteur* about him. He had no friends, and laboured incessantly for the support of his mother, to whom he appeared devotedly attached. His dress, never finical, was always that of a gentleman. His conversation, when you could draw him out, shewed that, young as he was, his knowledge was great and varied. His figure was slight, but graceful—his face, in spite of its paleness and melancholy ex-expression, was handsome. To some women, it was more than handsome, it was interesting. Who that has

once read it, forgets the verse of the ballad, with which this tale has been begun.

> En lui toute signe de jeunesse apparaissaient
> Mais longue barbe, air de tristesse la ternissaient,
> Si de jeunesse on doit attendre beau coloris
> *Paleur, qui marque une ame tendre a bien son prix.*

> In him each sign of youthful grace,
> Of manly charm appeared,
> Tho' tarnished by a sorrowing face,
> And by a length of beard;
> If we expect that youth impart
> Colours of rosy hue,
> *Paleness which marks a tender heart,*
> *Has its attractions too.*

Pauline at first laughed at her melancholy tutor—played practical jokes upon him—drew caricatures, to which she put the title of 'the knight of the rueful countenance;' but before any great length of time had elapsed, her gaiety began to subside before the melancholy smile, which greeted or rebuked her good-humoured play. Soon afterwards, she found that when he spoke, she was compelled to be dumb; that the retired, and apparently taciturn man, could, in moments of inspiration, deliver, with a fervid eloquence, the results of multifarious study, or deep thought and profound feeling. Gradually her jesting ceased, and she delighted to draw her silent teacher forth. He, gratified in turn by the attentions of a beautiful and accomplished girl, poured forth his glowing language, almost for her ear alone. Her beaming eye, resting upon his, soon caught an inspiration of which

she had not dreamt, and they speedily discovered a secret which neither wished to keep. Pauline found out that she was in love, and the gay girl was silent. Henri made the same discovery, and the melancholy student smiled.

His apartments, in which his mother alone resided with him, were in a street not far from the *Rue Rivoli*. I think it was in the *Rue Duphot*. The usual hour of tuition did not suffice the lovers after a while. Something was to be exhibited—and though the master now did *all* the lesson, yet even this consumed some time. A correspondence began, in which both poured forth the unrestrained feelings of their souls. Do not expect to find any of them here, for love letters being intended for one pair of eyes, are ridiculous when offered to any other.

The Comte soon discovered how matters stood; but dissimulated his anger until he was able to intercept one of the young painter's letters. It was conceived in the usual terms of these compositions, but contained a sentence which Henri's honourable feelings had induced him to insert in all his communications. He said, that her love was the delight of his life, but that she ought to consider what was due to her father's rank, and *present* station in the world (the word *present* was carefully underlined), and that he would die sooner than entrap any young lady, particularly one so dear to him as his own Pauline, into a marriage which her friends would disavow, and she herself perhaps hereafter repent.

"The boy," said the Comte, "is a gentleman; but

this nonsense must be put an end to. Antoine, call Mademoiselle de Regnault."

Pauline appeared, and her father gave her the letter he had intercepted. She blushed—she half cried—but, finally, she giggled.

"What is this, Mademoiselle," said her father, angrily. "Do you make so light of my authority. Do you think you are to carry on a clandestine correspondence, without my having it at least in my power to discover it?"

"O, dear papa," said Pauline, "I know that a poor young girl cannot hope to match an old campaigner like yourself, when you are determined on intercepting correspondence; but, *au reste*, what has your Excellency to say?"

"What have I to say?" asked he, in a passion. "Is that the answer I deserve—the answer, Pauline, I have a right to expect? Am I to see you entrapped into a marriage so far beneath you? Am I—"

"Entrapped, dear, darling papa. Read the very note you are now so unmercifully crushing, and you will find that dear Henri says he would die—*O, mon Dieu!*—die—sooner than entrap *me*. It is his very word. No—no—papa; Henri and I may be fools—but I asked him to marry me, and he refused."

"You asked him to marry you, Mademoiselle? by mine honour, the age improves. Have the goodness to go to your *gouvernante*, who, I am sorry to perceive,

able young gentleman, as I know—no matter how. But you will admit, Madame, I ought not to allow so ill-mated a courtship to go on.—You know, Madame, the thing cannot be."

"I do, Sir," responded the lady, as humbly as before.

Something made the Comte start again; and he then continued:

"I have taken the liberty—the very great liberty, Madame, of sending for you, in order to request your acquiescence in a plan of mine. He loves his mother: it is an honour to him that he does so. She is a lady well deserving of love."

There was no gallantry in this, as it was said; and yet the lady *did* bridle up a little.

"And if you could suggest to him that a journey to Rome, there to perfect himself in his art, would be advantageous, 10,000 francs a-year should be at his service, and 12,500 to fit him out for the journey. You can perceive, Madame, that I consult the interest of your son."

"I do, Sir," said the lady.

The Comte flouted a little at the repetition of the phrase; and thinking that a rougher tone would perhaps answer better, changed his manner.

"Madame de Feuillars, I shall not dissemble that I propose the plan as much for the good of my daughter as for that of your son. But, Madame, if you do not acquiesce in my view of the business, I must adopt a very different

method. You are a woman who, I suppose, has seen the world; and when I tell you that I have detected a correspondence between Mons. Henri and my young lady, I have ground sufficient to proceed upon. Madame, do you approve of such conduct?"

"No, Sir," said the lady.

"Well, Madame, you agree then with me, that an end must be put to such things. I humbly think my plan is the best for all parties. There must be no more letters."

"I agree with you, Sir," said Madame De Feuillars, "to a greater extent than you imagine. I have myself intercepted a letter from a foolish lover of humble life, to a lady in superior rank. To shew you that I do not approve of such things, I have brought it to you;"—and she drew a letter from her pocket.

"Your conduct, Madame," said the Comte, "does you honour. But this is a sadly mangled and dirty epistle:—what's this?"

"*Your father is cruel—cruel to you as to me. False opinions, dictated by pride, lead him to tear asunder hearts made for one another*———"

"What!" said the Comte; "O woman! who art thou?"

She took the shade from her eyes.

It was she—Jacqueline de Valençay,—the *ci-devant* Marquise de Valriviere!

Her father had died of a broken heart, at the com-

mencement of the Revolution; when a tailor of his neighbourhood, who had made the liveries of his footmen for the last twenty years, was appointed a commissioner, to domineer over his chateau. The Marquis was killed in Flanders, in the army of Prince Saxe Cobourg; and the Marchioness, who had long before abandoned her title, and assumed the name of her husband's family, had lived by precarious employments; had devoted her time and accomplishments, to the education of her only son: he had proved worthy of her attention, both in talents and in goodness. His genius having been directed towards painting, she encouraged him in the study—but never suffered him to forget the honourable race from which he had sprung. When she heard that he had been recommended to instruct the daughter of the Comte de Regnault, she did not inform him of her story: but when her melancholy son told her, his only *confidante*, that Pauline was not indifferent to him—when he blushed as he related the tale of their loves, and sighed to think of the utter hopelessness of their being attended by happiness—she disclosed her long-kept secret; and warned him to profit by her example, and to fly from such a connexion, before he was irretrievably entangled, for the sake of Pauline and himself. This advice had produced the letter which the Comte had intercepted.

Why loiter on our way. The Comte insisted on taking the Marchioness and her son into his hotel, and

sanctioned the alliance which had formerly aroused his indignation. In a couple of years they were married; and the gaiety of Pauline lightened the gravity of her husband; who, in turn, subdued the exuberance of his lady's spirits by his more even temperament.

About a year afterwards, the wits of Paris had ample room for the exercise of their vocation; and many a gay squib was made on the marriage of the Comte with the Marchioness.

It would be endless to quote all the brilliant things expended on the subject of the elderly lovers; no one laughed at them more heartily than themselves. Nor did they much regard the spiteful remarks of various mammas and dashing widows—they consulted their own feelings, and married. On the return of the Bourbons, the politics of the wife saved the husband's property; and the indemnity having restored Louis to his family estates, he was no longer oppressed by a reflection that often embittered his proud mind, that he had brought a pauper into the family of his wife.

Painted by A E Chalons, R A.

Engraved by W Humphrys

THE THIEF DISCOVERED.

THE THIEF DISCOVERED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DANIEL O'ROURKE.'

I.

In her rich bower sits Almaviva's bride,
With her gay suivante, and her pretty page;
She, in the bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
He, a fair blossom of that happy age
When boyish thoughts and feelings laid aside,
Youth hastens gaily into life's third stage:
The maid—as maids will be—was smart and pert,
A town-bred damsel—an outrageous flirt!

II.

And of this page, the lady and the maid
Were fond;—but perdie reader think no wrong,
If any scandal of that dame were said,
'Twas uttered by a false and lying tongue;
Harsh must that censor be who should upbraid
Kindness bestowed on one so fair and young;
And Cherubino—such the name he bore,
Had seen his sixteenth summer, and no more.

III.

But wherefore rests he thus on bended knee?
Why that averted look of shame or fear?
Why in that eye so brilliant do we see,
But ill-suppressed, the almost falling tear?
Why are those locks, half woman's though they be,
Surrounded by a female's modest gear?
Why is that ribbon in the maiden's hand?
The tale is short—then list, and understand.

IV.

The page was slender—slender for a boy,—
With limbs well moulded, but as woman's weak,
He had small care or sorrow to destroy
The rose-like bloom upon his dimpling cheek;
No beard did yet the razor's edge employ,
And all his actions were so mild, so meek,
That 'tis no wonder if from bower to hall,
He was the happy favourite of all.

V.

One eve Susanna—such the Countess' name—
Was in that humour when all frolics please:
The cooling zephyr through the casement came,
Loaded with perfume from the orange trees;
The gushing fountain sparkled like a stream
Of molten silver,—and the gentle breeze
Bore on its wings melodious sounds afar—
The merry music of her gay guitar.

VI.

And in this frolic mood disposed for jest,
They sent for Cherubino—" Pretty Cher,"
Him thus the laughter-loving maid addressed,
" The Countess sends for you this evening, Sir,
That you in my apparel may be dressed;
Nay, nay, be quiet, Cherry—do not stir—
Your mistress wants to see how such a pearl
Of youth will look when dizened like a girl.

VII.

" Here, don this cap, and o'er thy form so slight
Throw this rich mantling cloak of crimson hue."—
Loud at her jest laughed out Joanna bright,
And at that jest the Countess tittered too:
The page appeared not in such merry plight—
The joke from him no sound of laughter drew;—
Why did he tremble? Why aloud declare
The lady's fancy was not fit nor fair?

VIII.

Vain his protest—it was the lady's will;
And what the ladies will, is surely done;
Poor is our might when, or for good or ill,
The ladies wish an object to be won;
And Cherubino made resistance, till
His pleas and all his arguments were gone;
And soon her nimble hand the cap of lace
Had knotted underneath his girlish face.

IX.

So far, so well—but then came struggling hard,
And his loose vest he grasped with tightening hand;—
What does he strive with so much care to guard,
As she clasps round his neck the mantle's band?
Bootless thy efforts, luckless youth, to ward
From her keen glance the secret she had scanned;
And pale as ashes Cherubino grew,
When a gay ribbon from his breast she drew.

X.

And there it is—ah, hapless boy!—there,
There is the ribbon that you slily stole;
Thy look,—that pledge—suffices to declare
The inmost workings of thy gentle soul;
The peerless beauty of thy mistress fair
Had given thee feelings passing thy control.
Joanna laughed, the Countess kindly smiled;
But neither blamed the dear, the virtuous child!

XI.

Ye who would wish at farther length to know
The tale, of which this portion I repeat—
Behold the lovely Countess, and bestow
A smile upon her page so young—so sweet!—
Ye who this pleasure seek must straightway go
And hear fair Paton—or dear Stephens meet;—
But should your fancy lead you not that way,
You'll find the whole in witty Beaumarchais.

has performed her duty very indifferently, and remain in your own apartment until I send for you. Go, I say, Mademoiselle Regnault;" and the laughing girl blowing him a kiss, ran out of the room.

"I cannot," thought the Comte when alone, "write to young Henri—in fact, the young man has behaved with an uncommon degree of honour and prudence; but"—and he paused for a while, "I am told his mother has a vast influence over him, and perhaps I may have a chance with her."

A note, written with due official haste and illegibility, was the consequence of this determination. It said, in terms the most ceremoniously polite, yet, at the same time, in effect the most severely laconic, that the great man wanted to see the poor woman.—"At ten minutes past one, or eighteen minutes past three, *to-day*, I shall have the honour of being disengaged for you, Madame, on both occasions, for ten minutes. I shall not permit myself the pleasure of further intruding on your valuable time."

At ten minutes past one—not a second sooner, nor a second later—Madame de Feuillars was announced at the Comte's. The official man had been disengaged to the moment—and at two seconds past ten minutes after one o'clock, Madame de Feuillars was in the Comte's library.

She was a woman who retained many traits of conspicuous beauty, but she was wan and wasted. A ten-

derness of sight had compelled her to disfigure her features with a green shade. The humility of her circumstances had cast an air of submission over all her actions. The poor, the unpretending, the unrepining Madame de Feuillars seemed born for poverty.

The Comte had never seen the mother of his daughter's painting-master before; but from what he had heard, was deeply impressed with respect for her character. He handed her to a chair.

"It is unpleasant, Madame," said he, "to say any thing which, directly or indirectly, may seem derogatory to a worthy, a clever, and beloved son. Ask me any tribute of respect to the genius, or the goodness of heart and conduct of your Henri, as far as I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, and I shall be most happy to give it. But, Madame, I have discovered by one means or another, that he has abused the opportunities —No, I will not use so hard a word as that—that he and Paul—Mademoiselle de Regnault, have been so foolish as to—to—to—you understand—as to talk that nonsense to one another which young people sometimes talk, without considering the difference of station—the ways of the world. You understand me, Madame."

"I do, Sir," said the quiet lady. He started—God knows at what; and continued.

"I do not mean to offend—not the least; indeed, quite the contrary. Your son is really a very clever young gentleman, as the world knows—a very honour-

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Forget them not!—tho' now their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Tho' by the hearth its utterance claim
A stillness round.

Tho' for their sakes this earth no more
As it hath been may be,
And shadows, never marked before,
Brood o'er each tree;

And tho' their image dim the sky,
Yet, yet forget them not!
Nor, where their love and life went by,
Forsake the spot!

They have a breathing influence there,
A charm, not elsewhere found;
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream—the ground.

Then, tho' the wind an altered tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Tho' every flower, of something gone,
A tinge may wear ;

Oh ! fly it not !—no *fruitless* grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,
Still tend their garden-bower,
And call them back, the holy Dead,
To each lone hour !

The *holy* Dead !—oh ! blest we are,
That we may name them so,
And to their spirits look afar,
Through all our woe !

Blest, that the things they loved on earth,
As relics we may hold,
Which wake sweet thoughts of parted worth,
By springs untold !

Blest, that a deep and chastening power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for Heaven !

LA FIANCÉE,

Ou, Les Grandes Eaux.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TALES OF ARDENNES.'

"MAMAN, maman," cried Juliette, running on tiptoe into the *salon*, where Madame her mother was sitting at work, "maman, maman, quel bonheur; Les Grandes Eaux joueront dimanche," and Juliette stood waiting her mother's decision as breathlessly as if the fortunes of her life had depended upon it,—and yet Juliette was *fiancée*, and in one little month would enter into the *freedom* of matrimony. With a French woman, the weightiest affair of life yields to the passion for the *spectacle*. Juliette was a lively little demoiselle, with sparkling black eyes,—a pretty coral mouth, and the sweetest little foot in the world; and Juliette, with a *chapeau* on her head from la Rue Vivienne, and a new *ceinture* and buckle, wanted but one thing to complete her happiness —*beaucoup de monde* to look at her; so that with the prospect before her of Versailles, and *Les Grandes Eaux*, never was Demoiselle happier than Juliette. Let me accompany Juliette and her party to Versailles.

Now Sunday morn appears,—and now the chimes
Of consecrated bells, rouse from their pillows
All good Parisians,—who repair betimes,
Where holy sponges cancel peccadillos;
Devoutly mindful of the Christian rule,
To purchase weekly, a receipt in full.

And Juliette, with a step as light as her calendar of sins, trips along with her veil over her face, and her shawl around her shoulders.

With holy purpose, mingling all the while
Thoughts of gloves, ribbons, sashes, and Versailles.

And now Madame, and Mademoiselle, and her little sisters, and Monsieur, Juliette's cavalier, are all descending the stair, at the foot of which a barouche stands ready to receive them. Nothing can be more *gentille* than Juliette; nothing more exquisitely *Français*, than Monsieur Adolphe, her cavalier: his chapeau, with rims curled up like water spouts; his coat, with skirts tapering to a point, and whisking from side to side; his flowered silk waistcoat fastened with three buttons at the foot; his cambric ruffle disposed on one side, and his brilliant pin peeping from among the plaitings; and now, Monsieur, with true filagree *politesse*, spreads his white handkerchief upon the steps of the barouche, and Juliette and the party are all seated. "*Allez*," crack, crack, crack! as Sterne says, and away goes the barouche, rattling over the stones, and through the *Place Vendome*, and falling into the long line of motley vehicles that whirl up the *Champs Elysées;* and on to Versailles,

through a cloud of dust, that seldom permits those who are seated in the carriages, to see beyond the tails of the horses that draw them. At length, the barouche stops opposite to the great gilded gate, and Mademoiselle presents the gloved tips of her fingers to Monsieur, who hands her, and Madame (but Madame first), from the carriage; and as Juliette leans on the arm of her cavalier, and hints that the dust has injured her eyes, he declares that *malgré la poussière Mademoiselle est toujours charmante*. So saying, they enter the precincts of past grandeur.

The large formal park, with its circular ponds, and statues, and clipped trees,—the vast, magnificent, but desolate, and unfurnished palace,—the guards,—the pomp of royalty without, with nothing of its reality within,—the crowds, that on a gala day, fill the wide grass-grown streets,—objects that breed sadness in the breast of a stranger, create no similar feeling in the Parisian: to him, *beaucoup de monde*, is always, *beaucoup de plaisir*: and Juliette and her party pass on with admiring eyes, and delighted exclamations. And now Monsieur proposes to Madame (for in France young ladies only acquiesce, but never decide) to go through the palace. Madame has seen the palace a hundred times, but is charmed to see it again; and Mademoiselle says *oui* with the prettiest grace imaginable. How *superbe* is the gilding,—how *magnifique* Le Brun's pictures on the ceiling, representing the victories of Louis XIV.,—

every thing is *beau, gentil,* or *jolie.* But the summer palace must also be seen,—that retreat, where the etiquette of the Court of Versailles was laid aside, but where none of its vices were forgotten. "*Pauvre Malheureuse,*" says Juliette, assuming the expression, and with the tone of what the French call *aimable tristesse,* as she enters the chamber of Marie Antoinette, hung in its white drapery of mock simplicity, "*Pauvre Malheureuse;*" and having so said, she glances at herself in the queen's mirror,—and courtsies to Monsieur, who holds open the door, while the ladies pass into the garden. The garden has no great charms for Juliette; it is not sufficiently *appreté:* the trees are permitted to have branches, and to cast shadows; and springs are allowed to well from the rock, without the machinery of forced pumps and lion's mouths. Juliette, and her cavalier are now tripping on far in advance of Madame, an impropriety which Mademoiselle would not have committed, nor Madame overlooked, if Juliette had not been *une Demoiselle fiancée.* And now they have reached the little temple, in the centre of which stands a marble statue of Cupid, with this inscription upon the pedestal beneath.

Qui que tu sois,
Voila ton Maitre!
Il est, il fut,
Ou il doit etre.

"*Que c'est jolie,*" says Juliette; and Monsieur presents

a pencil to Mademoiselle, that she may write her name upon this *cupidon*—with which interesting mementos he is covered from head to foot; and the Cupid's lip being the only vacant spot, Mademoiselle has no choice. She inscribes her name there; upon which innocent mistake, if my eyes do not deceive me, I see Monsieur impress a remembrance of it upon her's.

And now every one is seen moving towards the same point, with faces of eager expectation, for *Les Grandes Eaux* will speedily play. Juliette and Monsieur, and Madame and the children have taken their station in front of the semi-circular basin, in the midst of which sit Neptune and his Tritons, ready, upon a signal given, to delight the Parisians. Intense interest is visible in every countenance: every eye is fixed upon the stone gods and monsters. At length, a burst of joyous exclamation rises simultaneously from the multitude. Neptune shews his god-like power, and the inferior deities swell his triumph. Joyous exclamations rend the air: Nor is Juliette silent. Monsieur—Paris—Le Monde—all are forgotten. This is the moment when the opposite elements of French character are assimilated. Look in the face of one of the old noblesse, with his tie wig and embroidered waistcoat, and you may fancy that the days of the old monarchy have returned; look at the whiskered and helmeted cuirassier, and you may suppose that war has been declared against England, or Napoleon has again landed at *Frejus*. Look in the face that

belongs to revolutionary times, and you will say they are at hand. At length, Neptune and his attendants refuse to perform any longer, and the multitude returns to Paris, mad with joy; and there is nothing but *Les Grandes Eaux* spoken of in all circles that night, and the next day, and the next day again, until, indeed, something newer occurs to delight the Parisians. As for Juliette—

That night, were Juliette's visions of Versailles,
Mingled with dreams of Cachemere and Corbeille;*
She, in the mirrored room, where Antoinette
Had oft reflected been, sees Juliette;
Arranges her stray curls, and turning, sees
With triumph, Monsieur Adolphe on his knees.
Roams through the palace and the park surveys,
And wanders somehow, into *Pere la Chaise.*
Where 'stead of marble monuments, are stalls
Thickly spread o'er with ribbons, gloves, and shawls.
Then fancy shifts the scene, and soon equips
A smiling Cupid, on whose rosy lips
Her name she traces,—but what dread comes o'er her
When Neptune, and not Cupid, stands before her;
The deafening waters rushing onward flow,—
And Juliette wakes, exclaiming, *Les Grandes Eaux.*

* When a young Parisienne is married, her friends present her with a Cachemere shawl, an article much coveted by every demoiselle: and her spouse presents her with a *corbeille* full of trinkets, &c. &c.

LAMENT OF A BLIND MUSICIAN FOR HIS SON.

I.

Twelve mournful months have passed away,
And I with grief have striven,
But find with each receding day
The arrow deeper driven!
The mother's tears—the father's groan—
The silence of the friend—
The agony when left alone,
Tell not of sorrow's end.

II.

My cherished boy—my only one—
My joy in misery;—
My hope in age—my gifted son,
Would I had died with thee!—
Thou wert a star unto my way—
In blindness, blessed sight;
But now indeed I feel that day
Is double, double night!

III.

Thy father's friends they all were thine :
They loved thy socialness,
The warmth which hailed them thine and mine,
The welcoming caress ;—
They miss thee much—but not so much
As he who still must mourn :—
I miss thy kind hand's filial touch,
Which asked the kind return ;—

IV.

Where'er I tread, I miss thy feet,
Which safely guided mine ;
I miss thee in the peopled street,
And where the waters shine :—
What pleased thine eye, I saw it then—
Thy sight was sight to me ;
But all that's fair to happier men,
Is lost in losing thee !

V.

They told me thou wert comely too !—
My fingers oft would trace
Thy young and gentle features through,
And find in them a grace,
A something in thine open brow,
Which spoke the enlarging mind ;—
But all my pride with thee is low,
And I am lone and blind !

VI.

My sightless orbs will upward turn,
As if to look for thee,
In that far world, which I must earn
With years of misery!—
I wake the organ's voice, and think
I hear thee answering;
But down my baffled spirits sink,
And tears immediate spring.

VII.

The tears are vain which then I shed—
But who will dare to blame
The grief that bows a father's head,
That wears the father's name?
My cherished boy—my only one—
My joy in misery;—
My hope in age—my gifted son,
Would I had died with thee!

C. W.

THE STAUNTONS.

A Fact.

There is nothing so certain as the *tedium vitæ* to dispatch a true gentleman—absolutely nothing—from the snap of a pistol, to vulgar rope.

B. Cornwall.

It was nearly midnight, when a person, whom, for various reasons, we choose to call Sir Everard Staunton, descended from the drawing-room of his country mansion to his library, accompanied by a young man, who was his relation. Until that day, Edward Staunton (for that was the young man's name), had never seen his titled cousin; and he now came down to 'The Priory,' by virtue of a pressing invitation from its owner, to whom he had applied respecting some arrears of an annuity, or legacy, that had been payable to his father out of the family estates, and which now, in truth, constituted nearly the whole of his little fortune.

They took their way down the broad marble stairs, and along carpeted passages; their footsteps falling so softly as scarcely to awake an echo. Sir Everard led the way, and the young man followed; but neither uttered a word. The first was apparently full of serious medi-

tation; while the latter occupied himself partly with speculating on the strange character of his great cousin, and partly with listening to the blustering of a wild, hollow, moaning November wind, which was straining the branches of some old pine trees, and driving occasionally a few heavy drops of rain against the windows of the house.

It was a situation—not for fear,—but for that vague sort of awe which comes over us when we are surrounded by darkness and silence. And, indeed, the character of Sir Everard Staunton himself, was well calculated to deepen such an impression. He was (or was reputed to be) of a stern, unsocial habit; mixing little with the business which the country gentlemen were called upon to perform as magistrates, or landlords, in the county, and never joining in their amusements. At the age of twenty, he became the undisputed master of twenty thousand a year. But his temperament was naturally proud and moody; and this, which solitude increased, was at last greatly augmented by the death of a lady, to whom he was contracted in marriage. From that day Sir Everard Staunton became an altered man.

In his youth (and he was now scarcely more than forty years of age), he had been remarkable for personal beauty. There were individuals, even ladies, to attest this, who knew him before jaundice and sleepless nights had tinged his face with an unhealthy colour. *Now*, his skin was sallow: sickness and sorrow, bile and opium and

marasma, seclusion, and the sadness that springs from many lonely years, had attenuated his figure, and stolen the lustre from his once black and searching eyes. Still, however, the intellect stamped upon his forehead (which rose up, broad and upright, from his brows, and was lost in a cloud of raven hair), commanded attention; and his dark, long, and finely-formed features—even the smile which sarcasm brought to his mouth,—his stern look—and his haughty bearing, produced alternately admiration and respect. With another name, one might have caught one's self now and then detecting among his features the patrician aspect of Surrey, or the chivalrous bearing of Sir Philip Sidney; and at times, even a more stirring and lofty character; such as might have belonged to a descendant of the houses of Plantagenet or Tudor.

But we have no space to waste upon mere description. The reader will, therefore, imagine (while we have been introducing him thus personally, as it were, to Sir Everard Staunton), that both he and his young relative had taken their station in the two arm chairs that were placed by the library fire. The room was large and gloomy, notwithstanding the bright blaze which issued from the grate, and a couple of large lamps, which diffused a mild but melancholy light throughout the room. The wainscot, where it was visible, appeared to be of black oak, deeply carved; although nearly the whole of the walls were covered with books, of all sorts, in all lan-

guages, which the taste of one ancestor, and the pride of another had collected during a long succession of Stauntons.

Sir Everard put his hand upon the bell-rope. "You may go to bed, Darford," said he to his servant, who answered his summons. "Yet—observe! I have something to do to-night—a matter of moment—with which this gentleman (Mr. Edward Staunton) is unacquainted. You will remember this?"

"I will, Sir Everard," replied the man; saying which, he bowed and retired.

During this brief dialogue, Edward had stood up to contemplate a portrait that was suspended over the fireplace. As far as could be judged by that light, it represented a dark, middle-aged man, with a very noble and expressive countenance.

"It is Sir Edward Staunton—my father," replied Sir Everard, bringing forward one of the lamps, in order to render the painting more distinct. "It is my father. How do you like his look! He was an excellent, learned, noble-minded man."

"The countenance is *very* striking," replied Edward; "but it wears a sad expression, to my thinking. Was he unhappy, Sir?"

"He ought *not* to have been so," answered the other, smiling grimly; "so at least the world would tell you: for he had twenty-five thousand pounds a year, and both his heart and his body were free from blemish."

"And yet—?" Edward was proceeding, when the other took up his words.

"And *yet*!" echoed he: "He was not a jovial, champagne-drinking fellow. He scarcely 'enjoyed' himself, as the phrase goes—seldom smiled, and was never merry. He had courage—generosity—intellect—and fifty other qualities which might be mentioned, were it worth while to enumerate them: and *yet*, he walked through life—a melancholy man. I do not know how it is," continued Sir Everard, with compressed lips, and speaking at intervals—"but we Stauntons—seem to have forsworn merriment, even before we could stammer out a jest. We are ourselves—a jest. Here am I—I have no one to accuse—nothing of which I may complain—nothing to dread—nothing to wish for. And *yet*—I have seen a beggar who could laugh more heartily, and a cripple with more buoyancy in his gait."

"You should have some pursuit, Sir Everard;" observed his companion, "some ——"

"Cousin!" interrupted the other fiercely, "I have tried every thing—every thing! Like those who are cursed with sterility, there is nothing that I have not done—no path that I have not traversed—no aid that I have not sought,—in vain! *My* way of life is barren—barren! Is it not strange—is it not *hard*, that we all, from sire to son, have come into this cold-hearted world, and grown upwards, with this cloud upon our mind, which neither travel, nor thought, nor toil, can dissipate?

It seems as though that terrible line of Dante, which was graven over Hell-gate,

'All Hope abandon—ye who enter here,'

hung for ever over *us;* following us from age to age, and from land to land. It has spread its influence over the proudest of our name. We are a careworn, hopeless, melancholy race, filled with dark doubts, and oppressed by strange imaginations. So it has been with my fathers; and so it must be with me—until I take my turn to go past the beech wood (which you saw this morning) to rest in our small mansion beyond—the mausoleum of all the Stauntons!"

"This is—wild; 'tis—" Edward hesitated.

"Out with the word, cousin," said Sir Everard—"Madness!—that is what you would say. But you are mistaken. We are free from *that* unhappy taint. We are of a gloomy temperament only, and—we cannot help it."

"Man may control his blood, Sir Everard," said his young companion, "and may do with himself almost whatever he desires."

"'*Man*,' cousin!" repeated Sir Everard. "Tush, tush! when you have toiled through three and forty years, you will find that man is no better than a weed. Half, at least, of what he shews depends upon the soil he grows in. This cloudy country, now, does not agree with *my* temperament; and hence I always droop. Nevertheless," added he, somewhat sadly, "one loves one's native land with a sort of natural superstition, which it is

not easy to get rid of. So, I shall take my chance even where I am. I shall live as long as—is convenient; and then I shall set off for the moon."

"I hope you will live long, my dear Sir Everard,—long and happily," said Edward Staunton, with a sincere emphasis,—"with silver hairs upon your head, and children flourishing about you."

The kindness which Sir Everard had shewn him during the day, and his unexpected generosity touching some pecuniary question, had had its effect on the young man. He spoke from his heart, and (as is then always the case), produced a sudden and evident effect upon his proud relative. Yet Sir Everard had been duped repeatedly in his time, had found relatives who were not friends, and seen friend after friend fail him; and he therefore scanned with a jealous eye, the open, ingenuous countenance before him. There was nothing concealed in it: all was fair, open, blushing and burning with the strong feeling which his cousin's despondency had excited. Sir Everard saw this, and spoke at last, with a gloomy but friendly smile.

"You almost deserve that I should take you at your word, my foolish cousin. Do you know, that by the will of that same Sir Edward, who looks upon you from the panel there, you are entitled to large estates, in case I die childless or without a will?"

"I have heard something of this, Sir; yet imperfectly," replied Edward; "it never, however, dwelt

for an instant on my memory. Besides,—Sir Everard Staunton will not do such an act of injustice, as to disinherit both his sister and his sister's son."

"What!" said Sir Everard, "do you mean Julia Fortescue? and Julia's child?—Sir," added he sternly, "she deceived her father first, and then she betrayed *me*. And her son—oh! he inherits his mother's nature; save that to the cunning of the fox, he has added the viper's venom. No more of them. By my father's soul, I swear to you, I will rather endow a hospital, or scatter my possessions upon the rabble, than waste them on those who are base and ungrateful. But—once more," added he, resuming his quiet manner, "let us speak no more of this. Tell me rather of yourself. What are *you* doing, my young cousin? and what do you intend to do?"

"I—I scarcely know," replied Edward, "the death of my father has thrown me suddenly on my own resources. Yet, I think he wished me to study law."

"And your wish?" inquired Sir Everard.

"My *wishes* lead me to the army," was the reply.

"'Tis a bad school," said the other, "in which a scarlet jacket and a clanking sword often stand a man in the stead of virtue,—knowledge,—modesty,—wit,—and all else that makes life tolerable to others, or becoming in itself. Nevertheless there is one good about it; you have your chance of being made immortal by the first bayonet or bullet that comes athwart you; and

then—adieu to hope, to anxiety, and fear, and all the ills, as our friend Shakspeare has it, 'which flesh is heir to.'"

"And have *you* felt so much of hope, or anxiety?" Edward ventured to inquire.

"Yes,—once," answered Sir Everard; "once, I confess: and now, as we have arrived at this point, I will condemn myself to relate something of my history to you. You are a Staunton, you know, and are bound to stand up for the honour of the family. So—when I am safe in my six feet home, and turned to dust and ashes, I shall leave you to fight as many battles as need may be, for the purity of my reputation. I have a touch of earth about me, you see, notwithstanding my philosophy."

"I wish from my heart, that I could say or do any thing to serve you, Sir Everard," said Edward Staunton.

"I am past service, my good boy," said the other sadly, "but I have a something to do, which shall be prefaced by my confession. Look at me! Why do you think I select *you*, of whom I know so little, for the confidant of my private history? You cannot guess! Well, I will help you. Did you not, some two months since, 'tis scarcely more—rescue a man who was beset by robbers?"

"Yes," said Edward, "I was, luckily, of use to a stranger one night, in London. He was coming from a house near St. James's Square——"

"He was coming from the gaming table, loaded with

money," interrupted the other: "he had won that night five thousand guineas from sharpers, and they wished for another transfer of their gold. To effect this, they bade him stand and deliver; and one of them struck him with his knife across the temple—just here," added he, and he thrust aside a cloud of dark hair, and shewed a huge cicatrice in evidence of his assertion; "in a word," said Sir Edward Staunton, "I was the man!"

"How! You?" said Edward, in astonishment—

"Even so," replied Sir Everard; "I promised, if you remember, that night, when I inquired your name, that you should hear further of me, and you have heard somewhat already. Now give me your attention. I am about to speak of a subject, which I shall have no opportunity to touch upon again. I am about to confess to you my weakness—my errors—in a word, to tell you, briefly, the story of my life. Listen!

——"I was born to great fortunes, and a noble name. I was an only child. My father was proud of me: my mother doated on me. *Why* this was I could never learn; certainly not for any qualities of my heart or head. It had its origin, I suppose, in that mysterious charm only which links the parent to the child, in spite of all human accidents—in spite of poverty, and sickness, and crime in the father—and of all kinds of faults and follies in the son."

"Well,—my mother (this kind mother) died. She was an accomplished lady,—almost faultless; one that,

in other times, might have stood as a pattern amongst women—like a Portia among wives,—amongst matrons, like a mother of the Gracchi. But she died; and her husband, naturally sad, fell into irrecoverable gloom. In the meantime, I sprang up into manhood. My father and I were the best friends in the world. We read together —shot—hunted—wandered about together. We were brothers in intimacy; without *his* losing the affection of a father, or *I* the respect of a child. He shared with me his thoughts—his inmost secrets—his fortune, to the uttermost farthing: and I did, what I could, to deserve them. I partook of his solitude, I tried, with all my strength, to dissipate his sadness. But all would not do. He left me, as my mother had left me before; and I became the wealthy Sir Everard Staunton.

"It was about this time, that (not content with other ills), I must needs—love. I loved,—God!" exclaimed he, with uncontrollable emotion, "how much,—how deeply,—how truly! I loved—an angel. I cannot call *her* a woman, who had not one of woman's thousand faults. From my soul, I believe she was as pure in thought, as lovely in her life, as the immaculate angels are. I will not talk of her beauty (yet she was surpassingly beautiful):—I cannot analyse her person, and spread out perfections before you, one by one, in petty Epicurean detail. She filled my *whole* heart. She possessed every thought—every fancy—for a time: and then, *she* also died, and left me to despair for ever!

Since she fled away (the dove who brought peace to my lonely life), I have never known joy or comfort. Yet I survived her—as the base body *will* live on, when the mind grows dark and perishes; for what purpose, except to sin and suffer, I know not. It is time," added he gloomily, "that this should end."

He now paused for a minute; and seemed contending with some internal passion, which cost him a struggle to vanquish. The muscles of his mouth were strongly agitated, and there was an evident tremor in his voice—a hesitation in his speech, as he proceeded.

"I have told you how first one, and then another, and then another was swept from the face of the world—in order that I might go down to my grave alone. Would that I had gone earlier! But it was not to be. I was to *live* as well as die alone. And I was to break out (once) from my solitude, and commit crimes, that to natural sadness have added undying remorse.

"I had one friend, who was (when I was a youth), like a brother to me. He was a German nobleman, and was called the Count Hardenstein. He had come to England to complete his education; and he had then (after some travel) returned home, and married a Spanish lady. This woman, the Countess Maria, was a Phryne—a Circe—a Calypso—or what you will. She had the talent of a man, with all the softness of her sex, and all the attractions of the most dazzling beauty. There was lightning in her eyes, music on her tongue, grace and

a voluptuous air in every motion, and—a devil in her heart. I cannot tell you how she tampered with me, nor how or wherefore I yielded to her passion. Observe, —I seek to extenuate nothing. I played the part of a villain. I forgot, in one moment, years and acts of friendship, and returned the caresses of a wanton, whom fifty lovers had wearied of before. How my friend could have lived for years thus blindly, in the wiles of an unprincipled woman, is still a mystery. Yet I believe that he *was* ignorant of her iniquities, until the eyes of a jealous rival turned his observation upon me.

"But why do I dwell upon all this! I sinned against my brother, and stood up to expose myself before his wrath, with a hearty wish that he might not aim in vain. We met, and, after his bullet had sung past my head, I fired my weapon in the air, and walked towards him to explain, and entreat his pardon. He struck me down—*me*, who had thought never to endure such ignominy from the hand of a created being: He struck me—spurned me on the ground—showered upon me opprobrious names —horrible maledictions—and then dared me to meet him upon that fresh quarrel. I was mad. I stood again —and again received his fire, which harmed me not. Then it was that I made a movement towards him (without discharging my pistol)—he mistook me, and seizing another weapon, was levelling it once more against me—when the impulse—I know not what—the love of self, that in such cases reasons not, and admits of no delibe-

ration, spurred my arm. I fired—and my friend lay, in a moment, dead at my feet! He was shot right through the heart. He did not utter a single cry, so suddenly did he perish; but lay on the bloody ground before me, paler than stone—with his eyes half open, *looking* reproaches that I deserved, and have never for one instant forgotten. Those ghastly, dying eyes haunt me *still*—at morn, and noon, and midnight—in my dreams and rambles; and the consciousness of crime has placed a load upon my life, that—come what will—I must now perforce shake off."

Edward was about to remonstrate.

"Speak not," said Sir Everard, hurriedly. "I have thought—and have determined. Some day or other I shall die—whether from sickness, or remorse, or fear (no, not fear)—whether from gradual decay or sudden murder, I know not. But—let us stop. I can talk no more at present. I cannot now detail the hundred minor ills that beset me, in every stage of my progress. I *could* tell how, from this calamity that I have recounted, a tale grew up, that I had assassinated the husband, as I had seduced the wife;—how I was shunned by friends (acquaintances), who would not take the trouble to investigate my story;—how I flew to gaming, and became the prey of sharpers;—and how I grew clear-sighted in that honest profession; and at last could overcome, by mere skill, the most ingenious frauds. But my narrative is finished, and I now wish to be alone. Go, therefore, into the adjoining

room for awhile, and leave me. I have some papers to prepare, which I must write alone. It is my wish—my desire, that—when I die—you will read, and not neglect them. Promise this!"

"I promise," replied Edward. "But"——

"Fear not," said the other. "Fear not:—'tis well; and I thank you." He took the young man's hand in his own, and grasped it cordially. "Now leave me," said he, "without more ado: you shall hear when I require your presence."

Edward left the room, in obedience to his friend's request, and proceeded into an adjoining apartment, where he found a small lamp burning (it was the closet adjoining Sir Everard's bed-room); and there, excited and wearied with the interview that we have endeavoured to relate, he sate down to rest his nerves, amidst the absolute stillness that prevailed.

There is nothing on earth more impressive than this dark and unbroken night silence. There is, indeed, something unutterably solemn in the tones wherein the sea and the mountains sometimes deign to speak. Even the wind which blows as it listeth, and the river which wanders at its will, have tongues and whispers, which are unaccountably awful to those who brood over their words. Yet we associate with these children of nature, perhaps, a feeling which belongs solely to ourselves, and mark in their several movements the reflection only of our own wonder and delight. Who ever listened to the brook

bubbling along the spring meadows, without attributing to it the cheerfulness which it infused into his mind? (Yet the torrent of winter bounds onwards with as much glee as the river of spring). And who ever hearkened to the sound of the earthquake, or the disturbed ocean, without impregnating it with qualities bred only in his own sensations, and attributing to it words and menaces written only on the page of his own disturbed heart? To all these things, tender or fearful as they may be, we affix the idea of *life*—of strength, or youth, gladness, or power. But for Silence—the solemn starry SILENCE—who wraps all the world at once, as with a pall, and who, though she speaks not and moves not, makes her awful way into the inmost recesses of the human heart—there is no similitude, no metaphor that links her to our being: or, if there be one, it is only that one which talks to us of a dim 'Hereafter;'—that Fear, which stands like a ghostly dream before our fancy,—the shadowy and immeasurable phantom of—*Death!*

It was somewhat thus that the current of Edward Staunton's thoughts ran, as he sate looking at the flickering of the little lamp before him; when suddenly—without any previous noise or note of preparation—a thundering explosion was heard in the adjoining room. It was as though several cases of fire-arms had been discharged at once. Edward started up, and in an instant—as soon, at least, as he could recover his recollection—tore open the library door, and beheld—Sir Everard

Staunton in his chair—utterly dead! His neck was bent, his head lying useless on his shoulder, while, from his broad fine temples, through which the blue veins once branched and wandered, came spouting out a stream of blood and gore. A bullet had penetrated his brain.

— What young Staunton did,—how he summoned the servants,—or whether they were roused by the noise that had occurred, we are not able to detail. Nor is it of any importance. It appeared, however, that the unfortunate man had written several letters—one of which was addressed to his servant Darford, and another to Edward Staunton—to '*Sir* Edward Staunton.' The youth was shocked at this first intimation of his title, and with difficulty deciphered his cousin's writing. It ran, however, thus :—

"Cousin,

"I leave you a large fortune and a noble name. Take care of both : and do—what *I* could never do—enjoy them!

"As far as I may, I confirm to you the estates which my father bequeathed to you, in case I should perish childless. While you are reading these my last words, *this* will already have happened. I leave no child—not even a friend, save yourself, behind me. And this is well : for I would cause regret to no one.

"Farewell, Sir Edward Staunton. If ever you think of the last who owned that ancient name, pity him—pray for him. He wished to live on and endure—but he *could not*. There was nothing for him, but madness or the

grave; and the last (he hoped!) would be at least a shelter. Pray for him, that it may be so. Pray from your heart. Farewell! E. S."

Edward fell on his knees, involuntarily, as he read this last record of Sir Everard Staunton. He prayed fervently, and "from his heart," that pardon might be awarded to the mistaken man—turned round, and saw that the servant (Darford) was weeping over the last testimony of his master's kindness—and himself burst into a passion of tears.——

Such is the account given by the late steward of the —— family, of the manner in which the estates passed into the hands of their possessor, in the year 1757. He added, that the gentleman, who is above designated as Edward Staunton, took possession of the property without opposition, and enjoyed it between thirty and forty years; at the expiration of which time he died. During her life, he allowed a substantial annuity to the sister of Sir Everard, and presented her son with a considerable sum of money; but he would hold no personal intercourse with either. It was never known what had induced Sir Everard Staunton to commit suicide so much more suddenly than he seemed originally to have contemplated. Probably, however, it was from some impulse of despair, which could not bear suspense, or its own weight any longer. That he actually did what we have detailed, is an undoubted fact: and, as all parties have died long since, there can be no impropriety in now making the story public.

GIL BLAS.

Don Raphael, embracing me in a transport of joy, said, "Signor Gil Blas, I will leave my sister to entertain you." So saying, he went out of the room, and I continued conversing with the Lady, who did not contradict by her discourse the soft glances she had thrown at me. She took hold of my hand, and, looking at my ring, said, "You have got a pretty diamond enough, but it is a very small one. Are you a connoiseur in stones?" When I answered in the negative. "I am sorry for it," said she; "for you might have told me what this is worth." With these words she shewed me a large ruby on her finger, and, while I examined it, added, "An uncle of mine, who was Governor of the Philippine Isles, made me a present of this ruby, which the jewellers here, in Valladolid, value at three hundred pistoles." "I believe it is well worth the money," said I, "for it is extremely beautiful." "Since you are pleased with it," she replied, "I will make an exchange with you:" and immediately she pulled off my ring and put her's on my little finger. Having made this exchange, Camilla squeezed my hand, and looked at me in the most languishing manner.

Gil Blas, Chap. XVI., B. 1.

WELCOME! welcome! thou, whose page
Charms alike both youth and age;
Which the all enraptured boy
Ponders o'er with eager joy;
Which to years mature supplies
Themes for musings light, or wise.
Every where, in every tongue,
Has thy noisy praise been sung;

More distant. You may see her grottos plain,
Shadowed amid the white cliffs. Doth she hear
At such an hour the mermaid's moonlight strain,
Or only the slow waves, that tinkle clear,
Far up the unknown aisles of the dim caverns drear?

III.

Full on the broad nave of the hoary pile,
Night's lucid Queen her splendours streaming throws:
'Mid the recesses of the shadowy aisle
They steal, and sleep in radiant repose.
Smiling, methinks the tottering ruin shews,
As if the gentle brightness might engage
The Genius of its walls, and bring to close
The warfare he with Time no more may wage,
In the calm silveriness of mild and cheerful age.

IV.

Fringing the haven's verge, scarce seems to move
The sea-sedge, with the gently rustling flow.
The beams are playing on the cliffs above;
The barks are anchored in the gloom below;
Where, o'er the cove, the rocks their shadows throw.
No sound is stirring in that peaceful bay;
As if it ne'er had known where, long ago,
Denmark's red sea-kings ploughed their bloody way,
And Rome's aggressive keels and brass-prowed gallies lay.

V.

In many an unremembered, noteless grave—
Far, far above—beneath the abbey high—
The monk who dared not—serf who could not save—
Defended and defenders, mingled lie,—
In one oblivion they were doomed to die.
O'er the blest walls the godless Northman swept;
And quenched at once the warrior's fiery eye,
And his of peace, who little less than slept,
As round the cloisters dim with noiseless foot he crept.

VI.

How many a varied sound, since first these walls
Arose in Gothic majesty, hath been:
The pealing organ, echoing through the halls,
The solemn chaunt and breathing Psalm between;
The pale Confessor listening whispered sin—
Low prayer—loud revelry—and stern command:—
Now all is hushed. Above yon hillocks green
Peace hath, at last, waved a compelling wand,
And cowled monks soundly sleep, 'mid Cromwell's iron band.

VII.

Yet once again—'mid the fantastic night—
Call up the high and gorgeous scenes of Eld,
When through the painted windows solemn light
Streamed, and the anthem's awful chorus swelled.

Far, on the deep, the mariner beheld
The red-cross brightly burn upon the wave;
And, while the felon gusts around him yelled,
The drowning wretch his latest gaspings gave
To call upon the Saint, who saw—yet would not save.

VIII.

Or when, perchance, on such an eve as this,
There, where the cliff becalms the gentle tide,
Whose rugged feet the hushed waves seem to kiss,
In the still night, the anchoring skiff would ride.
Oh! sweet to him whose home had been denied
Long, when upon his rapt and thrilling ear,
The low swell of the vesper hymn would glide,
Floating above the beautiful waters, clear,
And he would kneel and weep, drinking the accents dear.

IX.

Hast thou gone down, O Moon! into thy cave?
So all things bright and radiant must end—
The mist of night is resting on the wave,
And sea and sky into one dimness blend.
—Thou, who, perchance, at such an hour shalt wend
Hither, to meditate and muse like me,
And on these mouldering stones thy gaze shalt bend,
Then, on the unchangeable and solemn sea,
Say thou, how poor Time is—how deep Eternity!

SONG.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

I.

THERE's joy 'mid the green forest boughs at noon,
When the autumn breezes wave them,
There's joy on the shores 'neath the cloudless moon,
When the spring-tide billows lave them;
There's joy e'en in wintry wastes at even,
When our home lies bright before us;
But the sweetest of all is the blue summer heaven,
When morning is shining o'er us.

II.

Oh! give me a bower o'ershaded and lone,
To gaze on the calm summer weather;
A bower cool and fragrant, and sacred for one,
But sweeter when two are together.
There our hearts, that with sorrow too long have striven,
To our youth's bright dreams restore us,
Beneath the soft light of the blue summer heaven,
While morning is shining o'er us.

THE LITTLE BROOK AND THE STAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SOLITARY HOURS.'

Once upon a time—that's the true way of beginning a story, though I am not going to tell one about kings and queens, giants or fairies, talking birds, singing water, or little green dogs with one ear,—only about a little Brook and a Star. So you must know, that once upon a time, in the leafy covert of a wild, woody dingle, there lived (for it was indeed a thing of life), a certain little Brook that might have been the happiest creature in the world, if it had but known when it was well, and been content with the station assigned to it by an unerring Providence. But in that knowledge, and that content, consists the true secret of happiness, and the silly little Brook never found out the mystery until it was too late to profit by it.

I cannot say positively from what source the little Brook came, but it appeared to well out from beneath the hollow root of an old thorn; and collecting together its pellucid waters, so as to form a small pool within that knotty reservoir, it swelled imperceptibly over its irregu-

lar margin, and slipped away unheard—almost unseen, among massy stones and low entangling branches.

Never was emerald so green—never was velvet so soft, as the beautiful moss which encircled that tiny lake—and it was gemmed and embroidered too by all flowers that love the shade. "Pale primroses that die unmarried—violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, or Cytherea's breath." Anemonies, with their fair downcast heads, and starry clusters of Forget-me-not, less darkly, brightly blue, than if the sun had kissed their heavenly azure; but looking more lovingly with their pale, tender eyes, into the bosom of their native rill.

And there wanted not, upon that mossy brink, the broad magnificent leaves of the downy coltsfoot—nor the plumy sprays of the tree fern, and the glossy adder's-tongue, springing from the roots of that old thorn, and dipping down into the dark cool water.

The hawthorn's branches were interwoven above with those of a glorious holly; and a woodbine, climbing up the stem of one tree, flung across to the other its flexile arms; knotting together the mingled foliage, with its rich clusters and elegant festoons, like a fair sister, growing up under the guardianship of two beloved brothers, and by her endearing witchery drawing together in closer union their already united hearts.

Never was little brook so delightfully situated—so happily circumstanced! for its existence, though se-

cluded, was neither monotonous nor solitary. A thousand trifling incidents (trifling, but not uninteresting), were perpetually varying the scene; and innumerable living creatures, the gentlest and loveliest of the sylvan tribes, familiarly haunted its retreat.

Beautiful there was every season and its change!—In the year's fresh morning—in May, delicious May! or ripening June, if a light breeze but stirred in the hawthorn tops, down on the dimpling water came a shower of milky blossoms, loading the air with fragrance as they fell. And thickly scattered on the dewy moss lay the odorous tubes of the honeysuckle, flung carelessly away by the Elfin Hunters, as the last blast of the morte, wound through those small clarions, died away with unearthly sweetness down the moonlight glade.

Then came the squirrel, with his mirthful antics. Then (rustling through fern and brushwood) stole the timid hare—half startled, as she slaked her thirst at the still fountain, by the liquid reflection of her own large, lustrous eyes.

There was no lack of music round about. A song thrush had his domicile hard by; and even at night his mellow voice was heard, contending with a nightingale, in scarce unequal rivalry. And other vocalists innumerable awoke those woodland echoes. Sweetest of all, the low tremulous call of the ringdove floated at intervals through the shivering foliage, the very soul of sound and tenderness.

Beautiful there was every season and its change!—In winter the glossy green, and coral clusters of the holly, flung down their rich reflections on the little pool, then visited through the leafless thornboughs with a gleam of more perfect daylight; and a readbreast, which had built its nest and reared its young among the twisted roots of that old tree, still hovered about his summer bower, still quenched his thirst at the little Brook, still sought his food on its mossy banks; and tuning his small pipe when every feathered throat but his was mute, took up the eternal hymn of gratitude, which began with the birthday of Nature, and shall only cease with her expiring breath.

So every season brought but change of pleasantness to that happy little Brook. And happier still it was—or might have been, in one sweet and tender companionship, to which passing time and rivalling seasons brought no change.

True it was, no unintercepted sunshine ever glittered on its shaded waters;—but just above the spot where they were gathered into that fairy fount, a small opening in the over-arching foliage admitted by day a glimpse of the blue sky; and by night, the mild, pale ray of a bright fixed Star, which looked down into the stilly water, with such tender radiance as beams from the eyes we love best, when they rest upon us with an earnest gaze of serious tenderness.

For ever, and for ever when night came, the beautiful

Star still gazed upon its earth-born love, still trembled, reflected on its liquid bosom,—which seemed in truth, if a wandering air but skimmed its surface, to stir as if with life, in responsive intercourse with its bright visitant.

Oh, faithful Star! Oh, happy little Brook! Who would not say so, who knows what it is to be the *one thing* cared for—thought upon—looked upon—among all the bright and beautiful things of this earth? Some malicious whispers went abroad indeed, that the enamoured gaze of that radiant eye was not always exclusively fixed on the little Brook. That it had its oblique glances for other favourites. But, I take it, those rumours were altogether libellous. Mere rural gossip—scandalous tittle-tattle, got up between two old grey, mousing owls, who went prowling about, and prying into their neighbours' concerns, when they ought

> To have been in their beds at hame,
> Wi' their dear little bairnies.

However that may be—though I warrant the kind creatures were too conscientious to leave the little Brook in ignorance of their candid conjectures—it did not care one fig about the matter, utterly disregarding every syllable they said; which was generous and confiding, and high spirited, and acting just as one ought to act under such circumstances—and would have been highly creditable to the little Brook, if its light mode of dismissing the subject had not been partly owing to the engrossing influence of certain new-fangled notions and

desires, which in an unlucky hour had insinuated themselves into its hitherto untroubled bosom.

Alas!—that elementary, as well as human natures, should be liable to moral infirmity! But that they are, was strongly exemplified in the instance of our luckless little Brook. You must know, that notwithstanding that leafy recess, in which it was so snugly located, was to all *inward* appearance sequestered as in *the heart* of a vast forest,—in point of fact, it only skirted the edge of a wide plain, in one part of which, not distant from the wooded boundary, lay a fine sheet of water—a large pond—to which vast herds of kine and oxen came down to drink morning and evening, and wherein they might be seen standing motionless for hours together, during the sultry summer noon, when the waveless water, glowing like a fiery mirror under the meridian blaze, reflected with magical effect the huge forms and richly varied colouring of the congregated cattle, as well as those of a stately flock of milk-white geese, every one of which 'floated *as* double *goose* and shadow,' as ever did 'the swan on lone St. Mary's Lake.'

Now it so chanced, that from the nook we wot of, encircled as it was by leafy walls, there opened, precisely in the direction of the plain and the pond, a cunning little peep-hole, which must have been perforated by the demon of Mischief, and which no eye would ever have spied out, save that of a lynx, or an idle person. Alas! our little Brook *was* an idle person; she had nothing in

the world to do from morning to night, and that is the root of all evil—so—though she might have found useful occupation (every body can, if they seek it in right earnest), she spent her whole time in peering and prying about, till, one unlucky day, what should she hit upon but that identical peep-hole, through which, as through a telescope, she discovered with unspeakable amazement the great pond, all glowing with the noonday sun,—the herds of cattle, and the flocks of geese, so brilliantly redoubled on its broad mirror.

"My stars!" ejaculated the little Brook, (little thought she at that moment of the *one* faithful Star).—"My stars! what can all that be? It looks something like me, only a thousand times as big. What can be shining so upon it? And what can those great creatures be? Not hares, sure, though they have legs, and tails; but such tails! And those other white things that float about, they cannot be birds, for they have no legs, and yet they seem to have feathers and wings. What a life of ignorance have I led! Huddled up in this poor little dull place, visited only by a few mean humdrum creatures, and never suspecting that the world contained grander things, and finer company."

Till this unfortunate discovery, the little Brook had been well enough satisfied with her condition; contented with the society of the beautiful and gentle creatures who frequented her retreat, and with the tender admiration of her own 'bright unchanging Star.' But now

there was an end to all content, and *no end* to garrulous complaint, and restless curiosity. The latter she soon found means to satisfy; for the skylark brought her flaming accounts of the sun, at whose court he pretended to have *les pétites entrées*, and the water-wagtail, a fowl of very diplomatic genius, was dispatched to ascertain the precise nature of those other mysterious objects, so bewildering to the comprehensive faculties of the curious little Brook.

Back came the *chargé d'affaires*, mopping and moving and wagging his tail, with the most fantastic airs of conceited importance.

"Well! what is it?" quoth my lady Brook.

"Water, upon my veracity," quoth Master Wagtail, "a monstrous piece of water, five hundred thousand million times as big as your ladyship."

"And what makes it so bright and glowing, instead of my dull colour?" quoth my lady.

"The sun that shines full upon it," rejoins the envoy.

"Oh! that great glorious globe the skylark talks of. How delightful it must be to enjoy *his* notice! But what are those fine great creatures with legs, and those others with wings and no legs?"

"Oh! those are cows, and oxen, and geese; but you cannot possibly comprehend their natures, never having seen any thing bigger than a hare or wood-pigeon."

"How now, Master Malaped!" quoth my lady,

nettled to the quick at this impertinence of a jack in office; but her curiosity was not half satiated, so she was fain to gulph down her insulted dignity (proud people are the best swallowers in the world on some occasions), and went on questioning and cross questioning, till she was ready to bubble over with spite and envy, at Master Wagtail's marvellous relations. Poor thing! she was not up to traveller's stories, and had never heard of Sir John Mandeville.

Thence-forward, the little Brook perfectly loathed her own peaceful, unobstrusive lot. She would have shrank away had it been possible, from the poor innocent creatures who had so long enlivened her pleasant solitude. And worst of all—most unpardonable of all—she sickened at the sight of her own benignant Star, which continued to look down upon her as fondly and kindly as ever, still happily unconscious of her heartless estrangement.

Well, she went fretting and repining on from day to day, till dame Nature, fairly tired out with her wayward humour, resolved to punish her as she deserved, by granting her heart's desire.

One summer morning came two sturdy woodmen, armed with saws, axes, and bill-hooks; to work they went, lopping, hewing, clearing,—and before nightfall, there lay the little Brook, exposed to the broad canopy of heaven, revealed in all its littleness, and effectually relieved from the intrusion of those despised, insigni-

ficant creatures, which had been scared from their old familiar haunt by that day's ruthless execution.

"Well," quoth the little Brook, "*this* is something like life! What a fine world this is! A little chilly though, and I feel I don't know how, quite dazzled and confounded. But to-morrow, when that great red orb comes over-head again, I shall be warm and comfortable enough no doubt, and then, I dare say, some of those fine great creatures will come and visit me; and who knows, but I may grow as big as that great pond in time, now that I enjoy the same advantages."

Down went the sun, uprose the moon, outshone an innumerable host of sparkling orbs, and among them *that* 'bright particular Star' looked out, pre-eminent in stationary lustre.

Doubtless its pure and radiant eye dwelt with tender sorrow on the altered condition of its beloved little Brook. But that volatile and inconstant creature, quite intoxicated with her change of fortune, and with the fancied admiration of the twinkling myriads she beheld, danced and dimpled in the true spirit of flirtation with every glittering spark, till she was quite bewildered among the multitude of her adorers, and welcomed the grey hour of dawn, without having vouchsafed so much as one glance of recognition at her old, unalienated friend.

Down went the moon and stars, uprose the sun, and higher and higher he mounted in the cloudless heaven, and keener waxed the impatience of the ambitious little

Brook. Never did court-beauty so eagerly anticipate her first presentation to the eye of majesty! And at last arrived the hour of fruition. Right over-head careered the radiant orb! down darted his fervid, fiery beams, down vertically upon the centre of the little Brook; penetrating through its shallow waters, to the very pebbles beneath.

At first it was so awed and agitated, and overpowered by the condescending notice of majesty, fancying (as small folks are apt to fancy), that it had attracted peculiar observation,—that it was hardly sensible of the unusual degree of warmth which began to pervade its elementary system; but presently, when the fermentation of its wits had a little subsided, it began to wonder how much hotter it should grow, still assuring itself, that the sensation, though very novel, was exceedingly delightful.

But at length, such an accession of fever came on, that the self-delusion was no longer practicable, and it began to hiss and wiz, as if set over a great furnace; indeed its pebbly basin was pretty nearly red hot. Oh, what would the little Brook have given now, for only one bough of the holly or the hawthorn, to intercept those intolerable rays! or for the gentle winnowing of the blackbird's wing, or even of the poor robin's, to fan its glowing bosom. But those protecting boughs lay scattered around, those small, shy creatures had sought out a distant refuge, and my lady Brook had nothing left for it but to endure what she could not

alter. "And after all," quoth she, "its only for a little while; bye and bye, when his majesty only looks sideways at me, I shall be less overcome with his royal favour, and in time, no doubt, be able to sustain his full gaze, without any of these unbecoming flutters, all owing to my rustic education, and the confined life I have hitherto led."

Well, "his majesty" withdrew westward as usual, and my lady Brook began to subside into a comfortable degree of temperature, and to gaze about her again with restored complacency. What was her exultation, when she beheld the whole train of geese waddling towards her from the great pond: taking that new way homewards out of sheer curiosity I suppose; for, your goose is oftentimes an exceedingly curious bird, though not remarkable for acute observation.

As the goodly company drew nearer and nearer, our Brook admired the stateliness of their carriage, and persuaded herself it was eminently graceful, "for undoubtedly they are persons of distinguished rank," quoth she; "and how much finer voices they must have than those little vulgar fowls, whose eternal twittering used to make me so nervous."

Just then, the whole flock set up such a gabbling and screeching as they passed close by, that the little Brook well nigh leapt out of her reservoir with horror and amazement; and to complete her consternation, one fat old dowager goose, straggling awkwardly out of the line

of march, plumpt right down into the middle of the pool, flouncing and floundering about at a terrible rate, filling its whole circumference with her ungainly person, and scrambling out again with an unfeeling precipitation, which cruelly disordered the unhappy victim of her barbarous outrage.

Hardly were they out of sight, those awful and unmannerly creatures,—hardly had the poor little Brook begun to breathe, after that terrible visitation, when all her powers of self-possession were called for, by the abrupt approach of another and more prodigious personage. A huge ox, goaded by the intolerable stinging of a gad-fly, broke away from his fellows of the herd and from his cool station in the great pond, and came galloping down in his blind agony, lashing the air with his tail, and making the vale echo with his furious bellowing. To the woods just beyond the new-cleared spot he took his frantic course, and the little Brook lying in his way, he splashed into it and out of it without ceremony, or probably so much as heeding the hapless object subjected to his ruffian treatment.

That *one* splash pretty nearly annihilated the miserable little Brook.

The huge forehoofs forced themselves into its mossy bank. The hind ones, with a single extricating plunge, pounded bank and Brook together into a muddy hole; and the tail, with one insolent whisk, spattered half the conglomerated mass of black defilement over the surrounding herbage.

And now what was wanting to complete the ruin and degradation of the unhappy little Brook? A thick black puddle was all that remained of the once pellucid pool, from which, in its altered state, not the meanest creature that crawled or flew, would have condescended to quench its thirst, which defiled instead of refreshing the adjacent verdure, and was become utterly incapable of reflecting any earthly or heavenly object.

Poor little Brook! if it had erred greatly, was it not greatly humbled? Methinks we begin to take compassion on it. Who would insult the fallen?

Night came again. 'How beautiful is night!' But darkness was on the face of the unhappy Brook, and well for it that it was total darkness; for in that state of conscious degradation, how could it have sustained the searching gaze of its pure forsaken Star?

Long, dark and companionless was that first night of misery; and when morning dawned, though the turbid water had regained a degree of transparency, it had shrunk away to a tenth part of its former 'fair proportion;' so much had it lost by evaporation, in that fierce solar alembic—so much from absorption, in the loosened and choaking soil of its once firm and beautiful margin; and so much by dispersion, from the wasteful havoc of its destructive invaders.

Again the great sun looked down upon it—again the vertical beams drank fiercely of its shrunken water; and when evening came, no more remained of the poor little

Brook, than just so many drops as filled the hollow of one of those large pebbles which had paved its unsullied basin, in the day of its brightness and beauty.

But never in the season of its brightest plenitude was the water of the little Brook so clear—so perfectly clear and pure, as that last portion, which lay like a liquid gem in the small concave of the polished stone.

It had been filtered from every grosser particle—refined by rough discipline—purified by adversity—even from those lees of vanity and light-mindedness, which had adulterated its sparkling waters in their prosperous state.

Just as the last sunbeam was withdrawing its amber light from that small pool, the old familiar robin hopped on the edge of the hollow pebble, and dipping his beak once and again in the diminished fount which had slaked his thirst so often and so long, dropt his russet wings with a slight quivering motion, and broke forth into a short, sweet gust of parting song, before he winged his way for ever from his expiring benefactress.

Twilight had melted into night—dark night—for neither moon nor stars were visible through the thick clouds that canopied the earth. In darkness and silence lay the little Brook ; forgotten, it should seem, even by its benignant Star, as though its last drop were exhaled into nothingness—its languishing existence already struck out of the list of created things.

Time *had* been, when such apparent neglect would have excited its highest indignation—but time *now* was,

that it submitted humbly and resignedly to the deserved infliction. And after a little while, looking fixedly upwards, it almost fancied that the *form*, if not the radiance of the beloved Star, was faintly perceptible through the intervening darkness. The little Brook was not deceived: cloud after cloud rolled away from the central Heaven, till at last the unchanging Star was plainly discernible through the fleecy vapour which yet obscured its perfect lustre. But through that silvery veil, the beautiful Star looked down intently on its repentant love; and there was more of tenderness, of pity and reconciliation, in that dim, trembling gaze, than if the pure heavenly dweller had shone out in perfect brightness on the frail, humbled creature below. Just then a few large drops fell heavily from the disparting cloud, and one, trembling for a moment with starry light, fell like a forgiving tear, into the bosom of the little pool.

Long—long and undisturbed (for no other eye looked out from Heaven that night) was the last mysterious communion of the reconciled friends. No doubt that voiceless intercourse was yet eloquent of hope and futurity; for though all that remained of the poor little Brook was sure to be exhausted by the next day's fiery trial, it would but change its visible form to become an imperishable essence: and who can tell whether the elementary nature, so purged from earthly impurities, may not have been received up into the sphere of its heavenly friend, and indissolubly united with the celestial substance.

TEMPTATION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

Cease, Tempter, cease! I would not live
The scorned of earth, the loathed of heaven,
For all that Cæsar's hand hath given,
For all that Rome could give.
Since, how could pomp and power and pride
Avail to banish from mine eye
The Cross for which I vowed to die—
The Cross I had denied;—
Or teach me, though my limbs be free,
To bear the spirit's slavery?—

II.

Yet to mine eye, mid darkness dim,
How welcome were the light of heaven!
How sweet to feel the chains were riven
That bind each aching limb!
How sweet, unshackled all and free
To feel once more the light breeze blow;

To gaze around, above, below,
On earth, and sky, and sea!
O, pomp and pride are nought to me;
But my soul yearns for liberty!

III.

And wilt thou give the summer gale
A moment through my cell to play—
And wilt thou give the summer ray
That gilds my native vale,
To glad me with its vernal beam—
And dost thou this in mercy?—No.
I see the guile that lurks below;—
And vainly dost thou dream
That I would quit my hopes on high,
And barter heaven for liberty.

IV.

Cease then! my heart is changeless still;—
Though chains awhile my limbs control,
Mine is the freedom of the soul,
And mine the' unconquered will;
And thou art more a slave than I.—
I can but bear a despot's yoke,
Till death shall rend with welcome shock,
The spirit's earthly tie.
Then, false one! then, when I am free
Begins thine endless slavery!

THE DREAM OF PETICIUS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

Still lay the vessel like a sleeping thing;
The calm waves with a quiet ripple died;
The lazy breeze seemed all too faint to bring
The cry of sea-birds dipping in the tide;
The flagging streamer droopingly did cling
Unto the mast. The unruffled ocean wide
Lay like a mirror, in whose depth were seen
Each sunlit peak, and woody headland green.

II.

More than a league they had not sailed that day;
Yet on the coast was seen each sleeping hill;
And islands, that at noon before them lay,
In the calm evening lay before them still.
The wearied seamen sped the time away
With snatches of blithe song or whistle shrill;
And in a group apart, the people told
Wild tales, and dreams, and dark traditions old.

III.

The captain was a thoughtful man, whose prime
Had been in foreign lands and voyage spent;
Who brought back marvellous history from each clime,
And found adventure wheresoe'er he went.
And, as such men are wont in idle time,
He from his life drew pleasant incident;
Then, as if woke to thought, began to say
What a strange dream he had ere break of day.

IV.

"'Twas while our vessel scudding to the breeze,
Fled, like a strong bird, from yon pleasant shore,
My dream was of these bright and stirless seas,
The flagging canvass, and the useless oar;
I saw, as now I see, in slumbrous ease
Green Pelion's head, and those dim mountains hoar
Resting afar; I saw yon glancing bird;
And the low rippling of these waves I heard.

V.

"While then I stood, as even now I stand,
My eye upon the stilly ocean bent,
I saw a boat push quickly from the land,
And eager rowers with a firm intent
Make towards the ship. Within, a little band
Sate in mute sadness, as by travel spent;
And 'mid them one, superior to the rest,
Pale, as his soul by heavier thought was prest.

VI.

" They neared,—and marvelling yet more and more,
I saw 'twas Pompey; not as I beheld
Him in the senate, when he stood before
Fierce Sylla, and with taunts his wrath repelled,
Till the Dictator quaked; or when he bore
In triumph trophies from ten nations quelled,
Ardent and bold, whom myriads as he went
Hailed as immortal and magnificent.

VII.

" Not now as then—pale, thoughtful, ill at rest,
His fate seemed warring with his mighty will;
His hand on his contracted brow was prest,
As it the force of throbbing thought could still;
Anon he wrapped his mantle o'er his breast
With a calm hand, as nerved for coming ill,
Then with a calm, majestic air arose,
And claimed protection from his following foes."

VIII.

Even while some pondering sate with thoughtful air,
And some made merry with so strange a tale,
All eyes were turned in sudden wonder where
White o'er the waters gleamed a little sail;—
On through the calm the striving pinnace bare;—
Then sorrow woke, and firmest brows grew pale,
For worn and wearied, Pompey they behold,
Even as that prophetic dream foretold.

IX.

From the disastrous field of Pharsaly
He fled—his star of fate was in the wane;
He had lived a life of victory to see
In one brief hour his veteran legions slain;—
But yesterday—the world's proud lord was he,
To-day—a fugitive upon the main;—
Like a fair tree by sudden blight defaced,
Blasted and withering in the desert waste.

X.

The sea for him by that dead calm was bound,
For now a strong wind filled the swelling sail,
And shook the cordage with a rattling sound;
Forward the pennon floated on the gale,
And the dark living waters heaved around;
No more the islands to the right they hail,
Green Pelion's woody crown no more was seen;
But the ship voyaged free to Mitylene.

THE FORSAKEN NEST.

I.

Parents and nestlings, are ye flown?
Here is your bed of moss and down,
  Fall'n from its lofty bough.
Here ye first saw the light;
Here tried your earliest flight.
  Where are ye now?

II.

The spring still decks your native tree,
Its branches wave as light and free
  As when they rocked your nest:
What has the world to give,
That here ye cannot live,
  And still be blest?

III.

The air is fresh with sun and showers,
The insects sport, and dewy flowers
  Here lavish all their bloom:

What new desires awake,
That ye must thus forsake
Your early home?

IV.

And could ye quit the parent wing,
And rashly on the breeze upspring,
A gayer scene to find;
And leave your peaceful nest,
With all its peace and rest,
So far behind?

V.

And what has been your various fate?—
One may have found a home, a mate,
And groves as sweet as this;
And one, perchance, may mourn
Days that shall ne'er return;—
Young days of bliss.

VI.

One to the hawk has fall'n a prey;
One, captive, pours his plaintive lay,
When hope and joy are gone.
One seeks a foreign shore,
And thence returns no more;
But dies alone.

VII.

So human families must part;
And many a worn and aching heart
  Pine for its early home:
Its cheerful hearth and board,
And all its precious hoard
  Of hopes in bloom.

VIII.

And some may smile, while others weep;
But still one precious hope they keep,
  Amid life's changing years;—
To pass through joy and pain,
And mingle once again
  Their smiles and tears.

M.

THE BEE AND THE FLY.

A Fable: dedicated to the Countess Spencer.

BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

'Twas at the sultry hour of noon,
The very hottest day in June,
A Fly, who sate upon a peach,
Felt much inclined to make a speech.

He was a highly-gifted Fly,
With polished wings and killing eye,
And would disdain to buz and bore
Like C—— and H—— and twenty more.
Whilst thus he basked in scornful ease,
He saw a Bee among the peas,
Filling his arms and thighs with honey,
As Rothschild fills his bags with money.
Fly marked the insect as he toiled;
"My poor friend Hum, you'll sure be broil'd,"
Politely sneering he began,—
"This is a day when bee and man
Should leave alike their painful task,
And be content to burn and bask.

You fret all day to carry home
A little wax to build your comb,
Whilst I, who love the sweet *far niente,*
Enjoy myself in peace and plenty.
Here sit I basking in the sun,
Until I'm roasted, over-done ;
And then, retiring to the shade,
Flirt with some microscopic maid :
Or when I'm hungry, here at hand
Lies all the fatness of the land.
Then pray, friend Hum, leave off your labour,
And be a more amusing neighbour ;
With Mister Wasp and Mistress Grubber,
We'll see if we can make a rubber."

The Bee heard well the whole discourse,
But thinking it had no great force,
Or wishing time and toil to save,
Continued silently to slave.

Beneath the Fly there lay exposed,
With luscious lip and mouth unclosed,
A phial, full of sweets—a bribe,
Fatal to flies and all their tribe,
He, as an alderman will stoop
To his first plate of turtle-soup,
Bent down with his elastic trunk,
Which soon in sugary ocean sunk ;—

At length, well-gorged with luscious drink,
He sought again to reach the brink;
But lo! his legs had lost their spring,—
The nectarous gum weighs down his wing;
His limbs, all glued, together cling;
He flounders, pauses, labours, tires,
Sinks deep—sinks deeper—and expires.

'Twas then the Bee, with look sedate,
Spoke like a judge upon his fate:
"Poor fluttering thing! such is the measure
Dealt out to those who live for pleasure!
Awhile in Fortune's sun they bask,
And pity labour's humble task;
But brief their joy: too soon elated,
Too quickly pleased, too quickly sated;
When gorged with joys, or wise with age,
They seek their limbs to disengage,
Indulgence weakens all their powers;
In useless struggles pass the hours;
They waste in premature decay,
And unregretted pass away.
While we who still pursue the cause
Of nature's bidding, virtue's laws,
When we have worked from morn to night,
Review past moments with delight;
Health nerves our limbs, and sweetens rest,
And all our pleasures keep their zest!"

Painted by W. Shaw, A.R.A.

Engraved by J. Romney

THE STOLEN KISS.

THE STOLEN KISS:

A Dramatic Scene.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

Persons—LEWIS. AGNES.

SCENE.

The interior of a Scottish cottage in a summer afternoon.

AGNES.

[*Waking with a start from a deep slumber—a spinning wheel before her*].

So! Mother, didst thou call? did I not hear
A voice, a step? sure I have slept! methought
That Lewis, too, was here—'Tis but a dream,
One of those visions which possess the sense
Like firm realities. A baseless dream!
This sultry summer air, and westering sun
Hotter than noontide, which lulls into rest
Light whirring insects and gay chirping birds,

Joined to the drowsy motion of the wheel,
Monotonous instrument of quiet toil,
Rocked me to slumber like a cradled babe.
Now to my work again! mother will chide
To find the flax unspun. Now to my work!

[*In seating herself again at her wheel, she glances on the flower-pot in the window*].

Ah, me! some one hath plucked from out the jar
My roses, my twin roses! the moss bud
Intensely fragrant, and that whitest rose
And purest which unfolds its spotless breast
Like the queen lily to the sun. What foot
Hath stolen to this lone chamber? What bold hand
Hath stretched across me as I slept? So only
The roses could be won. Not my dear mother,
She had aroused the sleeper. Charles, perchance,
My unthrift brother?—Nay, that merry boy
Had ne'er restrained the loud and frequent gush
Of laughter, which springs up from his light heart
Like music from the thrush. Young Lewis?—No!
Oh, no! Not Lewis! How could he win here
Despite the guardian eye of my so fond
Yet watchful mother? No. And wherefore come
When I have been as strange as though——No! No!
Not Lewis! Yet last night he somewhat spake
Of a rich kinsman, whose next heir he was,
And how he bade him woo, and wished him wed;—

And then—but I was coy, was very coy—
And yet methought even now,—but 'twas a dream;
A silly dream! A false bewildering dream!
I'll to my sober toil, and chase these visions.

[*She sits to the wheel, and sings*].

I.

Turn, busy wheel; turn, busy wheel,
And pile upon the circling reel
A thread as fine and free,
As that the insect artist weaves
In autumn-mornings, 'midst the leaves
Of yon old apple tree,
The moss-grown apple tree,
The dewy, filmy apple tree.

II.

Turn, busy wheel, turn swiftly round
And blend with my wild song thy sound
Of peaceful industry;
Such sound as loads the summer breeze,
When gathering their sweet store, the bees
Crowd yon broad linden tree,
The bright green linden tree,
The flowery, shadowy linden tree.

AGNES.

Ha! art thou there? My mother
Will hear the manly tread, the clink of arms,
And deem that I—

LEWIS.

Sweet Agnes—

AGNES.

Hush! She'll know
That voice of thine. Speak softly man,—or rather,
Depart at once. If she should hear—

LEWIS.

What then?

AGNES.

She'll chide.

LEWIS.

And wherefore, sweet? I come
On no ill errand. What should make her wroth?

AGNES.

I know not; but depart. Thou knowest well
Young gallants come not hither. Wend thy way,
Good Lewis! Force me not in mine own house
To seem uncivil. Go! She hath full oft
Forbidden—and she is right. Away! Thou know'st
That she will chide.

LEWIS.

Not now. I've seen her, Agnes;
My wealthy kinsman, he hath seen her too;
And she consents; and thou art mine.

AGNES.

Indeed!
Thou art confident, methinks. How know'st thou, sir,
That I am thine? Say that my mother yield
Her scruples to thy kinsman's gold, what pledge
Have I e'er given?

LEWIS.

Thou hast been coyer, Agnes,
Than the high dames of old romance, who held
Their hearts a ten years' siege; hast shrunk away
Even from my touch; hast shunned my speech, hast turned
With sweet confusion from my ardent gaze;
Yet all unwittingly of thee I hold
A sacred pledge.—See here!

[*producing two roses from his bosom*].

AGNES.

My roses! Well?

LEWIS.

The very flowers of love!

AGNES.

The flowers of love!
Why thou thyself art wild and fanciful
As ever Paladin or Dame of old,
To deem that a free maiden may be won
Even in the stealing of a flower. Fie! fie!
I deemed thee wiser.

LEWIS.

Listen, maiden mine!
Turn not away, but listen. Dost remember
Last Lammas tide, when midst a merry group
At Donald Graham's the forfeit game went round,
And thou hadst pledged thy silver brooch; the bright

And massive silver brooch, that Isabel,
Who cried the forfeits then, the frank and blunt
Dame Isabel, proclaimed that whoso owned
The trinket in her hand should bide a kiss
From James of Kinloch? Dost remember?

AGNES.

Yes—
No—yes—I dimly do remember me
Of what thou tell'st.

LEWIS.

Well, and the forfeit drawn
Was thine, the silver brooch. Dost thou remember?

AGNES.

I do.

LEWIS.

And thou didst straightway rise,
And with the frown of outraged modesty
Bending thy virgin brow, a frown that lent
New nobleness to beauty, bade her keep
The bauble, and walked forth. Deridingly
Isabel laughed, and Kinloch loudly urged
His precious privilege; till thou didst pause,
Waving them from thee with such awful charm,
Yet gentle, as in that old Masque divine
The lady who defied his ribald crew
And vanquished Comus. Then—forget not this,
Beseech thee, sweetest!—thou didst strongly vow
Who touched thy lip, might claim thy hand (so sacred

Seemed that mute pledge to thy young purity),
And calmly turned thee homeward, unpursued
By aught save fond respect. Hast thou forgotten?

AGNES.

No. But the roses?

LEWIS.

Well! To-day I came
With my kind kinsman to thy house. My Agnes,
Thou hast been coy—but so far only coy
As maids may seem who love; I found a hope
Even in thy shyness, sweet! and when thy mother
To our frank proffer, yielded frank consent,
I flew to seek thee.

AGNES.

Well?

LEWIS.

And found thee here
Asleep; thy fair head, all for heat declined
Toward one fair shoulder; thy small pretty feet
Resting upon the silent wheel; the thread
Listlessly hanging from thy listless hands;
And over all such softness, such repose,
Such innocence, such beauty! In the casement
A jar of freshest flowers mixed their sweet breath
With one far sweeter,—and I leant behind thee,
And stole—

AGNES.

The roses!

LEWIS.

Aye; but not alone
The roses. Tush! that was an after thought,—
A token. From those rosy lips I stole
A balmy—dost thou doubt me, Agnes? Say,
Shall I repeat the theft, and shew thee—

AGNES.

No!
No, no.

LEWIS.

Well then, thou dost confess the pledge
Is won?

AGNES.

Aye, aye.

LEWIS.

And thou dost not repent thee
Of that same forfeit play? Thou dost not wish
The words unsaid?

AGNES.

No.

LEWIS.

Nor these token-flowers
Unstolen?

AGNES.

No, no.

LEWIS.

Now blessings on thee, love!
My frank and noble love! And triple blessings
On that sweet theft of mine!

THE PNEUMATOLOGIST.

——————Unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to' unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.
Il Penseroso.

The year was now on the wane, and the gorgeous tints of summer were mellowing into the less obtrusive hues of autumn. The foliage, so lately of a fresh, glossy emerald green, now partook of a tinge of the sallow; and the sky, which for a long period had remained of a pure, unstained Ausonian blue, became regularly clouded, as the sun neared his western declension; at which time also, a chill wind arose, attended with those marshy exhalations, so noted throughout the Campagna, as the pestilent source of the malaria. Nature was as yet, however, only half rifled of her sweets; for, in the delightful land of Italy, the natural spirit of life breathes with freedom and health. The vineyards groaned beneath their gushing and purpled clusters;—the fruitage hung in ripeness throughout orchard and garden;—and the flowers of the latter blossomed in all their rich and beautiful varieties.

As if on purpose to disappoint the studious Pietro Giannone of his accustomed and favorite sunset walk, the dews descended almost in a shower; and every thing without doors looked so cheerless and uncomfortable, that he found himself compelled to occupy his twilight breathing time from research, by seating himself beside a window that overlooked one of the principal thoroughfares of the city of Pavia, and surveying the motley groups that were passing to and fro on the pavé. Here some noble Dama whirled along in her chariot to an evening coterie; and there a brawny porter bent under his Herculean load. In one corner stood a patient girl, waiting her turn for a pitcher of water from the public fountain; and, in another, a knot of noisy urchins had congregated for sportive pastime.

As twilight deepened, the crowd were thrown into greater obscurity; but the occasional lighting up of the warehouses of the different merchants cast a transient gleam over the faces and garments of such as chanced to cross the openings. One after another, in rapid succession, the street-lamps sparkled brilliantly, displaying in a long vista, down the squares and alleys, a far-off line of lights, gradually losing themselves in the distant haziness of night. The fruiterers had removed their linen-covered stalls; and, as the gathering stars began to glitter from on high, the bustle and the business of day gradually subsided into the quiet of evening.

As Pietro sat musing, his mind naturally reverted to the

theme of his philosophical researches; and they had that day lain among the intricacies of metaphysical speculation. He had turned from one philosopher to another. He had read, and re-read, only to find doubt and perplexity. All was a labyrinth of intricacy—a chaos of contradiction—a maze of obscurity—a sea without a shore!

One result, and one only, was obvious to him,—and that was the vigorous and unwearied aspiration of the soul after Truth,—the deep interest of the mind in the knowledge of its own hidden nature and destiny. At the same time, he felt chagrined at the miserably narrow and circumscribed view which our human faculties allow us to take of the subject.

Instead of a solution of those doubts, on account of which he had assiduously pored over the folios of a host of ethical sophists, he had ended in greater perplexity than he had set out; for, what at first seemed only difficult and tangled, now appeared 'a maze without a plan;' and his attention, fatigued with grasping at illusive theories, had sunk down into that state of dreamy listlessness which so uniformly follows over-excitement. He did not allow his acquiescence in the noble belief of Socrates, or the profound speculations of Plato, concerning the soul's perpetuity, to be disturbed by the cold, hesitating calculations of the Stagyrite, or the apathetic scepticism of Lucretius and Pliny. From the profane he had turned altogether to the Sacred writings,—from

the efforts of unassisted reason, to the illuminated pages of revelation; and he found that Scripture made that as clear as noonday, which had formerly been seen, 'but as through a glass darkly.'

One point of his restless research, however, yet remained unexplained; and he had vainly puzzled himself with the curious, but somewhat idle doctrines concerning the intermediate state of the soul.

Deeply aware of their unsatisfactory tendency, he had scarcely power to prevent his mind from indulging in those mystical trains of thought which had bewildered the Pneumatologists of the middle ages. However, though the reveries of Cardan, Psellus, Sprenger, and Iamblicus, were enough to dazzle and mislead the imaginations of romantic enthusiasts, they were insufficient to satisfy the judgment of one, so discriminating and logical as Pietro; and though the Gnostics of early Christian times, following Plato, had attempted to classify the different orders of angelic beings, and had thus, to their own satisfaction, formed a hierarchy of beatified spirits, according to their own whimsical superstitions, our inquirer after truth but too plainly saw, not only that their structure was raised on idle conjecture, but was in many respects repugnant to sound reason and common sense.

"Yet," thought he, "it is a curious fact, corroborated by the traditions of all nations, and by all historians, however discordant, that a belief in disembodied spirits

having power ‘ to revisit the glimpses of the moon,’ and reveal themselves to earthly survivors, universally prevails. It is a matter of record, alike in the Talmud of the Jews—the Iliad of the Greeks—the Æneid of the Romans—and the Edda of the Scandinavians. Can such a point of belief, seemingly co-extensive with the dispersion of the human race, be other than an inherent principle in our nature?”

Vividly did the recollection of that period awaken to memory, when some years before, he had pursued the same speculations, in conjunction with his friend Vasco Cellini; and many deep feelings, interwoven with that remembrance, now obtruded themselves. Both were convinced that the soul was an immortal and imperishable essence, embodied for a season in a human and perishable frame; yet, where goes it on its immediate separation from the body? Lies it dormant for ages in the cold grave? Does death absolve all its ties to earth? Is there an intermediate state between the confines of time and eternity? On some points of faith there existed a difference of belief between the two friends, and this, even in essentials. Truth is no Janus, it looks but one way; and mentally convinced as either was, how were they, between them, to elicit conviction?

Their lodgings having been in the same street, they had been accustomed to enjoy each other's company in unceremonious evening visits, at which they talked over the subjects of their daily researches together. Once, it

so chanced, that after much unavailing speculation on the subject alluded to, a colloquy to the following effect took place:

"This subject, my dear Vasco, is not to be unravelled; for, how can we draw sound conclusions from a topic, which is at best conjectural?"

"True," answered Vasco, "but it is not less on that account a subject of deep interest, and worthy of all the investigation, that our limited powers enable us to bestow upon it. I would sacrifice one half of my paternal inheritance, for a solution of my doubts."

Pietro, who was perambulating the apartment with measured steps, stopped short opposite one of the windows; and, having drawn aside the hangings, exclaimed—"How brightly yon myriads of stars sparkle in the dark blue firmament! The idea may be foolish, but it has often struck me, that the soul may be transferred from one of those bodies to another, in long succession; continually in its progressive course, becoming more and more purified from the stains of its terrestrial pilgrimage; throwing off its accquired infirmities; and approximating to the nature of a pure and blessed spirit."

"The idea," replied his companion, "is as novel, as it is orthodox: but proof—proof—proof, Pietro. We toss as before in a sea of idle conjecture. Where is our assurance of such things? Hypothesis—suggestion—probability—are not certainty."

"True, my friend, such things are but idle fashionings out of the inquiring and unsatisfied spirit,—whims of excursive fancy, supported neither by revelation, nor logical deduction. These things lie 'within the vail,' and are shut out from the explorations of human intellect. Imagination may hover around; but, like Noah's dove, it brings no token of assurance. Provided, however, it be not a warring against the fixed laws of nature, one of us may at least be made aware of the truth, even before leaving this sublunary stage. Do you attend to me?"

"I am all attention——Proceed."

"Well, then, my suggestion is this. Let which ever of us die first, return, in spirit, for the immediate information of the survivor."

"Agreed, with all my heart;" said Vasco, proffering his hand, which was cordially grasped by his friend:—"But how know we that such things are allowed?"

"At all events," returned Pietro, "one of us shall learn as much by the issue, in the accomplishment, or the non-fulfilment of this paction. If a disembodied soul may return to earth, and reveal the mystery, we are individually bound so to do."—

Pietro, sitting with his listless gaze fixed on the flickering fire, felt this conversation repass through his mind, with a vivid distinctness. Perhaps the same intensely renewed perception of the intangible nature of the

subject, which had occupied his mind on that memorable evening, by awakening trains of association, had now brought to recollection the ideas connected with such an unsatisfactory speculation more acutely.

As Pietro laid him down to rest, the clock struck eleven. The night was calm; the city silent; and starry darkness reigned over the wide, silent, serene hemisphere. Contrary to his wonted habit, his sleep was dreamy, disturbed, and unrefreshing. The dim pageantries of by-past years flitted before his mind's eye in feverish and gloomy succession, and mixing up with the heavy lethargic, leaden coinage of the brain, melted away in dim, shadowy indistinctness. In vain, turning from side to side, he courted the refreshing repose which eluded him. Still phantasmagorial crowds awaited the closing of his eyelids; and a mystical perplexity haunted his thoughts.

In this uncomfortable, dissatisfied state, he determined to shake off altogether the disposition to slumber; and, leaving his couch, he put on his morning robe,—lighted his taper,—and sat down, in the silence of the breathless night, to pursue his metaphysical speculations. Hour lapsed away after hour, till at length the grey dawn began to glimmer in at the casement.

The earliest morning was clouded, but silent; so that the twitter of the swallows, which harboured beneath the eaves, was distinctly audible. Opposite were some tall poplars whose summits stood motionless. From the thickness of

the air, it was evident that a heavy dew was falling:—the silence felt almost unearthly:—and sorely did Pietro miss his favorite blackbird, whose sweet, clear, thrilling song used to welcome in the dawn. The ticking of the old Venetian clock on the staircase, sounded to his painfully attentive ear like the audible pulse of time. Suddenly a violent knocking was heard at the street door, the portico over which almost shewed itself at his window sill. He started from his reverie, listening in anxious suspense;—what could it be, this untimely summons? He did not bestir himself; but waited a little, in the hope that some one of the servants would answer. In a few seconds it was repeated, and more violently, yet not a foot was stirring. Pietro lost his self-possession, a sudden awe fell shadow-like over his heart, and almost deprived him of the power of motion. The third peal sounded; just as, recovering himself, his foot touched the carpet.

He rushed forward to the window, the sash of which he was about to throw up—when, lo! what meets his view? He beholds his friend, Vasco Cellini, galloping down the centre of the street, on a horse white as the falling snows of January. Behind him streamed a long white mantle; and once he reverted his head, and waved his arm, as if in token of farewell. Could it be real? Was it not a dream? He glanced round the apartment, and then again after the figure; but the illusive pageant had vanished, like a shadow in the sunshine; and nought

was seen but the voiceless and deserted street under the sombre covering of a cloudy sky, and wet with the dews of morning.

The perturbed and agitated student could not help exclaiming aloud to himself.——"And art thou, my friend, dead?—Hast thou left earth for ever?—Are we now separated by the gulf of eternity? Heaven hath shewed me by thee, that it is impious to pry too narrowly into its hidden mysteries. Light enough has been granted us, to lead our steps through the bewildering labyrinth of life. Plain are the ways of truth; and the road to heaven is not obstructed by complex speculations. There the unlettered hind may as surely go, as the most learned philosopher. I shall henceforth wait in faith: I have been fully and fearfully answered in this thing!"

Pietro mentioned the circumstance at breakfast; and the family tried to make him regard it as a mental hallucination, occasioned by over-exertion of thought; but, aware that Vasco had been travelling in Germany, he requested them to stay their mirth, till a sufficient lapse of time should counteract his impression. From that hour, Pietro Giannone was an altered man.

In four days a letter arrived, stating that the friend of Pietro had been drowned in the Danube, by the upsetting of a pleasure boat. On a fly-leaf of his Bible was found written, in a fine hand; 'This to be forwarded to Pisa, after my decease. It is a legacy from Vasco Cellini, to Pietro Giannone.'

△.

TO OCEAN.

Endless, ever-sounding sea,
Image of Eternity!
Troubled, with unconscious breast,
Like the dead without their rest;
Deaf unto thy own wild roar,
Heard at once on every shore;
Stretching on from pole to pole,
Far as suns and seasons roll,
Far as reign of night and day,—
Sounding on, away—away!

Oh! what precious things there be,
Shrined and sepulchred in thee!
Gems and gold, from every eye,
Hid within thy bosom lie:
Many a treasure-laden bark,
Rests within thy caverns dark;
And where towers and temples rose,
Buried continents repose:
Giant secrets of thy breast,
With their thousand isles of rest—

With their brave and beauteous forms,
Undisturbed beneath thy storms ;
In a safe and peaceful home,
Where the mourner may not come,
Nor the stranger rudely tread
O'er their calm and coral bed.
Where the Ocean buried lies,
May no monuments arise,
For thy bosom bears no trace
Of our evanescent race :
On thy wild and wandering wave,
Bloom no laurels for the grave ;
O'er thy dread, unfathomed gloom,
Tower no trophies for the tomb.
But there comes a day of dread,
To reclaim thy thousand dead ;
Bursting from thy dark control,
While in fire thy billows roll,
Shall that countless multitude
Soar from out thy shrinking flood,
Thy mistress moon be changed to blood !
And the sun, with aspect drear,
Look upon this parting sphere,
As once his startled orb looked wan,
On HIS cross who died for man :—
Then shall the archangel stand,
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
And swear with an uplifted hand—
That Time shall be no more !

And while Heaven's last thunders roll,
Sounding Nature's parting knoll,
Like a burning, blackening scroll,
Reeling from the face of day,
Earth and sea shall flee away!

SONNET AT MIDNIGHT.

And art thou but a vision of the past,
A shape of beauty that bewitched mine eye?
I call upon thee—but the wild winds sigh
Through heaven, with midnight darkness overcast.
Here, Inez, by this brook, where we have stood
Under the boughs to list the birds, I stand;
Vainly I call thee—thou art in the land
Of death, where human thoughts no more intrude.—
Spring comes, and smiling summer, as of yore;
'Mid blossoming bowers birds sing: but thy sweet voice,
Which with its music bade my heart rejoice,
Is a rich melody I hear no more;
Joyless I wander on life's lonely shore,
Heart-sick for thee, reft object of my choice!

△.

LINES

On a Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by C. R. Leslie, Esq. R. A.

Pride of my country! I delight,
—As from the Painter's canvas bright
Thy placid smile beams cheerily—
Musing alone, to gaze on thee,
Imagination's mightiest son!
And, marvelling at thy triumphs won,
Think what may be achieved by man,
Even in this life's contracted span!

Ennobler of man's name! thy mind
Is as the free air unconfined;
Thou wav'st thy wand—and, from the tomb,
Long-vanished spirits trooping come;
Tradition's shadowy ages pass
Before our thoughts, as in a glass;
The past is as the present seen;
And hoar Antiquity looks green.

There glide they on—revived once more,
The feelings and the forms of yore,—
The cuirassed warrior, stern and high ;
Beauty, with soul-subduing eye ;
Religion's choir in cloistral nave ;
The hermit in his mossy cave ;
The warder on the bastion's brow ;
The peasant at his peaceful plough ;
The simple serf ; the lettered sage ;
Soul-glowing youth, and chastened age ;
The loftiest and the lowliest birth ;—
The pomp and poverty of earth !

Prime lustre of our age ! with glow
Of grateful pride, I thrill to know
That I am countryman of thine :
Thy fame to Scotland is a mine
Of glory, wealthier than Peru
Can boast her aureate regions through :—
Thy tale is on our hills—thy tale
Re-echoes through each verdant vale ;
From southland borders, where the Tweed
Flows murmuring to the shepherd's reed,
And, by the cairn, and crested steep,
Ruin and Silence empire keep ;
To where the Arctic billow foams
Round Shetland's sad and silent homes,
And weeps the rain, and wails the surge,
As 'twere of living things the dirge.

Kind benefactor of thy race,
The whole world seems thy dwelling place!
Where'er flows blood of human-kind,
Man will in thee a brother find.—
Thou hast not used thy genius high
Life's motley scenes to bid us fly;
Thou hast not told us that our fate
Is to be hated, and to hate;
That faith is falsehood; that within
Man's heart dwell nought save thoughts of sin;
That eyes were only formed to weep;
That death is an eternal sleep;—
No!—thou hast taught us, that the air
Is sweet, the green earth very fair;
That on the mount and on the main,
That in the forest and the plain,
Nature's boon gifts are richly strown;
That peace dwells with the good alone;
That man's heart is a holy place;
And man of an immortal race!

Thy soul-born greatness can deride,
Illustrious Bard! all paltry pride,
And midst thy fellows thou might'st pass
As not apart, but of the mass:
Yet who hath won a fame like thee,
Throughout the world, by land or sea?
With it Time's empire is allied,
And the world rings from side to side:

'Tis fame, the loftiest and the best
That ever mortal genius blest:
'Tis pure—that fame owes not a jot
From pandering to unworthy thought;
It ne'er awakened virtue's sigh,
Nor flushed the cheek of modesty:
'Tis bloodless—from another's woe
Thy laurels were not trained to grow;
And thou can'st lie thee down at eve,
Nor with the boast thy heart deceive,
That thou hast done thy best to throw
Hope's healing balm o'er human woe;
In south and north, in east and west,
That thou hast made some bosom blest;
Lighted the cheerless home of grief;
To wearied spirits breathed relief;
Stirred youth's ambitious pulse to rise;
And drawn sweet tears from Beauty's eyes.

Brother of Homer, and of him,
By Avon's shore, 'mid 'twilight dim,
Who dreamed immortal dreams, and took
From Nature's hand her pictured book,
Time hath not seen, and may not see,
Till ends his reign, a third like thee.

Δ.

A PICTURE.

I.

Thou art so fair, so excellently framed,
There is such mind in thy soul-breathing eye,
As if its purer home in heaven it claimed,
And thence alone could draw its witchery;—
Thy voice hath such a soothing melody,
And on thy lightest thought such magic plays,
Like a bright fountain on the gladdened sky,—
Methinks, as on thy perfect form I gaze,
In peace should be thy paths, in pleasantness thy ways!

II.

But when I think upon the syren world,
Whose arms would clasp thee in their false embrace,—
Whose glittering banner in thy sight unfurled
From better views would turn thy lovely face;
Moulding thy docile spirit's winning grace
To the fair treasons of its painted wiles,—
I fain would snatch thee from that fatal race,
Whose giddy round each better thought beguiles,
And leaves the victor nought but pale and hollow smiles!

III.

So,—when before the eyes of lofty Rome
The Anglian captives stood, a blooming band,
Breathing of beauty from their sea-girt home,
And proudly, in that far and foreign land,
Recalling their white island's rocky strand,—
The Patriarch spake with mild and pitying eye,
And said, as their majestic forms he scanned,
"Worthy their name!——like angels pure and high,
Angelic too should be their path and destiny!"

C. M.

GORDALE.

These are thy fragments, thus in chaos strewn,
Magnificent though ruined world: nor power
Less than divine hath through the mountains hewn
The hideous chasm, or poised yon craggy tower,
O'erhanging, yet immoveable; whose brow
Far overhead bedims the noontide hour,
Making a sepulchre of all below.
An awe is on the place; a presence here
Incumbent broods, to which all creatures bow.
He comes! He comes! Not riding on the sphere—
Not in the fire, the earthquake, or the wind—
But in the still small voice, the conscious fear,
The trembling hope, the deep transported mind:—
Such is His presence, in such temple shrined!

H.

SONG.

I.

Leaves quiver in the balmy air,
The moon grows bright above,
Beauty is beaming every where,—
'Tis just the hour for love!
So calm, so silent, I could deem
Beneath yon arch of blue
Breathe none beside myself, dear love,
The nightingale, and you!

II.

The mazy brook is whispering now
A soft tale to the flowers,
The night breeze freshens on my brow,—
How sweet these moonlight hours!
And sweet the twilight path that guides
My footsteps through the dew,
Each eve, to this green dell, my love,
The nightingale, and you!

III.

Now some seek halls of revelry,
Where flows the ruddy wine;
And merry may their banquet be,—
A deeper joy is mine!
They choose companions many a one,
I am content with two,—
The nightingale and you, my love!
The nightingale, and you.

P. R.

DOVEDALE.

Away with every lighter thought: the ground
Is consecrate; a barrier fixed between;
And leaving all as all had never been,
My pilgrimage rests here, beyond the bound
Of habitation, in the dale profound
Where Dove by rock and cavern glides serene,
Through solitude where nought of life is seen,—
Through silence that forbids all earthly sound.
Vain world, pursue me if thou canst! retire,
Ye bosom foes; ambition's maddening spell,
The drugs of hate, the foul fermenting leaven
Of avarice, the sorceries of desire,
The hand of blood, the tongue on fire of hell:—
Retire—and leave me to myself and heaven!

II.

THE ADIEU.

It was not in the winter, our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses—we plucked them as we past.
T. Hood.

I.

A FAIR good-night to thee, love, a fair good-night to thee;
And pleasant be thy path, love, though it end not with me.
Liking light as ours, was never meant to last—
It was a moment's phantasy, and as such it hath past.

II.

We met in lighted halls, and our spirits took their tone;
Like other dreams of midnight, with colder morning flown;—
And thinkest thou to ever win a single tear from me?
Lightly won and lightly lost, love, I shed no tear for thee!

III.

Thy words were courtly flattery, such sink like morning dew;
But oh! love takes another tone, the tender and the true.

I knew thee light as foam that plays the ocean waves among,
I knew thee vain as ever gaze upon the mirror flung.

IV.

And he the light and vain one, for him there never wakes
That love for which a woman's heart will beat until it breaks;
But yet the spell was pleasant, though it be broken now,
Like shaking down loose blossoms from off the careless bough.

V.

They never came to fruit, and their sweet lives soon were o'er,
But we lived an hour beneath them, we never dreamed of more:
No vow was ever plighted, we had no farewell to say,
Gay were we when we met at first, and we parted just gay.

VI.

Our last was even as our first—light, volatile and vain;
The dance was done, the song was sung, we never met again;—
There was little to remember, and nothing to regret,
Love touches not the flatterer, love chains not the coquette.

VII.

'Twas of youth's fairy follies, by which no shade is cast,
One of its airy vanities, and like them it hath past.
Then a fair good-night to thee, love, a fair good-night
the while,
I have no parting sigh to give, so take my parting smile!

L. E. L.

CATHEDRAL SERVICE.

Written after attending St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

O MELODY divine! (for not of earth
Art thou, nor wilt with aught of earth divide
The full dominion of the soul) thy birth
Was from the song that welcomed like a bride
The new-formed world, or hymned in Bethlehem's ear
Glory and peace! How awful rolls the tide
Of sound, and blends in harmony austere—
For human sense too mystical and high—
The deep grave thunder and the descant clear!
Earth reels, a darkness overspreads the sky,
The shrines and altars swim before my sight:
O! I could listen till mortality
Dissolve in rapture, and the soul take flight
Into the choral bliss of endless light!

H.

THE PRIVATE GOVERNESS.

THERE have been miseries enough composed, printed, and published, to deluge the world in tears, if it were only tolerably compassionate. People have written of the miseries of bachelors, and the miseries of maidens,—of the miseries of matrimony, and the miseries of celibacy,—of the miseries of eaters of bad dinners, and the miseries of eaters of no dinners at all;—in short, more miseries than Pandora's box ever threatened, have strengthened the general conspiracy for making the age moral, mental, and melancholy. Almost every profession and every event has enjoyed the honours of elegy, and been invested with appropriate symbols of mourning, by literary undertakers. Amid the general sympathy of sighing which characterises this ninteenth century—when prose acts echo to poetry, and men are dolorous as well in prose as in rhyme,—when all the world seems to look at life through black spectacles or a crape veil,—it would be strange indeed, if no amateur of wretchedness had luxuriated over the woes of private governess-ship.

No one likes to be the object of pity, but the hypochondriac and the beggar. I have constantly observed people extenuating the very distresses they have described, on the first expression of pity that escaped their auditors. Perhaps this may be attributed to pride, or more charitably to that dignity of feeling which we call self-respect. Without stopping to analyse its origin, however, we may be satisfied with the fact, that no such objection withholds any sufferer from hoping to excite sympathy in his sorrows, as soon as they once get into print.

I myself have been one of the persecuted of this world. It boots not to recount the disasters and calamities which precipitated me into the midst of those who must struggle for the very means of existence, and pay with their whole life for the power of sustaining that life. There are a thousand calamities of daily occurrence, which drive the cherished object of domestic love from the shelter of the family hearth, to encounter the jostle of the crowd, and endure the collision of mean minds and despicable hearts. I was bent, as others have been, on securing—oh, the misnomer!—what is called, a genteel independence.—*Independence!*—the independence of that anomalous personage in every family—THE GOVERNESS! After great expense of advertisements,—after calling upon friends to solicit patronage, until I was ashamed of crossing their thresholds,—after much of the heart-sickening delay which threatens utter hopelessness,—after many and various endeavours to make one shilling produce the value

of two,—after changing my apartments again and again for improvement—not of comfort, but economy,—after this prefatory catalogue of miseries—this noviciate of suffering,—I received the two following notes by the two-penny post:

"Miss Marden is requested to call on Mrs. Walter Berners, No. ——, St. James's Place, to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock precisely."

"Mrs. E. Somerfield having heard from Mrs A., that Miss Marden is a person likely to suit her as governess to her children, will be glad to see Miss M., at eleven o'clock precisely, to-morrow.

"No. ——, Russell Square."

As I received the first of these notes three hours before the other, I had a feeling that it should be the first attended to; and calculating, in the case of success or disappointment, on a short detention, I decided that I should certainly be able to keep both appointments, without considerably transgressing in either.

Oh, that visit—the first, the preparation visit—the submitting to inspection,—dressed up scrupulously for the occasion,—un-befurbelowed, and un-flounced, and unbowed, and primly curled in most decent curtailment of every ringlet,—every ornamental excrescence carefully lopped away,—all externals most accurately arranged, as if an elegant binding were a fair sample of the contents of the volume;—an elaboration of absence of pretension;—an animated juvenile library! Every moment of my

progress from my own apartments to the place of meeting was a new crisis of feeling and of fear. But these creations of my mind faded before the stubborn matter-of-fact circumstances that thickened as I approached more nearly the scene of my expected trial. Then came the descent from the coach at the corner of the street, to escape the footman's grin at a hack,—for the insolence of all powdered menials has long been a dogma of my faith;—anon followed the equivocal knock at the door,—semi-genteel, illustrating very appropriately the undefined position of the unfortunate who awakens its music,—humble in tone, as touched by one about to ask a favour; but prolonged in sound, as betokening the consciousness of offering an equivalent for 'value received.' Next there was the presentation of the card,—the agitating ascent up the echoing stairs, and the announcement of the name,—that climax of horror to a nervous person.—To be sure, a governess has no business with nerves; but it was my misfortune to possess them in an acute degree, and to feel all their evil at this momentous period. At all times the sonorous enunciation of my patronymic is awful;—but now—it was like the cry of 'charge!' to a coward, or a verdict for the plaintiff in the ears of the defendant. I felt a certain dryness of the palate, and a quick palpitation at my heart, which compelled me to remain a few moments on the staircase. There was, indeed, a thought flashing through my mind, of intellectual and moral equality with the person into whose presence I

was about to enter. The theory might be true and excellent, but at this moment it had little practical effect. I believe the *necessity* for action was the procuring cause of the energy that impelled my sudden entrance, and carried me through the performance of a courtesy, very unsatisfactory to all my own conceptions of elegance.

"You are full seven minutes before your time, Miss Marden," said Mrs. Walter Berners, turning her eyes from her splendid watch to my face;—"I love punctuality; so much depends upon it; indeed *everything*, if we add ability, attention, and industry. Certainly better too early than too late, but I confess I am particular in this one respect,—quite matter-of-fact on this one point. Sit down, Miss Jones—Miss—Miss—I beg pardon; one always confounds the names of Governesses; Miss Martin, I mean."

I must not forget to mention that my card lay on the table just against her elbow, on which my proper appellation—"Miss Marden"—was engraved in Roman capitals. I believed in my heart, therefore, that the mistake was affectation, or the pitiful resource of pride, to awaken me to a sense of its own accidental superiority.

I murmured an apology—said something about the variations of clocks,—and then there was a pause—a fearful interval of the deep silence that falls so appallingly on the ear, when the ticking of the smallest time-piece is as dismally audible as the tolling of the great bell of Saint Paul's. I looked around the apartment in search of some

happy idea that might introduce the purport of my visit. Not even the embarrassment of my situation could prevent my mind from receiving the impression of its arrangements; they fell on my mental vision as images, to be viewed more distinctly hereafter. An air most elaborately Grecian pervaded every article of furniture and of ornament. A volume in Greek characters lay open on the table, and another of yet more hieroglyphical appearance reposed on the knee of the lady herself. I think she meant me to make these discoveries, for my survey was just completed when she adverted—abruptly I thought—to the nature of the engagement which she supposed I wished to form.

Oh, the pain of being compelled to insist on one's acquirements!—to give an inventory of one's mental furniture,—pausing over each separate article, like an auctioneer awaiting a propitious *bidding!* Then to have their value disputed—to be told that an accomplishment which has cost one years of painful labour, is contemptible, and of the infinitely greater preference that would have been given to another, which has never come within our means of attainment. Mrs. Walter Berners was one of the most tormenting catechists that ever tortured a poor ignoramus with her erudite inquiries. My French and Italian, and music and drawing, were passed over with a half—a more than half—supercilious "of course;" or an "ah, yes,"—and a patronising inclination of the head. I began to be terribly ashamed of my glaring deficiencies,

and to feel that to be any thing, my education should begin again. I was oppressed with a mortifying sense of my inferiority in that very point on which I had piqued myself, and on which all my hopes of success depended. I was somewhat revived, however, on finding that these paltry accomplishments were the very qualifications in which it was desirable that I should possess some excellence, since Mr. Walter Berners himself superintended the higher—the *classical*—part of his daughters' education. There were three of them, and they were ordered in for exhibition.

I love childhood—I delight in all its accompaniments of wild and causeless joy,—mirth that cannot be analysed, and happiness that laughs philosophy to scorn. I think Wordsworth's Ode—I wish to give it some epithet of appropriate admiration, but I can find none worthy of it—inspired me originally with my aversion to seeing the golden hour of childhood blighted with premature sorrow and suffering. The development of thought naturally brings with it doubt and darkness;—that of passion, storm and gloom. But the most painful of all spectacles, to my mind, is precocious melancholy;—a child with a settled sorrow on its brow, is an anomaly in nature,—a violation of the universal law. The eldest of these poor little literary recruits, had scarcely completed her tenth year, and she read the Bible, Homer, and Virgil,—each in the original. The others were proportionably advanced, and they were made to exhibit for

the credit of papa's *archididas-culus-ship*. They were pale and thin, and whilst their long arms indicated that they were naturally inclined to be tall, they were positively undersized. Their voices were low and feeble, and there was a timid drooping of the lip, which did not, I thought, augur very favourably of parental kindness. The poor things looked earnestly in my face, and were not displeased with the survey, for they received my caresses quietly, and were disposed to return them with a warmth, which the lady-mother deemed it proper to repress. Their exhibition at an end, they were dismissed with an injunction to attentive study; and the expected tribute of astonishment was extorted, and rendered by me. My conscience would not allow me to add commendation of the system; but Mrs. Berners seemed quite satisfied with the reality of my *wonder*.

Then came the counting-house part of the affair,—the pounds, shillings, and pence, which perhaps are least easily discussed by those who need them most. I was reminded that I should, in fact, have to communicate but a secondary part of education;—that I should find the situation one of great ease;—that the principal labour devolved on Mr. Walter Berners;—that after the children retired at nine o'clock, the evening would be at my own disposal; in a word, all this gradually approached to the splendid climax of a stipend of forty guineas a-year.

I had but one sentence to utter, expressive of decisive

rejection; and with a bow more repulsively cold and haughty than before, Mrs. Walter Berners received my final adieu.

The result of my first visit considerably damped the hope of eventual success, which had somewhat supported me through my previous ordeal. I began to think, that the accomplishments which I had hitherto regarded as a certain resource, were little worth the time and money that had been lavished on their attainment. The prodigious acquirements which Mrs. Walter Berners had displayed, laid a weight upon my mind, which I could no more escape than the sleeper can throw off the nightmare. Then the cold superiority and chilling pride of her manners presented to me a formidable zodiac of mortifications, through which I must perform the circle of the year. Altogether, I was sufficiently depressed by the time I reached Russell Square.

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and I began to regain courage as I felt the influence of the comparatively unpretending style of the establishment. A maid servant, certainly guiltless either of smartness or flippancy, was my conductor;—the drawing-room was plainly furnished,—its arrangements slovenly—its cleanliness questionable. Mrs. Somerfield—middle-aged, thick-necked, broad-set, short, fair, plump, and tender-eyed, was dressed so very plainly, that I was quite out of countenance at the smart appearance of my yet carefully selected apparel. She received me with—I think I must call it, *benignity;*

I am sure if her face had been exhibited beneath a full-powdered cauliflower wig, I should have described her manner by this epithet. I cannot tell why I fancied that canonicals would have accorded better with her character than petticoats;—she neither preached nor harangued, but there was a ridiculous idea in my head, that '*the very venerable, the Archdeacon,*' would have been a highly appropriate title for her. One is subject to associations of this kind, for which a person possessing the most decidedly developed organ of *causation*, would be puzzled to assign a wherefore. Mrs. Somerfield evidently meant to be benign, and she succeeded;—there was a beautiful calmness about her, which seemed to bid defiance to any access of emotion; a complacent imperturbability, that elevated her infinitely above the attacks of ordinary events. An appeal to her sensibilities, I should imagine, would have produced as much effect, as the rolling of a quiet sea over a rock, whose foundations were fixed in its centre. She was evidently one of those persons, who are born for mediocrity in every respect but one;—she was neither very wise, nor very foolish, nor very handsome, nor very plain;—but then, there was a pervading complacency, derived from the conviction of the extraordinary goodness of herself, and all which, as belonging to *self*, partook of the excellencies thereof. A tall, thin person, clad in a complete suit of sables, made after the female costume, but hung upon a most unpromising, masculine figure, to which was

attached a large, dark head, with a sallow, saturnine countenance, sat, 'a double cherry,' at Mrs. Somerfield's elbow. I soon discovered her to be one of the literal Mr. Grogan's lovers of marshy pools,—a toad-eater. Mrs. Somerfield discussed the amiabilities of her children, and her echo repeated them with a prolonged swell of sound, until wearied with a monotony which I was aware would find its termination in an offer altogether inadequate to the exertions required at my hands, I had difficulty in suppressing the avowal of my conviction, that they were by much too good for my teaching, and that I could not, in conscience, undertake the tutorship of perfection. But I *had* patience to await the concluding question — "and now, Miss Marden, what are your terms?"

I cannot paint the astonishment and dismay that overclouded the countenances of Mrs. Somerfield and her double, when I made the necessary reply. They began, in alternate recitative, an expostulatory species of canzonet,—dwelling on the number of young women seeking situations in the educating department—on the multitude of excellent masters, to be obtained for a mere trifle;—asserting, in other words, that accomplishments were now, in fact, a mere drug in the market, and consequently had fallen below the average price. Language has not the power of describing my painful mortification at this trafficking for all the best exertions of intellect,—the entire surrender of time, talent—all the valuable—

all the pleasurable portion of existence. But they talked on,—that pitiless female Pharisee and her satellite,—remorselessly pressing against every point where I seemed most vulnerable. My homelessness—friendlessness—necessities. All were descanted on with particularising distinctness, and produced as strong reasons why I ought to accept with gratitude such a modicum of—I cannot call it *compensation*—as would just remove my services from the claims on the time and attention of those about me, which would have been due to the gratuitous employment of my talents. I declined, mildly—perseveringly—firmly—proudly—in those precise gradations, as the instances of my persecutors became more and more pressing—but never more liberal; even when I opened the door to depart, Mrs. Somerfield's voice followed me to the top of the stairs, expressing a conviction, that "I should think better of the matter."

The deep sigh I breathed on gaining the open air, was a feeling of escape from durance, not of disappointment. In my joy to be relieved from the persecutions of the moment, I lost the sense of my own unprosperous condition, and I walked on with a buoyant step, like a newly liberated captive.

"But all this is to be endured again," said I to my friend, as I related to her the result of my visits.

"Probably," she replied; "in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, you will experience similar treatment. The fact is, human beings like power, and they are fond

of shewing it;—this is the grand secret of miserable governesses and tyrannical employers. Change the relative positions of the two, and who will be answerable, that the former sufferer will not, in her turn, become an oppressor? The observation is almost too old to be repeated, that nothing can be more injudicious than the general manner of parents towards the instructors of their children. It is notorious, that the degree of respect manifested by a whole household to its inmates, is most exactly proportioned to the estimation in which they are held by the principals. Children are acute observers, and tolerably accurate imitators; they can scarcely be expected to honour those whom their parents evidently despise.

"There was Letitia Gray—a relation of my own—*such* a girl! To say nothing of her magnificent person,—a considerable disadvantage in her situation—she had really splendid talents. I do not mean, my dear, piano-forte-playing talents—but positively high intellect—a mind that had a masculine energy—grand in its scope—altogether full of power. Moreover, she had the consciousness of her endowments; and, by the way, I do not believe any person ever held such a possession, without some glimmering perception of its value. She took to her task of tuition the ability of executing it admirably, and the principle which ensured to her employers, the scrupulous performance of that which she had undertaken. She proceeded with the firmness of

united talent and integrity—assuming nothing beyond her situation, but by no means sinking below it. Her employers were obliged to respect her; but beneath the smoothness of their manners, there lurked that real and thorough dislike, with which mean minds regard all who are above them. Moreover, poor Letitia, in her prosperous days—you know she was born an heiress—had lived too much in their neighbourhood, not to have annoyed them by the admiration she had formerly excited. They had daughters who had just come out, as the phrase is, and Letitia Gray had more than shared the homage which they deemed due to themselves exclusively. I was sorry she fell into their hands; I anticipated many of those vexatious and disgusting wasp-stingings, which chafe high spirits the more, on account of the very meanness that sinks them beneath open notice. 'Silver forks for the young ladies, and a steel one for the governess,' was an early order given by the mistress of that household to her footman, in the poor girl's hearing. 'It was really particularly requisite,' the same paltry being observed, 'that Miss Gray should constantly wear a high dress with a frill. She thought if she might venture the remark, the black ribbon round her neck rather savoured of coquetry. It seemed so palpably designed to contrast with the hue of the skin.' The point was not worth contesting; Letitia submitted in silence. This was the first of a series of encroachments on her right of free-agency; she saw herself sinking

rapidly into the position of a mere underling, and she summoned her powers of resistance accordingly. The necessity for their exertion was superseded by a very unexpected event; the heir-apparent of this family found Letitia quite worthy of sustaining its honours, and most resolutely offered them to her acceptance. Tears —menaces—insults—abuse—most vulgar abuse—were terminated by her calm, but decisive rejection of the young man. Now that power of refusal gratified the pride of Letitia! It seemed to discharge at once the load of unmerited contumely, under which, even *her* noble heart had quailed. It was not the sacrifice of attachment to pride: I believe the very name this unhappy youth bore, would, in itself, have been an antidote to love; Letitia would as soon have associated the idea of sweetness with verjuice, as of affection with a Vincent. The rejection was *repeated*;—the Vincents were enraged beyond all decency:—the culprit withdrew. If you are interested enough to be curious after the fate of Letitia,—she married subsequently a man worthy of her, who had known and valued her in her prosperous days, and loved her for the trials she had passed, and whom she loved that he did pity them.

"This is but one instance of the miseries of the dependent.—I could give you fifty. Would this be judicious? If you are wise, you will prepare yourself for the encounter, without inspecting them too closely. The life of a governess cannot, in its nature, be one of pleasure;—

it is susceptible of alleviation—the burden may be lightened, but it cannot be removed. Happily, there is the power of changing; and that unquenchable spirit of human hope, which looks always for better things. Every body has evils to endure, and injuries to sustain, and indignities to oppose. Fortitude is a necessary virtue in all;—in a governess, as indispensible as talent, temper, patience, principle, politeness, meekness, modesty—shall I go on?" No!

SONNET.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Now summer cometh, I with staff in hand,
Will hie me to the sabbath of her joys,—
To heathy spots, and the unbroken land
Of woodland heritage, unknown to noise
And toil—save that a playful band
Of dancing insects, that well understand
The sweets of life, and with attuned voice,
Sing in sweet concert to the pleasant May:—
There by a little bush I'll listening rest,
To hear the nightingale a lover's lay
Chaunt by his mate, who builds her careless nest
Of oaken leaves, on thorn stumps mossed and grey;
Feeling with them, I too am truly blest,
By making sabbaths of each common day!

UNDINE'S BRIDAL.

UNDINE.—*Spirit of the Stream.*
KUHLEBERN.—*Spirit of the River.*
OBERON.
SEA-KING.
AIR-KING.
GNOMES.
WOOD SPIRIT.
FAIRIES.
SIR HILDEBRAND.

SCENE.

The Stream in the Forest. Undine rises from the water.

UNDINE.

BEAUTIFUL stream, deem not thy child ingrate
That she can say 'Farewell' without a tear,
While thus forsaking thee. My dear life's source!
Wilt thou forgive that, kindly though it be,
I feel thy breast too cold, and long to rest
Upon a warmer heart, and press my lips

To the red glow of life? Wilt thou forget
Thine Undine's falsehood now, and only think
Of her true constancy, and love of years
To thee, her gentle sire?—Thy murmurings
Are as the cushat's, when her idle mate
Returns to ask forgiveness; some reproach,
But more, much more of tenderness. Yes, yes,
I hear thy pardoning accents—thy Undine
Is blessed of thee, dear father. I could weep,
But am too happy; and I will not mock
Thy real sorrow with the shew of mine:
My parent stream, farewell!
Hark, whence this noise?—
It is the River rising in his wrath,
Mine old rough uncle,—he comes here to chide,
I will endure his anger—'tis the last
I shall encounter of his harsh reproach;
He comes.

Enter KUHLEBERN.

KUHLEBERN.

Ah, recreant! art thou not afraid
My waters should o'erwhelm thy little throne,
And sweep thy bubbling, idle stream away
Into my bosom's darkness? Fie, thou most
Degenerate spirit!—can this sound, which now
The busy Wind hath whispered to my waves,
Be sooth,—that thou, a fair immortal spirit
Of our pure element, dost seek in love

A thing of the gross earth? Star of the Sea!
If thou dost place thy radiance on the breast
Of dull mortality, it will not be
Thy resting place, but grave;—its thick, fat air
Will quickly quench thy light, and thou wilt be
Thenceforth a living darkness! Beautiful child—
I pray thee, give the gossip Wind the lie,
And say, It is not so.

UNDINE.

Nay, gentle uncle,
For that would not be sooth. I love, indeed;
And him I love, will wed.

KUHLEBERN.

But say he is not
A compound of vile clay—one of those things
That feed, and sleep, and propagate their kind—
Despair, die, rot, and from corruption take
New forms so hideous for another life,
That their own wretched brethren of the dust
Shrink loathing from their touch. I pray thee, say
It is not one of these.

UNDINE.

It is a son
Of this fair earth I love.

KUHLEBERN.

No, no, I tell thee,
Thou can'st do nought so monstrous; thy bright eye
Hath rested on some spirit, some airy thing,

Some wandering glory of the upper world,
Whom thou hast seen beneath the sunset hues,
Floating in tempered light, and graciously
Fanning with golden wings the feverish earth,
And wooing her to health, the health of goodness,
Which in his perfect beauty he bestows—
Beauty and truth being one.—Or, thou hast seen
Some fair Child of the Sea, fearlessly sleeping
On beds of Ocean's snowy foam-formed roses;—
Or else, for thou wert ever venturesome,
Bold in thy innocent aims, thy sweet, sweet beauty!
Thou lov'st the wild, red Spirit of the Fire,
And though there's danger in it, and he is
By nature made our foe, yet I would rather
Pardon thee this, than that thine eye should stoop
So low as man.

UNDINE.

He is a noble thing:—
For even, like the Spirit of the Fire,
He too can ride the waters, make the seas
Obedient to his purpose, though it be
A foreign element; he too is good,
For he is beautiful; and bounteous, uncle,
As his own mother's bosom: all unlike
The churlish sea, that hides his treasures deep
Beneath a dusky veil, impenetrable
To mortal sight or life. I could not love
A son of the cold sea;—the water spirits

Are selfish all, and cruel, and though love
Might warm them into life, it could not be
More than the shade of passion, the cold ghost
Of a warm earthly love. My Hildebrand
Is a most noble creature, undefiled
By sin or shame, and wearing on his brow
The broad, bold stamp of virtue; and if he
Be but a creature of one element,
And that the grossest, he deserves to be
A denizen of all, and merits well
The love of purer things than such as those
Thou say'st inhabit earth.

KUHLEBERN.

He is of them,
And cannot rise above his nature;—thou
Wilt sink, alas! to his.—His grossness will
Stifle thy finer essence, or corrupt
Its pure and delicate beauty;—thou wilt bear
Children, and see them live subject to laws
Thy freer nature spurns; or thou wilt look
Upon their dying eyes, and see them fade
Before thee, asking thee for aid, which thou
Wilt have no power to lend.—Henceforth thy step
Must be upon the earth, her fatness will
Affect thy motion—thou no more wilt rise
Up to the air, nor float thee buoyantly
On evening's clouds, coquetting with the sun,

Which says farewell with such a lingering smile,
Thou can'st not doubt thy power ;—no, nor more
Shalt thou endure thee in thy native garb
The pale cold waters, that the smile which lives
In thine eye's brightness might be somewhat hid,
And then go forth with maiden gravity,
To greet the maiden Moon. Three elements
Are now thy servants—wed, and thou wilt be
Lost unto all, save one.

UNDINE.

To thy stern speech
I have one only answer,—that I love,
And that I am beloved ! It may be
That such love may ennoble, elevate
The mortal to my nature. Uncle, thou
Hast nothing known of love, and can'st not deem
Aright of his great power.—Think'st thou, if I,
A spirit of beauty, yield so much, that less
The mortal who adores me will resign ?
He is mine own, mine all !—my spirit shall fill
His very soul, and sit throned on his breast,
And he will be myself ; and then, thou know'st
He cannot be all evil—but—thou weep'st ?

KUHLEBERN.

I do ! for I behold all thy fate's darkness.
Hast thou forgotten that sad, changeless law,
That gives to her who weds a mortal thing
The mortal's doom ?

UNDINE.

Ah, no! I know it well;
And yet for love, I brave it.

KUHLEBERN.

Say not thus;
Bethink thee child, thine immortality
Fades at the altar's foot;—within his kiss
Is death.

UNDINE.

So is there in the lightning's flash,
When his wild love courts the bright marigold;
Yet not the less seeks she again his kiss,
As rather choosing death in that embrace
Than life without it. Uncle, so do I.
Without *him*, what would be the thing you boast?
An immortality of suffering,—
Ages of darkness, unlit by one gleam
Of living light. Through him all things are fairer
To my pleased eye, and dearer to my heart,
Than e'er before. I would they all could love,
And all like me be happy. Nay, dear uncle,
You would be happier too.

KUHLEBERN.

To die, Undine?—
O, beautiful eyes! how your large loveliness
Pictures my perfect image! yet a time
Will come, when those bright children of the eyes
Shall sparkle there no more, but all be cold,

And dead, and still, and glazed, like the dull glass
Unmirrored.

UNDINE.

Uncle, Hildebrand must die,
And I would not survive him. Who that loves,
Would choose another destiny than that
By the beloved borne?—This immortality
Is a most idle boast, a cheerless gift;
At best, but a remembrancer of pain.
For, I bethink me, ages since, when first
I waked and found me floating on the breast
Of my old sire, how I have loved to mark
Fair girls, with golden hair and snowy feet,
Who bathed their bashful beauties in my stream:—
I loved them tenderly, and still caressed
Their graceful limbs, as playfully they met
The lucid waters of my sparkling waves,
And bade them wear a brighter, rosier hue
For their fond worship. When they came no more
I knew that they were dead, and then I felt
A dreary sense of immortality
Creep o'er my spirit;—'tis a thing that lives
To keep a lonely watch above the grave
Of loveliness. I could have wept, but that
Were idleness.—Again came other forms,
As beautiful, as bright, but they were not
The gentle things I knew, who first had loved,
And listened to the music of my waves.

The flowers too, although fair blossoms still
Drooped down to taste my waters, as of yore;
I almost grieved that other things as sweet,
Yet not mine ancient friends, could live, and smile
When they had passed away. Mine uncle, mourn
No more for thy Undine!—death is but rest,
Sound sleep, from which perchance I shall not wake;
Or waking, it can only be to bliss,
The natural element of truth and beauty.

KUHLEBERN.

Peace! peace! thou torturest my immortal spirit,
And bow'st it down to grief—hark!—ha! the hand
Of Hildebrand, the rival of the sea.
Roll, angry waters, roll—rise, rise my waves,
And sweep him to your cold and silent bed:
Roll, waters, roll!

[*As he dissolves, Hildebrand enters. Undine springs before him*].

Me, too, thy angry waves
Sweep to annihilation. Uncle, see,
Thy bed of death for Hildebrand, I'll make
Thy Undine's bridal couch. Roll, waters, roll!
I mock your power, when thus——

[*The River retires sullenly, Hildebrand sinks down*].

UNDINE SINGS.

Sleep, my love! for thou art weary,
And thy noble heart is cold;
Sleep—hear not the waves uncheery,
Nor the anger, wild and dreary,
Of the storm around thee rolled;
Sleep—a watchful guard is thine,
Thy Undine! thy Undine!

Sleep,—a lip thy lip is wedding,
Breathing odours on thy rest;
Sleep,—a closeless eye is shedding
Light around—a halo spreading
O'er thy form, that all things blest
May unite their care with mine,
Thy betrothed!—thy Undine!

Father of the Forest! ancient grandsire Oak!
Why droop thine arms so languidly to earth,
Against thy lofty nature? Say, what sorrow,
For sorrow only, since heaven's thunders cannot,
Can bow thee thus,—preys on thy mighty spirit!
Old Father! tell Undine—

A VOICE FROM THE OAK.

Thy Forest-sire
Mourns for his lost Undine! and feels even now
The weight of her cold form.—When dead and chill,
Foul and unlovely, they will hew his limbs
To frame for her, a lone, last hiding place
From all those mortal eyes she looks on now.
O! she will be so very sad a thing,

Earth's denizens will turn away their brows,
And yield her to her father Oak, and close
That last resource upon her.

UNDINE.

Can'st thou grieve
For this? Why, old Storm-scorner, fie upon thee!
What is there to lament?—thyself must die,
And I should think with joy—for, what hast thou?
Not immortality, but centuries
Of lonely, withered age—ah, pardon me,
That I speak angrily; whate'er my lot,
May thine be evergreen;—beneath thy boughs
May happy love recline, and thy kind ear
Drink in no harsher sounds than lovers' kisses;
Nor witness ruder mirth, than the soft smile
The moon throws to thee at such interchange.

[*A voice.* *Undine! Undine!*

UNDINE.

Whose is that cry? Is't thine, my pretty Rose?
I marked but now, tears mingling with the glow
Of thy soft, ruddy cheek. My gentle flower!
Is it for me thou weep'st?

VOICE FROM THE ROSE.

Alas! I mourn
The destiny of one so good, so fair.
Thy day is all as transient as mine own—
Yes, I had linked my being unto thine;
For while thy gracious waters brought new life

To my parched bosom, I beheld unmoved
My shattered flowers fall, assured new buds
Would bloom for thee again;—how oft my roses
Crowned thy bright brow, a living diadem,
And winning from the eyes they shaded, light,
A portion of thine immortality!
My fragrance charmed thy sense; and thy red lip
In its delicious kiss new odours gave,
As fresh, and far more fragrant;—I must weep
To think of what will be.

UNDINE.

Ah! I should sorrow,
But, beautiful Love, I think of thee, and feel
Thy mightiness, that makes all other things
So little in their greatness;—yet, dear Rose,
Say on, that I may soothe thee.

THE ROSE.

I shall be
Plucked for thy bridal wreath; but not, as then,
Shall I partake thy immortality,
But thou of my decay;—the perishing touch
Of him thou knowest not as yet, will fall
Upon thy beauty; and alas! Undine—

UNDINE.

That beauty first
Will bless his gentle love who most adores it;
For him I brave all hazard, dare all danger—
Some years of life with him——I cannot talk,

I love too well to say how much,—dear Rose,
Go to thy nightingale, and learn if he
Will blame thy Undine's choice.

ROSE.

I blame thee not;
O no. I but lament so sweet a thing
Should not live on for ever. I shall weep,
Even on my lover's breast this moon-lit eve,
And he shall sing in his own softest tones,
Thy bridal song and dirge.

SCENE II.

The bower of Undine.

SPIRIT OF THE WOODS, *meeting a* FAIRY.

SPIRIT.

Hail, brother!

FAIRY.

Back to thee thy friendly hail,
Green Spirit of the Forest! I come to say,
King Oberon, mounted on a shining star
In whose bright flashes thousand fairies flit,
Or idly float within its brilliant rays,
Comes glorious to the bridal;—from the sea
Rises the sceptered Sovereign, on whose brow
Time writes his date in vain;—the woods are living
With beauteous shapes, thy sisters, graceful spirit,
Who, with sweet motion, undulating air,

Dance slowly hitherward.—The Air-king comes,
Throned on a chariot of golden clouds,
Drawn by the unseen coursers of the storm;
But gentle now, and bringing on their wings
Perfumes of many spiced and distant lands,
The gloomy Spirits of the Mountains rise,
Bathing their dusky visages in light,
To seem guests fitting such a bridal; and
The melancholy Gnomes peep up and laugh,
And change their slow pace for a lighter step
As they approach the bower.—Nay, dear friend,
The sorrowing Spirit of the Earth to-day
Forgets her care, and o'er her thoughtful brow
A smile is seen to stray—she must rejoice,
And feel more pride in her poor wretched sons,
That one can thus draw to his vanishing lot
A spirit like Undine:—but see, she comes;
The thing of witchery comes—of late she seemed
Grave and oppressed, but now her native spirit
Sparkles in graceful mischief as before.

SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

Look how she floats upon her lotus-couch,
Her large eyes beaming upwards through the leaves,
Half mischief and half love;—now she throws back
Her dark locks from her brow, and shews it robed
In noble truth and beauty;—now she laughs
Even at the modest sense her lover feels
Of his unworthiness—and, when he seeks

A kiss, she frowns, and when he shrinks, will kiss—
Beautiful thing! I could adore thee; but
I deem no spirit worthy of thy love,
Still less, yon mortal man. But see, the guests
Flock to the bridal, and Undine ascends
To throw her beauty on the burning breast
Of him who lives but in her smiles, and longs
To clasp her there for ever; but—they come!
Haste we to meet them, and such greetings do
As gentle spirits may become.

Enter OBERON *and* FAIRIES.

Hail, hail!
Lord of the shooting lights! star-sailing king!
Bright master of all beautiful that smiles
Upon our orb, the earth! most welcome to
Our radiant bridal.

UNDINE.

Thanks, sceptered lord
Of Fairie's boundless empire! Thanks!
And could I sorrow, 'twere that I no more
Shall be of your communion.

OBERON.

Hark! the voice
Of a thousand rushing waves—the Ocean chief
Comes riding on a billow, his right hand
Governs his wild steed's white tempestuous mane,
A smile is on his lip, and his broad brow
Beams measureless content.

Enter the KING *of the* SEA.

SEA-KING.

I.

I am coming, I am coming,
Up from ocean's couch of brine;
I am coming, I am coming
To thy bridal, sweet Undine!
We are ringing, we are ringing
Ocean's coral bells for thee;
We are singing, we are singing
Ocean's bridal song for thee.

II.

Mermaids greet thee, mermaids greet thee,
Decked with pearls their yellow hair,
And the sea-robed mermen meet thee,
Bowing to their sister fair.
I have sought them, I have sought them,
Ocean's buried gems are thine,
And I've brought them, and I've brought them
For thy bridal, sweet Undine!

OBERON.

The sound of many winds—the lightnings heralding
The coming of the Breather of the Storm—
The tempest lord!
Borne in his cloudy chariot—his winged steeds
Paw with impatient hoofs the silent air:
Sweet Undine, let thy gentle hand caress
Their stormy necks, and they will peaceful bow
Their might to thy fair pleasure.

AIR-KING—*entering*.

Sunny and fragrant be thy path, Undine!
A day that knows no night, sweet Spirit, be thine!
Thy course like mine this eve—no storm shading thy light,
But such as high souls love—brief, beautiful, and bright!

OBERON.

I hear low muttering thunder, and the growl
Of savage salutations; and I feel
Earth totter under my light-winged feet,—
Who comes?

UNDINE.

Earth yawns;—what dusky visages
Peer curiously up, with winking eyes,
Half blinded by your glories—ah, the Gnomes!
My newly acquired brethren of the earth,
Most welcome to the bridal of Undine!

GNOME.

Here's gold for thee,—rich, red, round, rosy gold,
Brighter than morning's eye, though morning never
Peeped on its hiding place; of borrowed glory,
It has no need—turn not away thy face.
Less beautiful, perhaps, my gift than some
Thou hast obtained from these; but trust me, sister,
To thee in thy new state of far more value.
Thou wilt not?—well—thy bridegroom then; Sir Mortal,
To thee I need not praise my gift, nor dread
Refusal—ah! thou smil'st, and point'st thy hand;
Well, well, I bow me to almighty Love,

But 'tis no wrong to throw such incense, friend,
Upon his sacred altar.

CHORUS.

What was the song,
That e'er the universe from Chaos rose
Floated the dark abyss along,
And with o'ermastering softness crept
Around the bed where sullen Darkness slept,
And on his dull ear came with softest close?
The giant felt the beauty of that song,
And stretched his mighty arm, with unshared empire strong,
And in his hidden soul received
The spirit of the kiss by young Love breathed;
Then from his bosom sprung
The radiant universe, and many a world
Now in the gentle ether swung
To love's own music, while his spirit lent
Some sparkles of its power—the One—Omnipotent!
And in our own sweet orb, blithe spirits awoke,
And men, to own their Master and rejoice;
And the wild sea that o'er his boundaries broke,
Yielded his might, to that still mightier voice;
For the pale moon, with her most gentle glance,
Holds his fierce spirit in her governance;
Her soft, mild touch, is on his shaggy mane,
But he receives love's light, and all is peace again!

Yes, mighty Love!
The ruler of the realm of air!
For thy sake bids his wrath thy children spare,
Nor in the utmost fury of his rage
Will he a deep and swift destruction pull
On all thy earth contains of beautiful;
He marks the stately tree, the glowing flower,
And forms still fairer;—his destructive power,
Downwards he shoots with lesser face, while flies
His lightning messenger athwart the skies,
Rending the tattered clouds, and through the space
Of the blue ether, driving on the race.
But earth, O earth!
O ancient earth! thy rolling orb alone
Is Love, almighty Love, thy fittest throne!
Man worships thee, but woman in her heart
Hath reared thy temple, and her only part
Is but to serve thee, all her life's brief span;
And spirits have their higher birth forgot,
Content to share with sorrow-circled man,
His brief, unhappy lot—
Resolved pale care, and wasting pain to brave,
And for the dark, cold prison of the grave,
Exchange the undying hope of endless bliss!
This, is thy triumph, Love, almighty! *this*
Proclaims thee God,—the present, future, past!
The Unbegot, Eternal, first and last!

YOU ASK ME FOR A PLEDGE, LOVE.

I.

You ask me for a pledge, love! but gaze upon my cheek,
And let its hues, when thou art near, my heart's devotion speak;
Look on my dim and tearful eye, my pale and rigid brow,
And list my wild, unbidden sigh—what need of pledge or vow?

II.

You ask me for a pledge, love! some token of my truth;
Take then this flower, an emblem meet of woman's blighted youth;—
The perfume of its withered leaves, triumphant o'er decay,
May whisper of my changeless love, when I have passed away!

III.

What yet another pledge, love?—then mark me while I vow,
By all this heart hath borne for thee, by all it suffers now,
In grief or gladness—hope—despair,—in bliss, or misery,
I'll be—what I have ever been—to thee, to only thee!

THE DEATH OF SAINT LOUIS.

A SANDY plain, scattered over with stones and broken columns, fragments of departed ages,—a Moorish tower and castle rising in the midst,—an army of French crusaders encamped beneath the walls,—such was Carthage towards the close of the thirteenth century;—suggesting to the beholder three several histories, each romantic and each mournful. But that local impressions take their tone from the beholder's character, was peculiarly verified in the present instance:—A band of warriors appeared traversing the plain in the direction of the French encampment, and this very scene awoke in the minds of two individuals, profoundly contrary emotions. The train consisted of about fifty well-armed men, chiefly retainers of a knight who rode at their head, distinguished as their chief by his appointments, but more so by his gallant and noble bearing. He wore a complete suit of polished and flexible chain-mail; a light, open basnet protected his head, and his surcoat and scarf were more remarkable for simple elegance, than costly blazonry. Fewer than thirty summers could not have passed

over his head, but there was an ardour in his eye, and a light, laughter-loving spirit ever playing over his features; so that he looked the young knight pricking forth in his newly won spurs, rather than what he really was, a well-proved chevalier. Gaston de Bearn was, in truth, one of those buoyant spirits that find or make a sunny side in every circumstance; one, who threw his whole soul alike into every subject, slight or important;—equally eager about all things, a revel or a battle, the flight of a hawk or a royal tournay.

His companion, for one rode beside him on terms of perfect equality, was old, and not more worn by time than by toil and care. His spirit seemed less upon the surface, and his chivalrous bearing was tempered with an air of reflection and grave simplicity. There was something too of melancholy hung over him, which his joyous companion vainly endeavoured to dissipate;—for the rest, his appointments marked him to be of consequence; though like his horse, they were rather good than gay.

After sundry vain endeavours to inspire and affect gaiety, conversation gradually slackened between the leaders, and at last complete silence ensued. Their followers, unrestrained by their example, spoke to each other freely, on the one and only subject they understood, or cared for—war; with its unfailing accompaniments, license, plunder, and daring deeds. They discussed the quarters they had left, boasted their several exploits,

abused the climate, and mingled ribald scoffs against the moslem, with monkish legends, camp jokes, and ballads.

When they had so nearly approached the spot that they could clearly distinguish the tents and insignia of their countrymen, Gaston de Bearn checked his steed with marks of lively pleasure.

"There, Joinville," said he, extending his hand and pointing forwards, "now that sight makes me forget the fever that has kept me so long from my brethren in arms —and it gives me fresh strength too;—Saint Denis! I could break a Saracen's head now, with less trouble than I could my dame's posset bowl a month ago—Joinville, I say."

"I listen, and I hear, and I see," replied the king's seneschal and highly valued friend, in a quiet, melancholy voice.

"The Oriflamme of France waving above a Moorish castle, situated on the ruins of old Carthage!" exclaimed Gaston, with enthusiam; "spur on, good Joinville,—there have been brave doings here for king and knight, and I lying a-bed the while!—So, the chiefs quarter like their followers I see,—wise folks and good Frenchmen. —A plague say I upon every city, house, and castle, save those made of canvas, pitched on the green turf, tenanted by bold hearts, and guarded by good knights banners!"

"Ah, Gaston, Gaston," said his companion, "thy

man's head is ever at the mercy of thy boy's heart—yonder are canvas castles, as thou phrasest them, in plenty, but where wilt thou find the green turf?"

"Why, sooth to say," answered de Bearn, casting his eye over the burning desert around them, "not just here; and truly, as we near the camp, I am troubled with certain memories of the green banks of the Loire, and with an inconvenient thirst thereby excited—Hubert, find the nearest spring or well, and fill my travelling flagon"—he pointed to his helmet, which hung at his page's saddle-bow.

Hubert, a war-worn stalwart man-at-arms, nearly as brown as the horse on which he rode, better informed of the sterile and pestilential country, merely replied, "and far enough must I travel, for the nearest, Sir Gaston—little short of the place we left at noon, and now it is hard upon sunset."

"All the better for thee, knave," replied his buoyant master; "the less water the more wine;" well, continued he, addressing the silent Seneschal, "we shall the better value the cheer of the camp."

"Dear Gaston," replied Joinville, "I misdoubt thy expectations will turn out a mirage instead of a lake; and for thy own, and thy lady's sake, I would thou wert once more safe in thy chateau."

"How!" said Gaston, hastily,—"for my dame's sake if it like you—but not for mine;—a de Bearn belongs to his knighthood; that, to his king and the cross. Old

friend," said the speaker, relapsing into his natural gaiety, "do not tempt me to wish thee king of Tunis for just five seconds, and thy head as well placed for the edge of my sword, as my hand is for the pommel."

The Seneschal smiled. "Tilt away with thy wit, my boy," replied he, "but I *do* wish thee at home again;—heavy days are at hand I fear, and for the old and worn-out like myself, no matter whether our bones lie under marble monuments, or bleach on these baleful shores, but hearts and hands like thine, France will need or I greatly mistake. Age, Gaston, judges of the future by the past."

"Then, Joinville," said de Bearn seriously, "why come you here?—You disapproved this last crusade, and refused to accompany the king—and lo, a few months afterwards, you suddenly appear in the chamber of a fever-bound knight, and crave his escort to the camp in Africa!"

"Even so," answered Joinville, "and I tell thee still, I like the cause as little as I did when I beheld the flower of French chivalry assembled in Paris, and heard their shouts of *Dieu le veut*—when our monarch received the cross from the Cardinal Saint Cecile. Listen, Gaston; I have been bold and buoyant as thyself in the cause of the cross—that time is gone by; I am not a crusader now, I seek not the king, I seek Louis—therefore am I here."

"Now will I wager, that the shank of thy spur bears

the motto, '*En loyal amour, de tout mon cœur.*'—Well, thou art a noble grey-head; but answer me, Seneschal,—is not thy present errand to persuade our king to carry back the Oriflamme to France?"

"Would it were possible!" was the reply.

"And why that *would*, thou heretic?"

"Because the infidels possessing Palestine, is a small evil compared with those proud, melancholy islanders, the English, setting foot in France;—because the cause of our crusaders is hopeless—Godfrey himself could not restrain their evil dispositions, and it would take Saint Michael instead of St. Louis to contend with these Paynim troops—fiery as their climate, ferocious as their wild beasts, and subtle as their serpents;—and because, if thou wouldst another reason, what the Saracen spares the pestilence always takes. But come, Gaston, it is now my turn to say spur on."

Conversation now entirely ceased, for they entered the camp, which lay before the city, and the large, irregular castle surrounded with walls and flanked with towers. Unlike, however, the abode of soldiery, and more especially of French soldiery, there was no semblance of mirth and enjoyment. There was no appearance of occupation, no armourer's clinking hammer, no warlike sports, not even the sound of minstrel song and story. A dull quiet reigned on all sides, and an expression of wondering sadness was stamped on the few countenances they met.

"We may prepare for ill tidings," said Joinville.

"Yonder is Montmorenci's banner, let us hasten to him," answered Gaston.

They rode up to the pavilion, and inquired for the Count.

"My lord is with the King," replied the Squire who obeyed the summons.

"Where then shall we find the Chevaliers de Valeri, de Beaujeu, de Baille?"

The same answer was repeated; they, too, were with the king.

"What news of *him*?" inquired Joinville anxiously.

The Squire hesitated, for he knew the peculiar attachment which subsisted between the Monarch and his Seneschal.

"Tell us every thing," said Gaston, "and good Squire, tell us in the fewest and shortest words thou hast at hand."

"Few words and sad will suffice;" — replied the Squire—"a multitude of Saracens feigned conversion, and were admitted to our camp; they arose at midnight and attacked us. We have been harassed by the Arabs like locusts—our few wells are poisoned—our food runs short—pestilence has broken out—the Counts de Vendome, de la March, de Nemours, with many others, are already dead; and the King himself is dying. This is our history since victory introduced us to misfortune!

No sooner did the words, 'the King is dying,' reach

the ears of Joinville, than as if that single sorrow concentrated and outweighed all that had preceded it, he made but one more brief inquiry, set spurs to his horse with the fiery impatience of youth, and before his astonished companion could follow him, had gained the castle gate, traversed the spacious area within, entered the tower inhabited by the monarch, and stood amongst the leaders of the French army there assembled. Heedless of the surprise excited by his unexpected appearance, the mind of Joinville was solely occupied by one paralysing idea; that death threatened his beloved master, the royal friend with whom he had been so long associated, in peace, in war, and in captivity. Age and infirmities had damped his crusading spirit, but his loyal love for Louis, burnt strong and vigorous as of old; a noble flame, emitted from a feeble censer.

"The King! the King!" he exclaimed, in a tone that implied interrogation,—"Montmorenci de Palen, noble chevaliers, ye have not ceased to hope—tell him of my arrival—tell him that Joinville craves permission to implore on his knees pardon for having withstood his wishes—tell him.—"

At this instant the royal almoner entered the apartment, and summoned the assembly to the presence of the dying monarch. From him Joinville vainly endeavoured to gain an opinion more favourable to his heart's desire; his former intelligence was only confirmed, that the pestilence, after laying low multitudes of his fol-

lowers, had fastened upon the leader, the noblest and the best.

With slow and mournful steps the chiefs entered the King's sleeping room, and silently ranged themselves at the foot of his couch. The princes, his sons, and brothers were already there, stationed on each side. In the midst was Louis, raised and supported by pillows, so that he preserved nearly an upright position :—the effect of his meek, attenuated countenance, heightened by the absence of all royal decoration—a mantle of plain white camblet thrown over his shoulders—his fine grey head entirely uncovered—one hand placed upon his heart, the other resting upon a roll of parchment, his dying counsel to his successor—he rather resembled a patriarch peacefully departing in the presence of his household, than a powerful monarch expiring in a camp, surrounded by warlike barons.

Deep and mournful silence reigned throughout the circle ; every eye was fixed upon the King, and tears, the tears, the hard-wrung tears of bearded men fell fast and recklessly. In the breasts of some, the grief was of a personal nature, in that of others it was political ; but on one account or another, sorrow lay heavily at the heart of each.

One thought of Louis as the hero, and called to mind the day of Damietta, when, helmed and armed at all points, he sprang boldly from his ship into the sea, his shield depending from his neck, his sword in his hand,

and, despising the waves that beat round him, he cried out to his companions—" we have no time to deliberate, we have time only to conquer."

Another thought of him as the saint, and recalled his entrance into the captured city; when the victorious monarch preceded his warriors barefoot, in the guise, and with the heart of a lowly pilgrim.

The memory of a third, wiser and more patriotic, reverted to France, and contemplated Louis in his proper sphere—the wise legislator, the conscientious judge, the friend of order and of peace—walking every where without attendants, and seated in the garden of Paris, or oftener beneath the oaks of Vincennes, rendering justice to all who sought it at his hands—in deed, as truly as in word, the friend of his people.

Others again recalled him to their minds as the heroic captive; nobler even in the prison of the infidel, than in the palace of his fathers; meeting every menace of torture and of death, with answer equally kingly and christian. " The Soldan may destroy my body as he pleases, my soul belongs only to God."

These, and a thousand recollections of his chivalrous gentleness, his pure morals, his care of others, and his exposure of himself, oppressed every heart; and those who could have braved death in their own persons, trembled now that it approached their King. He alone was tranquil, and even cheerful.

" My friends," said he, breaking the mournful silence,

and smiling upon them as he spoke, "I sent for you to receive my farewell. My course is finished, but wherefore lament? It is right, that as your chief, I should be the first to lead the way to death, only be prepared to follow me when your time arrives."

He then presented to them Philip his eldest son and successor, and requested for him their solemn pledge of fealty and affection. Afterwards, with mingled solemnity and tenderness, he committed to the future King, those instructions which he had written with his own hand, and now enforced with his dying breath. They were tinctured with monasticism, but throughout the mists of religious error shone the wise, and virtuous, and parental King.

One by one, and for the last time, the assembled barons then approached the couch, and kissed the cold hand that for nearly half a century had swayed the sceptre of France. A word, a smile, or a look of recognition he bestowed upon each, forgetful to the end of himself, anxious only for the comfort of others. Joinville approached last; feeble from age, and now overwhelmed with grief, sobs and tears alone expressed his fidelity. The unexpected sight of his faithful Seneschal lighted up for a moment the monarch's faded and fast closing eye; and at the instant, when all, except his confessors, were ushered from the apartment, he gave him his hand, tacitly affording him the melancholy privilege of receiving his last sigh. Having thus fulfilled the

duties connected with his station, his faith and its ministers solely occupied his mind.

The cares of the king, the ardour of the hero, the feelings of the father, silently ebbed away; and there remained to him but the one hope, and single desire of the Christian, and the dying man.

Honour to his memory! Scriptural piety may sigh, that in following the blind guides of his age, he was 'in all things too superstitious;' and enlightened heroism may regret, that he sacrificed the welfare of his kingdom to a chivalrous chimera, or rather to a religious passion for the Crusades; but still, with every spot and every draw-back—honour to the memory of Louis, whom, if the priests pronounced a saint, his people regarded as a father!

M. J. J.

TO A LADY SINGING.

THOSE soothing tones so richly steal
Upon my labouring breast and brain,
And lift so softly sorrow's seal,
Oh, dark-haired minstrel,—sing again!

Yet Love so soon his way will win
Where Pleasure opes her golden door,
That lest the traitor now glide in,
Oh, dark-haired minstrel,—sing no more!

A. B.

Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A. Engraved by W Ensom

A CONVERSATION.

THE CONVERSATION.

Suggested by a Picture by T. Stothard, Esq. R.A.

I.

I LOVE the woods, the pleasant woods—in Spring,
When budding April wakens fresh and fair;—
In Autumn, when all round the tempests ring;—
In Winter, when the ghastly trunks are bare;—
But most in *Summer*—then love I green bowers,
And shaded mossy banks, inlaid with flowers.

II.

On such cool bank, a lady and her lover,
Sate in the lonely summer woods at noon,
Hid from the sun by plane-trees whispering over,
Whilst, near, a running river sang in tune,
And all around were trees and branches green,
And by their side a gentle friend was seen.

III.

They talked—sweet talk !—not love, for love was told;
(And passion waits for words till none be nigh);
Yet gallant speech, and answers gay and bold
Were heard that day beneath the plane-trees high,

And sometimes music, which awoke the tongue
Of Echo, through the lonely forest rung.

IV.

He sang—the lover sang; and then he leant
Upon his arm, and told some story fair,
And while he gently spoke and forward bent,
The lady gazed upon his clustering hair,
And on his soft bright eyes (Love's dazzling book),
As one whom Stothard paints alone may look.

C

EARLY DAWN.

Roused by the billows' melancholy dirge,
I woke as Night her sable banner furled,
What time pale mists, in forms fantastic curled,
Like spectral shapes come flitting o'er the surge.
Then looking eastward, on the Ocean's verge,
From the near Sun I saw red flashes hurled,
As rolls the pageant from the nether world,
And from the wane the golden wheels emerge.
Never of old did more portentous light
Arrest the pilot's gaze, when like a pyre
Lemnos appeared at evening, kindling bright.
Rather—when tasked by Jove in sudden ire
The God was labouring with his crew all night,
On glowing anvils shaping forked fire.

C. S.

MUSINGS.

On the Valley of the Avon.

Written at Brussels, 1827.

BY CHARLES A. ELTON, ESQ.

I.

Valley of Cliffs! no more my foot ascends
Thy rock-path's mazy sweep, yet thou art nigh,
Where all around a new horizon bends,
And towers are sparkling in a foreign sky.

II.

Here in the depth of Soigny's forest tall,
Where high-branched beeches rear their long arcade,
And, as the glimmerings of the sun-beams fall,
In columned shadows stretch athwart the glade;

III.

Where the armed forester, in distance lost,
Down the long vista, lessens from mine eye;
Or burthened wood-girl has these alleys crost,
And with a strange-tongued greeting, passed me by;

IV.

Leaving the woodland wilderness more lone—
Home objects, native scenes, fast thronging, fill
My inward vision, and a spell is thrown,
Like lulling slumber, o'er my passive will.

V.

An ocean fragrance freshens in the gale,
And Avon, with full waters winds before,
Like cragged Peneus* through his foliaged vale,
With rampant rocks uprising from his shore.

VI.

I mark the turret overtop the wood,
Whose boughs the sun-rise tips with burnished glow;
And the bare upland heath, where oft I stood,
Watching the sails that glided far below.

VII.

Is it the tinted rock, the' incumbent shade,
Trembling upon the tide in ambered gleams?
Is it the mountain mists that azured fade,
Where the two rivers blend their sea-tinged streams?

VIII.

Is it that there a thoughtless, vagrant child,
I learned the bliss that solitude bestows;
Or there in manhood, murmuring fancies wild,
Forgot this beauteous earth was sown with woes?

* The scenery of the Avon, near Bristol, is said by travellers in Greece, to resemble the Valley of Tempe.

Painted by G.F. Danby, A.R.A

A FETE CHAMPETRE.

Engraved by R. Wallis.

FETE CHAMPETRE, BY F. DANBY, ESQ., A.

A Fragment.

It is a quiet spot, and far removed
From the loud city's hum. A broad clear stream,
Bright as the skies reflected on its breast,
And calm as summer when the day has died
Into the dewy, deep repose of eve,
Wanders for ever, " at its own sweet will,"
Through gay enamelled meads, and pastures green!
Tall trees arise with their green spreading heads,
Like guardian genii of enchanted land,
To centinel the scene. Beneath their shade
Gay forms are lightly tripping through the dance
With more than earthly grace. Is it some band
Of fairy revellers—or do the sprites
Of him of Sherwood, and his merry men,
In Lincoln green bedight, keep revel here?
The prize is won—the friendly strife is o'er:—
The only arrows that are winging now,
Glance from bright eyes, and pierce the willing soul,—
Love's archery, that never fails its aim.

LOVE TORMENTING THE SOUL*.

I.

Young tyrant, and young torturer!
Young Love! how can it be,
That such extremes and opposites
Should meet and mix in thee?

II.

Thou of the rainbow wing! whose reign
Is as the colours there,
If thou hadst such delight in pain,
Thou could'st not be so fair.

III.

I looked upon thy morning cheek,
Thy lip with ruby dyed,
And then I blamed thy painted task,
And said thou wert belied.

* See the title-page.

IV.

Methought I would go forth awhile,
And track thy steps of flame,
Henceforth my young lute should be vowed
To vindicate thy name.

V.

I paused beside a convent grate,
I heard a mournful tone,
The maiden's cheek was very pale,
Her eye's blue light was gone ;

VI.

For tears had washed the rose and light
Away from cheek and eye ;
She knelt before the crucifix,
And only prayed to die.

VII.

The maiden's tale was quickly told—
Of love that could forsake,
Of a fond heart that beat too true,
And then could only break.

VIII.

I saw a young knight spur his steed
Amid the thickest fight ;
It was not for the warrior's meed,
Nor for his country's right :

IX.

It was to seek forgetfulness,
Though from the sword or spear—
How could he think on one too false,
And, oh! yet still too dear.

X.

I stood next by a lovely one,
She looked the queen of all;
And every eye was turned to her,
Star of the festal hall!

XI.

But her dark eye had troubled light,
Such as the wild storms shed;
The beacon-sign of inward strife
Was that cheek's flushing red.

XII.

That proud heart had been given to one,
Who sought it not to win,
And now she only strove to hide
The burning wound within.

XIII.

Leant by a marble column near,
There stood a youthful bard,
And were praise all the poet asks,
He had won his reward.

XIV.

But oh! there was a dearer hope
Nurst in that gentle strain,
He turned to meet one worshipped eye,
He sought, and sought in vain.

XV.

The heavy dew came o'er his brow,
His flashing eye grew dim,
He felt the vanity of song,
And oh! I felt with him.

XVI.

For love and song have been the same
From early youth to me;
And withered feelings, blighted hope,
May tell what they can be.

XVII.

I am still young in time, but I
Have lived through wasting years
Of sleepless nights, of anxious days,
Of heart-burnings and tears.

XVIII.

'Tis a charmed destiny—tho' well
I know the wearying chain,
I cannot even wish to be
Free as I was again.

XIX.

I sought no longer a defence,
Flung down the useless shell;
Oh Love! this likeness is thine own,
The painter knows thee well.

L. E. L.

LONDON:
Printed by Bradbury & Co., Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR

For 1826 and 1827.

COPIES may still be had of the LITERARY SOUVENIR for 1826 and 1827, price 12*s.* each on small, and 24*s.* large, with proofs of the plates on India paper.

The LITERARY SOUVENIR for 1826, contains, independently of ten splendid engravings by C. Heath, W. Finden, C. Rolls, E. Goodall, E. Finden, W. Humphrys, J. Thomson, after original paintings, &c., by Newton, Leslie, Turner, Dewint, Chantry, Corbould, Wright, eighty original articles in prose and verse, from the pens of a great variety of the most distinguished writers of the day. Among others, from Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, Mrs. Hemans, James Montgomery, the Rev. H. H. Milman, Thomas Campbell, S. T. Coleridge, Miss Mitford, Allan Cunningham, James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), John Bowring, Lord J. Russell, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, L. E. L., John Clare, J. H. Wiffen, the Archdeacon Wrangham, M. J. J., the Author of "To-day in Ireland," the Rev. R. Polwhele, Delta, the Rev. Thomas Dale, John Galt, Thomas Doubleday, the Author of "Gilbert Earle," Mary Howitt, Bernard Barton, the Author of "London in the Olden Time," Arthur Brooke, Robert Sulivan.

The LITERARY SOUVENIR for 1827, contains, independently of ten splendid line engravings, by C. Heath, J. H. Robinson, F. Engleheart, E. Finden, Robert Wallis, J. Mitchell, Romney, Humphrys, after original pictures, for the most part

after celebrated pictures by H. Howard, Martin, Newton, J. M. W. Turner, Farrier, Green, West, Eastlake, Copley, Fielding, &c., about a hundred original articles, from the pens of Washington Irving, Barry Cornwall, Thomas Hood, Professor Wilson, Miss Benger, S. T. Coleridge, Praed, Horace Smith, T. Campbell, Crofton Croker, Bowring, Lord Leveson Gower, F. Hodgson, Shee, Atherstone, the Misses Porter, Mrs. Gore, Dr. Drake, Buckingham, Neele, Emerson, and nearly the whole of the contributors to the volume for 1826.

*** Small paper copies of the *Literary Souvenir* for either 1826 or 1827 will be given in exchange, by the publishers, for clean small paper copies of the volume for 1825.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF POETICAL SKETCHES.

In one volume foolscap octavo, with a vignette title-page by E. Finden, after a design by W. Nesfield, the Fourth Edition of POETICAL SKETCHES; the Profession, the Broken Heart, &c.; with Stanzas for Music, and other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts.

Published for Moon, Boys, and Graves (late Hurst, Robinson and Co.) 5, Pall Mall.

This day is published, price 8*s*. beautifully printed in 1 vol. 12mo.

TALES OF ALL NATIONS.

☞ This Volume contains ten original prose fictions, from the pens of the following well-known writers, viz.: The Author of "London in the Olden Time;" Mrs. Charles Gore; Delta of Blackwood's Magazine; Mr. Alaric Watts; the Authors of the "Odd Volume;" Mr. J. Emerson, Author of "Greece;" Mr. G. F. Richardson; the Author of "Stories of Chivalry and Romance;" &c.

Printed for Thomas Hurst and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.